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THE
PORT FOLIO

Vol. III.
THIRD SERIES



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W^m Henry, Ellen Esq.

late of the United States Navy.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1814.

NO. I.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN.

THE glare of victory is always enticing and beautiful. Whether the hero who was successful in this struggle falls or survives, he is sure of the plaudits of admiring millions. He wears the laurel on his brow, or it is wreathed by the hands of a grateful country round the urn that contains his ashes. Victory always brings with it, its own reward: and to those who have the nobleness to esteem a good name dearer than life, the loss of life itself is more than remunerated, by the reverence which is paid to their memories.

But there is another class of men who have still more potent claims on the gratitude of their countrymen. The man who bravely contends to the last, and, when he finds defeat inevitable, sacrifices his life for his country, is entitled to all that reverence which the proudest victory could yield. He has no animating thoughts to sooth his dying hours: the prize for which he contends is rifled from him; and his fast receding existence admonishes him that he never will retrieve the loss which he now suffers. Glory, that capricious goddess, whom he has for-

lowed so long, and with such devotion, abandons him in his dying moments. It then becomes a grateful country, entertaining an honourable jealousy of such noble feelings, to be kind to the ashes of such men.

WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN, whom it now becomes our painful duty to notice, was born at Providence, Rhodeisland, on the twenty-first day of October, 1784. His father, William Allen, on the breaking out of our revolutionary troubles, was appointed a first lieutenant in the army. He continued in the army until the restoration of peace, and commanded the Rhodeisland line of troops at the battle of Saratoga, when he was advanced to the rank of major. He was present and actively engaged in most of the battles which were fought during our revolutionary war; and, in 1786, was appointed, by congress, senior officer of the legionary corps raised in Rhodeisland. In the year 1799 he was appointed, by the legislature of that state, brigadier-general of militia.

Although it is not a subject immediately connected with the present biographic sketch, it may be not improper to state that major Allen had, for a short time, the charge of the unfortunate Andre. He sat up with him the whole night previous to his execution: Andre conversed with him on a variety of subjects, in which he uniformly spoke of the American character in terms of the strongest respect, and expressed his gratitude for the kindness and delicacy with which he was treated during his confinement. So affecting was this interview to major Allen, that, to this day, he cannot relate the circumstance without great emotion.

The mother of William Henry Allen was the sister of the present governor of Rhodeisland. It was the intention of his parent that Henry should have received a liberal education; and he went through the preparatory studies. He panted, however, for more active life; and, notwithstanding the pressing remonstrances of his parents, he entered the navy, as a midshipman, in May, 1800.

In three months after his appointment he was ordered on board the frigate George Washington, commanded by captain Bainbridge, to carry presents to the dey of Algiers. On his de-

parture he writes to his father, "I now bid you a short adieu; but should it be the last, you shall have the satisfaction to hear of my good conduct in my station as an officer and as a gentleman." This cruise was attended with peculiarity of incident. The demand of the dey of Algiers, that the frigate should be employed in carrying his presents to the grand seignior at Constantinople, and the unavailing reluctance and remonstrances of captain Bainbridge, are circumstances generally known. It was the first time that the flag of an American frigate had waved in the harbour of Constantinople. The fine order of the ship, and the excellent discipline observed amongst the officers and men, tended to impress very high ideas of the American character, in a quarter of the world where before it was unknown.

Commodore Bainbridge returned to America on the nineteenth of April, 1801, when a reduction of the navy ensued. In eight days after the return of the subject of the present memoirs, and while he was solacing himself in the hope of once more visiting his family and friends, he was ordered on board the Philadelphia, under the command of captain Baron, to scour the Mediterranean sea again. He bade to his friends a cordial adieu, and entered on the service with that promptitude that ever distinguished him. Nothing material transpired during the cruise. The ship returned to the United States on the twenty-seventh of June, 1802. For the first time, after his entry into the service of his country, was he now enabled to enjoy the society of his friends, and to visit his paternal abode. This, however, was but a short repose allowed him from the fatigues of naval service, for in October, 1802, he sailed in the frigate John Adams, commanded by captain Rodgers, to visit, for the third time, the shores of the Mediterranean. From his letters, during this period, we shall make only two extracts:

"During our stay at Malta we had an opportunity of visiting most of the public buildings; and amongst the rest, the superb church of St. John. The floor is laid in different coloured marble, in Mosaic, representing tomb-stones of the different knights who distinguished themselves in fighting and in falling in defence of Christianity, against the infidels. On every side there is a Latin inscription, describing his death. The walls are hung

with the most superbly embroidered tapestry, representing the birth, crucifixion, and ascension of our Saviour. The death of the Saints are likewise represented in the same manner, and they appear like the most beautiful paintings. The wings are divided into chapels; and here they show us crosses and Saints in abundance, and the rich attire of the bishops and clergy, embroidered with gold. In an inner chapel we were shown a number of relics, one of which they declared was a fragment of the cross on which our Saviour was crucified; another was the palm of the hand of St. John. The body of St. Clement was exposed, lying in state. This was a room that the French soldiers did not penetrate: it is said that they robbed this church of half a million."

During the voyage, he was informed, by his correspondent, of a report, which afterwards proved to be unfounded, that a younger officer was advanced over his head. This is the manly reply of a boy of seventeen: "I am too well grounded in old principles to mind such assaults now. If the government decide thus, I can say amen, with all my heart."

Commodore Rodgers returned from this cruise in December, 1803.

Early in the year 1804 he was ordered on board the frigate Congress, lying at Washington, of which he was appointed sailing-master. This frigate sailed on the first of July, under the command of captain Rodgers, for the Mediterranean. On the outward-bound passage, while the ship was lying to, in a violent gale, Allen was on the foreyard, assisting the sailors in taking a reef. Letting fall that part of the sail on which he had hold, he was precipitated headlong into the sea, to the depth of twenty feet, passing in his fall very near the anchor on the bows. Fortunately he arose near the mizen chains, and, by taking hold on them, narrowly escaped inevitable death as the ship was then drifting very fast. While cruising off the coast of Tripoli, captain Rodgers intended, if the command should have devolved on him, in consequence of the illness of commodore Baron, an attack on that place. He took Allen with him in the schooner to take the soundings, preparatory to the anticipated assault. They entered the harbour with muffled oars; and, after taking

a sounding, and complete survey, they passed so near the Tripolines gun-boats that they distinctly heard the men conversing below. They also heard the sentinels on the walls of the battery conversing together. As they were returning from the harbour, a heavy gale sprung up, and they had a narrow escape to the Nautilus, which vessel was then in the very act of leaving her position. During this cruise, which extended from 1804 to 1806, Allen thus writes to his correspondent:

"I was, while at Lisbon, witness to a very ludicrous ceremony. My ears were saluted by the hoarse chanting of some Portuguese sailors, and I perceived about twenty in number approaching, bearing a large topsail, barefoot, with their hats in their hands, into which the multitude would now and then drop a sixpence, to save their souls from purgatory. On inquiry, I was informed, that it was a custom amongst them, when overtaken by a violent gale at sea, instead of trusting to their own exertions, to offer up their prayers to their guardian saint, and to promise him the best sail in the ship if he would condescend to protect them from the dangers of the element. The topsail was then taken to the church in the manner described, laid at the foot of the altar, and dedicated to the saint. It was then appraised by an old friar, who, unwilling to distress the votaries of old mother Church, accepted, as an equivalent, in money, one half of its nominal value. The saint has, by this time, become perfectly well acquainted with the value of sailcloth."

In the month of October, 1805, captain Rodgers removed to the frigate Constitution, and assumed the command of the squadron, in consequence of the return of captain Baron to the United States. Mr. Allen was also removed to the Constitution, and promoted to a lieutenancy. In a cruise off Capanea, lieutenant Allen, in company with commodore Rodgers, visited Mount Aetna. Ascending the south side of the mountain, the wind, while blowing from the north, covered that side of their bodies exposed to its violence, with frost, while the other remained perfectly free. Descending, they lost their way amongst fields of lava, but were found by the monks in the convents below. Lieutenant Allen likewise visited Mount Vesuvius, and the cities of Herculaneum, and Pompeia. He served as third

Lieutenant on board the Constitution, and returned in that frigate to the United States in the year 1806.

During these several cruises to the Mediterranean, although nothing transpired on board of the frigates where lieutenant Allen was stationed, that might fairly be denominated naval glory, still a peculiarity of circumstances gave a lofty and elevated tone to the feelings of all the officers. An American squadron in the waters of the Mediterranean was itself a novelty. That squadron was small, and it was destined to pass under the review and strict scrutiny of English ships of war occasionally stationed in those seas, and passing the straits of Gibraltar. Personal courage, skill, and correctness of discipline, could alone insure them respect in a company so illustrious; and to these points all their efforts were directed. They felt the high responsibility attached to their station; and knowing how important the first impression of a national character was, they acted up to that dignity which the occasion demanded.

After this long and fatiguing cruise, he was permitted, for a short time, to visit his friends and relations in Providence. In February, 1807, he received orders from government to join the frigate Chesapeake, commanded by captain Baron, then fitting out at Washington, for the straits. He remained at Philadelphia while the ship was preparing for sea, during which time he was busily employed in recruiting men for the service, and then entered as third lieutenant. The circumstances preceding and succeeding the attack on the Chesapeake, by the Leopard, are thus detailed by lieutenant Allen, in a letter to his correspondent:

" On Monday, June 22d we weighed anchor and stood to sea. The Chesapeake had, on this day, twenty-eight eighteen pounders mounted on the gundeck, twelve thirty-two pound caronades on the quarterdeck, and had, fitted for these guns, three hundred and twenty cartridges, thirteen powder horns (not sufficiently filled) and matches ready for action. All these were in the magazine; the keys in charge of the captain, as usual, and which are never delivered to any but the gunner, by the captain, for fear of accidents. In the cable ties, and around the foremast, one thousand wads and sponges; the guns loaded and shotted, but, of course, not primed. Round shots in the lockers were

ready on deck, with a box of canister for each gun. At three the Leopard came within hail; at half past three the boat came on board, with a demand from captain Humphries for permission to search the Chesapeake for deserters; concluding his orders by saying, ‘I inclose you the orders of the admiral on this subject; any comment from me would be superfluous. But I trust that your answer will be of a nature that will prevent me, in the execution of my duty, from interrupting the amity at present subsisting between the two nations.’ The orders of the admiral were, ‘You will offer to the commander of the Chesapeake a mutual search; and, in any event, to take the men described, wherever they may be found.’ Here was a demand which our commodore knew he must absolutely and positively refuse. Why did he not order his men beat to quarters; detain the lieutenant and his boat until we were ready for action? But no! he gave a positive refusal, which, in composing, penning, and copying, detained the lieutenant half an hour. Our commodore did not order his men beat to quarters until the first gun was fired, nor until then was the key delivered to the gunner, all the officers remaining at this time in perfect ignorance of the contents of the note. I was at the galley (the camboose) and snatching a coal from the flames, fired the only gun, which went through the wardroom of the English ship. A shot came into us, and struck a man on the breast—he fell at my feet, covering me with blood and splinters of bones. One of my guns suffered severely; one had his leg carried away, two an arm each, and two more were wounded severely—five out of eight. After one gun, one single gun was fired, we struck, by order of the captain, who then called his officers into the cabin, and asked their opinions My answer was, “*Sir, you have disgraced us.*”

Lieutenant Allen drew up the letter to the secretary of the navy, demanding a court of inquiry to be called upon the captain.* This

* The following is a copy of the letter, addressed by the officers of the wardroom of the Chesapeake, to the secretary of the navy:

“ *Late United States’ ship Chesapeake, Hampton Roads, June 23, 1807.*
“ SIR,

“ The undersigned, officers of the late United States’ ship Chesapeake, deeply sensible of the disgrace which must be attached to the late (in their

was favourably received, and a compliance promised. The secretary said that "their communication did them honour, and their request should be properly attended to." It is difficult to conceive of the excoriated state of lieutenant Allen's mind at this time. Let this youthful officer speak from the grave, and give utterance to his feelings. In two days after the action, he writes to his correspondent, "To see so many brave men standing to their quarters, amidst the blood of their butchered and wounded countrymen, and hear their cries, without the means of avenging them! and when, in three minutes we could have avenged them! to have the flag of my country disgraced! Was it for this that I have continued so long in the service, contrary to the wishes of all my friends! To be so mortified, humbled, cut to the soul! Yes, to have the finger of scorn pointing at me as one of the officers of the Chesapeake! But do not think, my friend, that I feel I have not done my duty. Perish the thought! I proudly feel that I would have willingly given my trifling life an offering for the wounded honour of my country." "Oh," he

opinion) premature surrender of the United States' ship Chesapeake, of forty guns, to the English ship of war Leopard, of fifty guns, without their previous knowledge or consent; and desirous of proving to their country, and the world, that it was the wish of all the undersigned to have rendered themselves worthy of the flag under which they have the honour to serve, by a determined resistance to an unjust demand, do request the honourable the secretary of the navy to order a court of inquiry into their conduct. At the same time they are compelled, by imperious duty, by the honour of their flag, by the honour of their countrymen, and by all that is dear to themselves, to request that an order may be issued for the arrest of commodore James Baron, on the charges herewith exhibited, which the undersigned pledge themselves to prove true:

- " 1. On the probability of an engagement, for neglecting to clear his ship for action.
- " 2. For not doing his utmost to take or to destroy a vessel which we conceive it his duty to have done.

" BENJAMIN SMITH, first lieutenant.

" WILLIAM CRANE, second lieutenant.

" WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN, third lieutenant.

" L. ORDE CREIGHTON, fourth lieutenant.

" SYDNEY SMITH, fifth lieutenant.

" SAMUEL BROOKES, sailing master."

exclaims in another letter, "when I act like this, may I die unpitied and forgotten, and no tear be shed to my memory. May I lie on some barren shore, and may my bones whiten in the sun, be pelted by the pitiless storm, and may the name of Allen be blasted with infamy." "If I am acquitted honourably (says he, while writing to his father, in other words, if captain Baron is condemned) you may see me again, if not, never." "We lay here (says he, in another letter) ready, at a moment's warning, to wipe from our flag that disgrace that has been entailed upon it by our blood. When I suffer my memory to dwell on this, I feel that I can trifle with existence at pleasure." At length this question was put at rest, by the condemnation of Baron, on which lieutenant Allen makes this dry remark: "How the court can reconcile some passages of their opinion with others I know not, unless *cowardice* can be divided into two kinds, personal and official."

At the time of the sailing of the Chesapeake, the United States were at peace with all the world. The government, however, intended to maintain constantly in the Mediterranean a small naval force, occasionally to visit the coast of Barbary. The knowledge of such a force in their vicinity would have the effect to restrain their hostility. This measure was salutary and judicious in another point of view; it usefully and advantageously employed the young officers, who were thus acquiring a knowledge of their profession, and qualifying themselves to render service to their country thereafter. Our ships in the Mediterranean had heretofore been furnished with supplies at an expense which was deemed heavy, and as we were now at peace, and had no enemy to meet or encounter, the government conceived that the Chesapeake might herself carry out such supplies, of every kind, as the squadron would require during her absence from the United States; and thus she was rather a storeship than a cruiser. She had also two ladies, with their servants, and several gentlemen, passengers; and was further burthened with their luggage. Captain Baron was aware that his ship was not in fit condition to proceed to sea; but trusting to the circumstance that the country was in profound peace, and therefore could not be molested, he unfortunately sailed, unprepared as he

was, calculating that he should be enabled, long before he approached the European shores, to have his ship in order. Captain Baron's conduct, on this occasion, was certainly culpable and imprudent. He ought not to have relied, implicitly, on the faith of the existing peace; he should have been in complete readiness to repel aggression before he quitted our ports; he should have looked to his guns alone to protect the flag from insult. The conduct of the British, however, was base and dishonourable. The Bellona, seventy-four—Triumph, seventy-four—the Leopard, fifty—and Melampus, thirty-eight—under the command of commodore Douglass, were lying in Lynnhaven bay. They were freely receiving from our country supplies of every kind of which they stood in need; they were partaking largely of the hospitality of its inhabitants; yet at this moment commodore Douglass held in his possession an order from his admiral to take, forcibly, out of the Chesapeake, a part of her crew; and he was meditating to execute this offensive order in a manner the most irritating to our country, and the most derogatory to our navy. Had the object of commodore Douglass have been simply to take the men, and to produce the least possible irritation, he would, most obviously, have followed the Chesapeake out to sea, with his whole force, and there would then, perhaps, have been no reproach on the navy had she surrendered without firing a gun. Commodore Douglass dared not send the Melampus, as she was a frigate of the same class with the Chesapeake, and might, therefore, not have succeeded. The Leopard was sent: she was of force to insure to the British success, even had the Chesapeake been in complete order; and yet the force was not so overbearing but that the Chesapeake ought to have fought; and had she not have fought, and fought well, the navy would *have been disgraced*.

When commodore Baron was preparing to leave the ship, all the officers were called on deck to witness his departure, a respect always paid to the commander when entering or departing from his vessel. He now left her, passing through a line of officers: but no tear of regret was shed—every brow was contracted, every countenance was stern; and captain Baron, beholding the repulsive looks of his officers, fainted.

Intrepidity, however, exposes only part of the character of lieutenant Allen; his private affections were as warm as his public. While his mind was inflamed by a sense of indignant sensibility, and he is pouring into the ear of masculine confidence the complaints of his lacerated mind; letters of the same date, to a female friend, are replete with domestic tenderness and affection. With this correspondent all is quiet and serenity; he enters into all the levities of ordinary converse, and seems as anxious to veil his heroic and indignant passions, as if this indulgence was criminal in such intercourse. At one time his heart seems hovering round its native hearth, and in the next glowing with all the ardour of impatience to avenge his country's honour. Let it be mentioned, likewise, that his conversation was peculiarly marked with this character. Of this the following fact may be related in evidence: Seven duels resulted from the action of the Chesapeake, and yet none of them affected him? He never fought a duel. Not one of the subordinate officers was more decidedly opposed to the conduct of the commodore than lieutenant Allen, yet such was the uniform correctness, propriety, and delicacy of his conduct, that he commanded the esteem of that officer's most sanguine adherents. Having accustomed himself, from the first outset of his naval career, to strict subordination, while in service, and to polished society in his hours of relaxation, the characters of the gentleman and the sailor became, by long habit, incorporated in one. This union became the apex of his ambition—to receive, on the one hand, the thanks of his superior officers for his promptitude and skill, while in their service; and, at other times, to shine the ornament of polished circles. With the officers on board the Chesapeake he was peculiarly a favourite. This kind attention he thus acknowledges in a letter to his correspondent:

“ It is a gratifying reflection to know that I leave the Chesapeake beloved by my messmates, and respected by all: they have all been forward in manifesting their esteem for me in the most unequivocal manner; it has been requited with my warmest gratitude. What can induce more self-satisfaction in any man than to find that he is most beloved by those who have known him the longest? It must silence, forever, the

tongue of detraction; and believe me, my dear sir, the love of my friends, who are ever dear to me, will ever be an inducement with me to deserve their love, and to aspire to superior correctness."

During the operation of the embargo, in 1808, the Chesapeake, to which he was still attached, cruised off Block island, and captured several vessels violating that law. From motives of delicacy he desired to be excused, and was excused, from boarding any vessel belonging to his native state. In a letter, on this subject, he says, "I knew that I should be compelled to detain such vessels for the most trivial article, and this would have wounded my feelings. Even had I met those which I could have suffered to pass, I might have laboured under unjust suspicions, when other officers might be equally just without such imputations." His correct conceptions of the duty imposed by this painful office, are illustrated in a letter which he addressed to his father, in answer to one received from him, interceding for his assistance in behalf of some of his old associates in their endeavour to reclaim their property thus taken. "Nothing, my dear sir," he replies, "could give me more pleasure than to have been useful or instrumental in serving those young gentlemen you speak of in your letter: it required no request of yours to induce it; but vain are our desires—impotent the will that exceeds the means of performance. This has often been my lot, and, I believe, that of many in the Chesapeake. Need I say that my feelings have ever been on the rack while cruising off the island! But, sir, *had this been your vessel*, her situation would have been precisely the same. It is impossible that I can be of the least service to those young gentlemen." Mr. Allen remained in the Chesapeake, in this service, until February, 1809, when he was ordered, by government, to join the frigate United States, while lying at Washington, under the command of commodore Decatur. The commodore was himself absent, and the equipping of the frigate was a duty that devolved on his first lieutenant, who was not, for the space of two months, absent a moment from the navy yard. This ship lay part of the time at Norfolk, and the remainder of the time was engaged in short

cruises on the coast, until the declaration of war against Great Britain, in 1812.

Shortly after, the United States frigate sailed upon a cruise; and on the twenty-fifth of October, 1812, in latitude 29, N. longitude 29, 30, W. fell in with his Britannic majesty's ship the Macedonian, commanded by captain Carden. She was a frigate of the largest class, mounting forty-nine carriage guns, and reputed one of the swiftest sailors in the British navy.

When this frigate first hove in sight, and while orders were given on board the United States to prepare for action, lieutenant Allen mounted aloft; and after watching her closely for some time, at length discovered the English pendant. He descended to his comrades, who were impatiently awaiting him below, and jocosely pronounced the frigate a lawful prize. The enemy having the advantage of the wind fought at his own distance, and the contest was kept up for one hour and fifty minutes. The United States poured such an incessant fire, that the shouts from the crew of the Macedonian were distinctly heard, who, from that cause, apprehended her to be in flames. Her colours were, nevertheless, hauled down shortly afterwards—in which engagement she lost her mizenmast, fore and main topmasts, and mainyard. She was likewise much damaged in her hull. Thirtysix were killed, and forty-eight were wounded. On board the United States five only were killed, and seven wounded. The American frigate received so little damage in this engagement, that she would still have continued her cruise had it not been necessary for her to accompany her prize into port, on account of the crippled state of the British frigate. Any comments on this splendid action, an action so glorious to the arms of our countrymen would surely now be needless.

In the United States frigate lieutenant Allen was most assiduous in exercising and training the crew to the use of the artillery. The accuracy with which the guns were directed, and the celerity with which they could be fired, evince the improvement of their discipline, and indeed could not be surpassed. After captain Carden had gone on board the United States, lieutenant Allen requested the other officers to go in a boat, which was ready for

them. The first lieutenant of the Macedonian surlily said, " You do not intend to send me away without my baggage?" " I hope," replied lieutenant Allen, " you do not suppose you have been taken by privateersmen?" " I do not know," replied the other, rudely, " by whom I am taken." Lieutenant Allen sternly ordered him instantly into the boat, and he immediately went. Lieutenant Allen instantly placed a guard over the baggage of the officers, and as soon as the other duties, which demanded his attention, were concluded, he sent, the same day, all the baggage on board the United States. The surgeon of the Macedonian continued on board; and he frequently, in conversation, bore testimony to the kindness of lieutenant Allen towards that part of the crew remaining in the Macedonian, particularly to the wounded. The ward room officers of the Macedonian expressed to the ward room officers of the United States a deep sense of the civilities which they had received; and wished to give, jointly, another expression of their gratitude, in a writing which might be considered as a letter to all British officers, to secure their good treatment, in case the United States should be captured. This certificate of protection was very properly declined.

To lieutenant Allen was entrusted the honourable charge of bringing the prize into port, and she safely arrived in the harbour of Newyork, amidst the enthusiastic gratulations of our countrymen. His share in this glorious action cannot be better expressed than in the words of commodore Decatur himself: " It would be unjust," continues this gallant officer, " it would be unjust in me to discriminate, where all met my fullest expectations. Permit me, however, to recommend to the particular notice of the secretary, my first lieutenant, Wm. H. Allen, who has served with me upwards of five years; and to his unremitting exertions, in disciplining the crew, is to be imputed the obvious superiority of our gunnery, exhibited in the result of this contest."

The corporation and citizens of the city of Newyork honoured him and his commander with a splendid and superb festival; and the legislatures of Rhodeisland and Virginia presented him with a sword, as a testimonial of their sense, in comme-

moration of his gallant services. There was every thing in this victory which could gratify the pride of an American. The individual injury done to our enemy by the loss of a frigate, or the advantage to ourselves, by acquiring one, is nothing. It inspires a loftiness of feeling, a confidence, that is communicated to other souls, and introduces a train of patriotic sensations perfectly novel. It breaks that sea-spell which seemed to surround the navy of England.

When the Macedonian struck, lieutenant Allen, in taking possession, came alongside. Those on board were so uncivil as to neglect handing him a rope, for the purpose of getting on board, and he had to clamber up the side by the chains. Arriving at Nantucket shoals, the United States frigate and the Macedonian, which, before, had continually kept together, parted in a gale. The wind was so high, he entertained serious apprehensions that the vessel would founder. He determined, as a last resort, to anchor where she was, putting two or three cables on end. He thought he could ride out any gale in that manner, and would not believe the contrary, until it was proved by experiment. The storm, however, abated, and he arrived safe at Newport, to the great exultation of the inhabitants of that place, on the same day of the same month that admiral Parker arrived there with his fleet during our revolutionary war.

He here received a visit from his uncle, the governor of Rhodeisland, whom he invited down, and saluted with a discharge of nine guns on his arrival on board. While in the sound, waiting a favourable wind to proceed to Newyork, he was visited by people from all parts of the adjacent country.

The Sunday previous to the battle, the ward room officers of the Macedonian toasted an American frigate. On the following Sunday they were mortified by the fulfilment of their wishes.

After this, lieutenant Allen was allowed some little respite from the naval service; he visited his native land, and received the kind congratulations of his relatives and friends, in the bosom of his paternal abode. This repose was, however, but of short duration; the strong and imperious calls of his country once more summoned him to active duty.

Shortly after the arrival of the Macedonian at New York, the Argus returned to that port, commanded by captain Sinclair. He obtained leave to visit his friends; and, by order of commodore Decatur, lieutenant Allen took the command. He thoroughly repaired the vessel, and received an order from the commodore to go in quest of a British brig of war, reported to be in the sound. The whole crew of the Hornet, commanded by lieutenant Shubrick, volunteered their services. He remained in the sound for the space of a week, without meeting with the enemy, when he received the orders of the commodore to return.

On the death of Mr. Barlow, our minister at the court of France, our government deemed it expedient to renew the negotiation. Mr. Crawford was appointed as his successor; and the subject of the present memoir, now advanced to the rank of master and commander, was directed to take command of the Argus, and to conduct our minister to the place of his destination. He accepted the appointment with his usual promptitude, and sailed with our new minister for France. He was so fortunate as to elude the vigilance of the blockading squadron, and arrived at the port of L'Orient in twenty-three days. He informs the secretary of the navy, in his letter, bearing date June 12, 1813, that "*he shall immediately proceed to put in execution his orders as to the ulterior purposes of his destination.*"

The business here, which, from prudential motives, is so darkly hinted at, was, undoubtedly, as appears from the sequel, to sail in the Irish channel, and annoy the English commerce. This service was extremely perilous; and there seemed scarcely a possibility of escape. It was a service, to a man fond of glory, peculiarly invidious. Such conquests were attended with no honour; and captain Allen, in compliance with his orders, seemed peculiarly solicitous, in the discharge of this unthankful office, to make the enemy feel and confess the motives by which he was guided. The injury which he did to the British commerce is, in some of their papers, estimated to the amount of two millions. While thus employed in burning, sinking, and destroying the enemy's property, captain Allen was peculiarly careful to distinguish his character from those who depredated for selfish purposes only. The pro-

perty of the passengers was sacred from hostility; not an article of that kind would he suffer to be touched. The passengers were allowed to go below, and to take what they claimed as their own, and no hands belonging to the Argus were permitted to inspect them while they were employed in so doing. On one occasion, when a passenger had left his surtout behind him, it was sent after him in the boat; on another occasion captain Allen ordered one of his hands, who was detected in the act of some petty plunder of this kind, to be flogged at the gangway. The English papers, while they were writhing under the severe injuries thus inflicted, were unanimous in their testimonials of respect to the conduct of this gallant officer, for the humanity and delicacy with which he performed a service so invidious. Probably no action of his life could more plainly distinguish his character than this: he loved danger as much as he abhorred to plunder the defenceless.

It appears very evident, that if prudence was consulted, it was his imperious duty to avoid an engagement. The damage which he might have done the enemy, by another species of warfare, was beyond all comparison greater than by risking a battle, even if fortune should decide the controversy in his favour. Even a victory ensured capture, for, alone and unsupported as he was, his own ship would, in all human probability, suffer material injury, and both the captured and the captor become the prize of one of the many frigates then swarming in the English channel. These considerations, however, would have but little weight with him. He declared, previously to his setting out, that he would run from no two-masted vessel. Anxious to quit himself of a business which he so much disliked, he sought an opportunity to act in a situation more congenial to his feelings. Accordingly, captain Maples, of the Pelican, informs his government in his letter, dated August the fourteenth, that when cruising in the channel, in quest of the Argus, he discovered her shortning her sail, and making preparation for an obstinate resistance. He states that an action was commenced which was kept up, on both sides, for forty-three minutes, when the Argus struck, as he was in the act of boarding. He states that the Argus had one hundred and twenty-seven men in the action; and

that the captain was wounded early, and had since suffered the amputation of his left thigh. He estimates the number of slain and wounded on board the Pelican at eight, and that on board of the Argus at forty, according to the computation of her own officers. This is all that is yet officially known of this action. Our government have not yet received, or at least have not published, an official account.

From the designed generality with which this statement is drawn up, no certain conclusions can be drawn. Captain Maples acknowledges that his enemy fought with great bravery—that the action continued for forty-three minutes—that the Argus shortened sail to await his coming up—that he was in the act of boarding—and, that his loss amounted to but eight, in killed and wounded; while Allen's was forty. We are to presume, from captain Maples's own representation, that the action was fought at close quarters. And yet in an action so bravely fought as he acknowledges, and where he was in the act of boarding, there is such a disparity in the killed and wounded. He does not state the number of his own men, although he gives that of the enemy; nor the force of his guns, although he acknowledges he was specially sent on this expedition.

There is, evidently, from captain Maples's own statement, something remaining to be told. He did not say that the Pelican was superior in force, as was proved on a former occasion, by her successfully resisting a French frigate of the first class. It has been said that the Pelican sailed in company with his Britannic majesty's frigate the Sea Horse, of thirty-eight guns, which fell in with them as the action was closing. In such a case, it would have been madness in the Argus to have resisted any longer. This fact was stated by a writer in one of our papers, who cited both the Cork Chronicle, and the London Pilot, of the twenty-third of August, in proof of his assertion. This fact has, however, been denied; and another writer has said, with equal confidence, that either one or both of these papers does not contain the paragraph above quoted. Captain Maples was immediately promoted—a plain evidence of the estimation in which that victory was held. It is not generally known that captain Allen's first lieutenant (by a singular coincidence named likewise

William Henry Allen) was badly wounded in an early part of the engagement. For information on all these points, we are indebted to our enemies alone.

Captain Allen sailed in the Argus with an entire new crew. This is, of itself, a very great disadvantage in case of action. As his object required speed, he was compelled to hurry on with a press of sail, so that little or no time was left him for training his men to the exercise of their guns. From captain Maples's own account it appears they engaged at close quarters, and there is the strongest reason to suspect that he has falsely stated the number of his killed and wounded. With such a crew as captain Allen's was, men entirely new, and so little versed in the science of gunnery, it was highly honourable in them to have maintained the action so long.

But allow that this victory was as decided and glorious as our enemies assert, no blame can be imputed to the commander. He was desperately wounded in an early part of the action; refused to be carried below, and fainted on the deck from loss of blood. When he was removed from his birth to the hospital, for amputation, he cast his languid eyes on his faithful comrades, and feelingly pronounced these words: "God bless you, my lads; we shall never meet again." The following letter will speak for itself:

Copy of a letter from John Hawker, esquire, cidevant American vice consul, dated

"PLYMOUTH, 19th AUGUST, 1813.

"SIR,

"The situation I have had the honour to hold for many years past, of American vice consul, calls forth my poignant feelings in the communication I have to make to you, of the death of your son, captain Allen, late commanding the United States' brig of war Argus, which vessel was captured on Saturday last, in the Irish channel, after a very sharp action of three quarters of an hour, by his Britannic majesty's ship Pelican.

"Early in the contest captain Allen lost his left leg, but refused to be carried below, till, from loss of blood, he fainted. Messrs. Edwards and Delphy, midshipmen, and four seamen, were killed; and lieutenant Watson, the carpenter, boatswain,

boatwain's mate, and seven men, wounded. Captain Allen submitted to amputation, above the knee, while at sea. He was yesterday morning attended by very eminent surgical gentlemen, and removed from the Argus to the hospital, where every possible attention and assistance would have been afforded him had he survived; but which was not, from the first moment, expected, from the shattered state of his thigh! At eleven, last night, he breathed his last! He was sensible, at intervals, till within ten minutes of his dissolution, when he sunk exhausted, and expired without a struggle! His lucid intervals were very cheerful; and he was satisfied and fully sensible that no advice or assistance would be wanting. A detached room was prepared by the commissary and chief surgeon, and female attendants engaged, that every tenderness and respect might be experienced. The master, purser, surgeon, and one midshipman, accompanied captain Allen, who was also attended by his two servants.

"I have communicated and arranged with the officers respecting the funeral, which will be in the most respectful, and at the same time economical manner. The port admiral has signified that it is the intention of his Britannic majesty's government that it be *publicly* attended by officers of rank, and with military honours. The time fixed for the procession is on Saturday, at eleven, A. M. A lieutenant-colonel's guard of the royal marines is also appointed. A wainscoat coffin has been ordered; on the breastplate of which will be inscribed as below.* Mr. Delphy, one of the midshipmen, who lost *both* legs, and died at sea, was buried yesterday in Saint Andrew's church yard. I have requested that captain Allen may be buried as near him, on the right (in the same vault, if practicable) as possible.

"I remain, respectfully, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

"JOHN HAWKER,

"*Cidevant American vice consul.*

"To general Allen, &c. &c. &c. Providence,
Rhodeisland."

*A tablet, whereon will be recorded the name, rank, age, and character of the deceased, and also of the midshipman, will be placed (if it can be contrived) as I have suggested; both having lost their lives in fighting for the honour of their country.

The following extract from a London paper shows the order of procession:

"PLYMOUTH, AUGUST 24.

"On Saturday last, the twenty-first, was interred with military honours, William Henry Allen, esquire, late commander of the United States' sloop of war Argus, who lost his left leg in an action with his majesty's sloop of war Pelican, J. F. Maples, esquire captain, in Saint George's channel, the fourteenth instant, whereof he died in Mill Prison Hospital, on the fifteenth following.

PROCESSION.

Guard of honour.

Lieutenant-colonel of royal marines,

With two companies of that corps;

The captains, subalterns, and field adjutant,

(Officers with hatband and scarfs.)

Royal marine band.

Vicar and curate of Saint Andrew's.

Clerk of ditto.

THE HEARSE,

With the corps of the deceased captain,

Attended by eight seamen, late of the Argus, with crape round their arms, tied with white crape ribbon.

Also eight British captains of the royal navy, as pall bearers, with hatbands and scarfs.

Captain Allen's servants, in mourning.

The officers late of the Argus, in uniform, with crape sashes and hat bands, two and two.

John Hawker, esquire, late American vice consul, and his clerks.

Captain Pellowe, commissioner for prisoners of war.

Dr. Magrath, chief medical officer at Mill Prison depot.

Captains of the royal navy in port, two and two.

Followed by a very numerous and respectable retinue of inhabitants.

"The procession left Mill Prison at twelve o'clock. The coffin was covered with a velvet pall, and the ensign under which the action was fought, and upon that the hat and sword

of the deceased were laid. On the coffin being removed to the hearse, the guard saluted; and when deposited in the hearse, the procession moved forward, the band playing the ‘Dead March in Saul.’ On their arrival near the church the guard halted and clubbed arms, single files inward, through which the procession passed to the church, into which the corpse was carried, and deposited in the centre aisle, whilst the funeral service was read by the reverend vicar, after which it was removed and interred in the south yard (passing through the guard in the same order from as to the church) on the right of Mr. Delphy, midshipman of the Argus, who lost both his legs in the same action, and was buried the preceding evening.”

Thus lived and thus died William Henry Allen.

By the company and conversation of the elegant and polite, the hard and severe duties of the sailor acquired a sort of polish, and his character presented that combination of gallantry, grace, and intrepidity that so irresistibly attracts. In the hour of danger he was calm, intrepid, and persevering: in private intercourse guarded, affable, and delicate. Entering into the navy with large and expanded ideas of honour, the perils he encountered, and the hard services he endured, consolidated his romantic and floating visions into rules and principles of action. By never lowering his lofty standard amidst the justle of so many contending difficulties, he at length arrived at it; and new trials served only to call into exercise new and unexplored resources of fortitude. He had so long forsaken every other consideration for glory, that he finally measured his life by this standard, and felt a repulsive antipathy to whatever fell short of that measure.

I am perfectly aware that this picture will be thought to have been drawn by the partial hand of friendship. Let it be remembered, that for thirteen years he was hardly for so many weeks from the service of his country. Let his enemies speak for him; they at least have not to contend with the partial feelings of friendship. Their testimony must be free from such censure; and the peculiar respect paid to his ashes, by command of the English government, is the most honourable testimony of his worth.

There seems a sort of compact amongst our naval commanders never to quit their station on the deck. Allen, in his mutilated state, refused to be carried below, and fainted on the deck from loss of blood. Lawrence showed the same determined spirit, and never left his station until he was too far exhausted by his wounds to animate his men by his example. Burrows, although mortally wounded at his quarters, still remained at his post, survived the action, and there received the sword of his gallant and intrepid antagonist.

It is astonishing that we have yet no official account of the capture of the Argus. All that we have known is from our enemies. In the affair of the Macedonian, commodore Decatur speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry of Allen. In the action of the Argus his enemies speak the same language. Thus, although oppressed by misfortune and defeat, it may be proudly said, that our naval character has lost none of its lustre; as is abundantly evident from the testimony of our enemies themselves.

The following extract from his last letter, addressed to his sister, will show the character of this intrepid officer in an amiable light:

“ When you shall hear that I have ended my earthly career, that I only exist in the kind remembrance of my friends, you will forgive my follies, forgive my faults, call to mind some little instances dear to reflection, to excuse your love for me, and shed one tear to the memory of

HENRY.”

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

A Gazetteer of the State of Newyork; carefully written from original and authentic materials, arranged on a new plan—in three parts:—Comprising—*First*, A comprehensive Geographical and Statistical View of the whole State, conveniently disposed under separate heads.—*Second*, An ample general view of each County, in alphabetical order, with topographical and statistical tables, showing the civil and political divisions, population, post-offices, &c.—*Third*, A very full and minute topographical description of each town or township, city, borough, village, &c. &c. in the whole State, alphabetically arranged; as also its lakes, rivers, creeks, with every other subject of topographical detail: forming a complete Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the State of Newyork: with an accurate map of the State. By Horatio Gates Spafford, A. M. author of a Geography of the United States, a member of the New-york Historical Society, and a corresponding secretary of the Society of Arts.” Albany, 1813. pp. 336, 8vo.

THIS is a good book, compiled on a well-digested plan, and merits every encouragement, since it is only from the accumulated information which such works supply, that we can expect a comprehensive statistical account of the United States. The author seems to have been very industrious in the collection of materials, for he informs us that, in addition to his own researches, and those of his agents, he has drawn information from more than a thousand original letters from correspondents in almost every part of the state. His work has, therefore, every appearance of authenticity, and although the representations of individuals, situated as were these correspondents, may naturally be suspected of some degree of inaccuracy from local partialities, and the wish of magnifying the advantages of their own possessions, yet we do not perceive any undue preferences given by the geographer, nor any other fault in the local descriptions, except the pardonable one of drawing every thing in rose colours. The mere topographical account of all the towns and villages of Newyork, is not calculated to excite much interest beyond the immediate neighbourhood of them. Nor does the general view of each county attract much more attention. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the first part, describing the general results

of these inquiries, from which we shall make a few extracts to show the actual situation of that very important section of the union.

On the subject of inland navigation, the author observes:

It may be said, however, that no portion of the United States enjoys such facilities for inland navigation, as the state of Newyork; combining, in the consideration, the objects and the means of intercourse. The Hudson, opens a good sloop navigation for vessels of 100 tons to Albany. And, passing the carrying place to Schenectady 15 miles, the Mohawk affords a boat navigation with the aid of two short canals, that at the Little Falls, and at Rome, to Wood creek; thus extending the navigation through Oneida Lake and Oswego river, to Lake Ontario, with the exception of two other short portages in Oswego river; a distance of 203 miles from Schenectady; 218 from Albany, with but 15 miles land carriage; and 393 miles from Newyork.

The canal at Rome, connecting the waters of the Mohawk and Lake Ontario, was completed in 1797. This canal is about a mile and a half in length, with a lock at each end. It is fed by a lateral cut from the Mohawk, which enters the canal nearly a mile W. of the lock at that river.

Batteaus, carrying from three to fifteen tons, and drawing two feet water, pass the canal at all times; but in times of severe drowth, experiance some difficulty below, both in the Mohawk and Wood creek. A well informed correspondent, computes the number of boats that annually pass these locks, at three hundred; and that they carry 1500 tons of goods, produce, &c. The canal at the Little Falls of the Mohawk, completed in 1795, has several locks, and extends the navigation by a fall of forty-two feet, within one mile.

Under this head may be introduced the expense of transportation, from Newyork to Oswego. From Newyork to Albany, bulky articles pay about forty cents per hundred weight; heavy from ten to twenty cents—say common freight, to average twenty-five to thirty cents per hundred. From Albany to Schenectady, sixteen cents. From Schenectady to Utica, seventy-five cents; and from Utica to Oswego, \$1.25 per hundred, including lockage, portage-money, &c.—making in all, \$2.35 to \$2.40 cents per hundred weight through this whole distance.

The Western Inland Lock Navigation Company, has been incorporated by this state, for the purpose of improving the navigation of the western waters.

But, the project of a great western canal, to connect Lake Erie and the Hudson by a boat navigation, is now a principal topic in this state. Commissioners have examined the country, and have reported in favour of the project, but on a plan which, to my apprehension, is generally impracticable.

With regard to roads and bridges, we have the following information:

The roads of this state, particularly those in the new parts, are certainly very good, and conveniently disposed; and when we take into view, the recent settlement of a large extent of country, where they have been constructed, I can but believe they would bear a comparison with those of any other portion of the United States. And no state has been more liberal in making appropriations of public funds, for the purpose of extending good roads into every section of the state. Corporate bodies have also been multiplied for these purposes, till their nominal stock amounts to 8,067,000 dollars, in the charters for turnpikes and toll-bridges alone.

The charters for toll-bridges (36 in number) have created nominal stock to the amount of \$ 509,000; and these and the turnpike companies, 135 in number, are probably authorized to erect about 450 toll-gates. But they have opened, and are opening about 4500 miles of road.

The central position of Albany, as a place of trade, of commerce, of travel, and of general intercourse, renders it of course, the great point of concentration for all the great roads of this region. A bare enumeration of those which connect Albany with the surrounding countries, would fill several pages. But the great chain of turnpikes that extend from the E. line of the state, near the village of New-Lebanon, through Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Geneva, Canandaigua and Batavia, to Buffalo, must not be omitted; a *distance* which sufficiently bespeaks the magnitude of the object—being 324 miles. From this grand avenue, turnpikes and country roads traverse the western country in every direction.

From the best information that I can obtain, after much inquiry and research, I suppose we have now opened for travel, about 16 to 1680 miles of turnpike road! A vast extent—and some part of this system has proved of proportionate importance to the interests of the citizens, and the community at large.

The bridges that have been erected within ten years, and those too of very considerable magnitude, are almost innumerable—and of these, about thirty-five are authorized to collect toll. But there are many other bridges on the country roads, that do great honour to the public spirit of the inhabitants.

The notices on domestic animals are interesting:

The following computations of the numbers of sheep, neat-cattle, horses and swine, are founded on the details of the census, and the information of well informed correspondents. In some counties, these items were omitted in the census. To supply this deficiency, I have applied to correspondents in those counties for estimates, according to the best information: and the ratio, thus obtained, falls a small fraction short of 1.5 sheep to each person in the aggregate. This gives 1,410,044, as the whole number of sheep in the state. The neat-cattle, according to the same authorities, may be computed at

863,298; the horses, 527,570; giving the enormous aggregate of 2,810,912 of these valuable domestic animals. The American statist, the indefatigable Blodget, computes the whole number of neat-cattle in the United States in 1809, at 3,660,000; horses, 1,400,000. The enumeration of swine, in this state, was wholly omitted by the census; but an inspection of our list of exports, will show the importance of the products of this animal. Pork, hams, and lard, are consumed to a great amount among the farmers, where less beef and mutton are eaten than in towns and cities. We may venture to compute the number of *fattened swine*, slain annually, at 140,000; and of *beaves* slain here, or driven to market, at 220,000.

The state of the banking capital is thus described:

There are in this state, fifteen banking companies, with an enormous amount of capital stock. During the annual session of the legislature, in 1811, a "Committee, appointed to report the amount of capital authorized by law, in this state, *Report*, that the capital allowed to the bank of Newyork, in the act of incorporation, is \$ 1,050,000;—to the bank of Albany, \$ 280,000; bank of Columbia, at Hudson, \$ 160,000; Manhattan bank, including the expense of supplying the city of Newyork with water, \$ 2,000,000; Farmers' bank, at Troy, \$ 300,000; Newyork State bank, at Albany, \$ 460,000; Merchants' bank, at Newyork, \$ 1,250,000; Mohawk bank, at Schenectady, \$ 200,000; bank of Hudson, \$ 300,000; Mechanics' bank, in Newyork, \$ 1,500,000; making in all \$ 7,496,000. In several of the original acts for incorporating the above banks, a right was reserved to the state to subscribe certain sums, and the capital of such banks was to be increased to the amount of the sums so to be subscribed." The committee further state that they have not ascertained the amount actually subscribed by the state, but that the permission exceeds 400,000 dollars, the most of which is subscribed. "The acts incorporating the banks of this state, with the exception of the Manhattan bank, declare, that the total amount of all debts which the said corporations shall at any time severally owe, over and above the monies then actually deposited in the bank, shall not exceed three times the sum of capital stock subscribed and actually paid into the bank. Thus, therefore, the bills which may legally be issued and circulated by the above banks, exceed 23,000,000 dollars." During the session of 1811, and after the date of the above report, the Union bank in the city of Newyork was incorporated, with a capital stock of \$ 1,800,000; the Mechanics' and Farmers' bank, in Albany, capital stock, \$ 600,000; with a right reserved to the state to subscribe for shares to the amount of 40,000 dollars, making 640,000 dollars; the Troy bank, capital \$ 500,000, with a like right of 50,000 dollars to the state, making 550,000 dollars; the bank of Newburgh, capital stock \$ 400,000, do. to the state of 50,000, making 450,000 dollars; the Middle District bank, at Poughkeepsie, capital stock \$ 500,000, with a right reserved to the state to subscribe for stock to the amount of

50,000; making 550,000 dollars; with a branch bank for discount and deposit at Kingston: seven of the twenty-one directors are to be chosen from Ulster county. The capital stock of the Mechanics' bank in Newyork, was also increased 500,000; and the bank of Hudson authorized to establish a branch for discount and deposit in the village of Catskill. The actual capital stock of banking companies, was thus increased during that session, \$4,300,000; and when the state shall have subscribed its shares, which amount to 190,000 dollars, the aggregate increase will amount to 4,490,000 dollars. If to that sum be added the amount of stock above reported by the committee, of 7,490,000 dollars, we have 11,790,000 dollars, as banking capital stock;—to this we may add \$400,000 principally subscribed; and 190,000 dollars reserved to be subscribed by the state, which then make an aggregate of bank stock authorized in this state, of 12,380,000 dollars. This amount, assuming the same ratio, authorizes the emission and circulation of bank bills, to the enormous amount of 37,140,000 dollars; or 35,370,000, exclusive of stock owned by the state.

If the whole amount of bank stock were subscribed, paid in, and bills issued to the extent of the charters, the amount of paper currency in circulation would exceed thirty-eight and a half dollars to each individual in the state.

The revenue produced to this state in 1810, for dividends on the profits of bank stock owned by the state in seven banks, amounted to \$33,323.62.

If this species of stock be equally productive to other proprietors, the annual dividends in this state, of clear profits, amount to \$1,032,473; on the supposition that twelve millions of stock are now actually employed in the business of the several banks, though it probably falls considerably short of this amount.

The following comparative view of the trade of Newyork is striking:

The port of Newyork, yields about one fourth of the revenue of the United States' government collected from commerce, which is extended to every part of the globe. The *tonnage* of Newyork, agreeably to the books of registry at Washington, amounted, on the 31st December 1809, to 252,065 tons; of which 243,539 belonged to the port of Newyork; and the remainder to Hudson and Saggs-harbour. The tonnage of Philadelphia at the same period, was 121,443; of Boston, 133,257; of Baltimore, 102,434; of Charleston, S. C. 50,820; of Norfolk, V. 40,940.

We shall close our extracts with two or three miscellaneous particulars.

Agreeable to the very able report of the comptroller to the legislature of this state, during its annual session in 1811, the productive funds, invested in stock of banks, United States stock, &c. securities on lands, &c. &c. amount

to \$ 4,191,803 25. These funds produce an annual revenue to the state, amounting to \$ 278,489.96. To this amount of funds, great as it is, we may add that of the School Fund, excluded from the above, as being set apart for a special purpose, though subject to the disposition of the legislature, and owned by the state. It amounts to \$ 483,326.29; and produces an annual income, to be added to that fund, of \$ 36,427.64. The state still owns about 1,000,000 acres of land; subject also to the disposition of the legislature. If, for the sake of aggregate computation, we estimate these lands at two dollars per acre, there appears the enormous amount of \$ 6,675,129 54, now actually belonging to this state, in permanent funds.

There are, in this state, about 100,000 freeholders—and freehold estates are known to produce their proprietors, from 30,000, down to fifty dollars per annum.

In 1811, there were 45 counties and 452 towns, including four cities, and about 350 villages of twenty houses each and upwards, to 600 houses. It may appear extravagant to some, nay, mere wild conjecture, but the present value of the whole state of Newyork, in lands, houses, &c., stock, furniture, and every description of property, at a fair valuation, would fall little short of \$ 500,000,000.

From all the above mentioned manufactures, we may safely compute an amount for 1811, equal to \$ 30,000,000, and it is honourable to the character of the inhabitants, that about twelve millions of this sum is produced by household industry and enterprise.

Having thus borne our willing testimony to the general merits of Mr. Spafford's work; we shall now take occasion to add a few remarks on those parts of it which come more immediately within the jurisdiction of criticism. We do this with greater readiness, because on topics like these, we can speak more confidently than on mere geographical details, but particularly because the author announces an intention of engaging in another work, in which the hints we shall offer may be serviceable to his literary reputation. If Mr. Spafford executes his design of compiling a history of Newyork, it will be essential to his success, that he should correct most diligently and cautiously, and indeed that he should remodel completely, his style of writing; for, if on plain subjects of topography, he has not been able to restrain the overgrown luxuriance of his manner, we tremble for his fame when he is disengaged from minute details, and enabled to indulge in speculation.

The geography of Mr. Spafford, in short, is written in that loose, irregular style, which, we are sorry to say, characterizes too many of the productions of the American press, and against which we deem it our duty constantly to protest with all our strength. We may, perhaps, on some other occasion, endeavour to explain the causes of this singular and lamentable degeneracy; but it is sufficient at present to state, what must strike the least observing, that the prevailing style of our American publications is extremely bad—that there is indeed but one style among us—a lofty, inflated and affected mode of treating every thing, a rawness and immaturity in our metaphors, a puerile profusion of figurative language, and a total want of adaptation to the subject, so that whether a July oration, or an invoice is to be written, the revolutions of the planets or of a spinning-wheel to be described, there is the same kind and the same quantity of decorations employed—till every subject, moral, political or physical, is made to bend under its load of heavy and awkward ornaments. Without enlarging on this topic, we may find in the work before us, very alarming symptoms of this love of gaudy affectation. If simplicity of style might be expected any where, it would surely be in a work like this, where the whole object of the writer is to communicate plain matters of fact, which decorations of any sort, instead of illustrating, would only obscure. Yet, not a sheep-fold, a mineral-spring, or a post-office is presented to us, without some fine phrases, and some long and elegant sentences, which, if they cost the writer half as much labour as the reader, must have been very troublesome indeed. He has also introduced a number of strange and unnecessary words, and some turns of expressions which have an air of the most awkward originality.

As an instance of this propensity to intrude pretty phrases into situations where they are wholly misplaced, the reader need only turn to the article Saratoga. The springs of that place are described very minutely, and with great apparent accuracy; and here an ordinary writer would have stopped. But as there was a battle fought in the neighbourhood Mr. Spafford's imagination takes fire, and he cannot avoid adding—

A people who had willed to be free, contending in arms for national freedom, here fought their haughty foe, and triumphed in victory. And here, too, thousands bled and died in the cause of their country; and the tale has been told from the mother to the son, how our kindred toiled and suffered and died, till all have heard and grieved and mourned. Historians may narrate events, but the mother only can engrave them on the memory. The surrender of Burgoyne, &c. &c.

Even such a matter of fact as the Ridge-road, is dressed off with this finery:

When the wood shall be removed from the intermediate lands, and the eye survey the vast extent of a boundless view, embracing Lake Ontario throughout this whole distance, this road will present one of the greatest of temptations for tourists. And Niagara, *the wonder of the world, roars in terrible majesty* near the western limit of the Alluvial Way.

There is sometimes an air of ridicule in this mixture of tawdry ornaments with simple facts; as for instance, in the description of Westchester county, where the battle of White-plains excites a fine declamation, which is immediately extinguished by the homely piece of intelligence about the members of assembly. Thus,

But though the morning sun of declared independence arose thus in a cloud,—while yet it was morning, Princeton, Trenton, and the plains of Saratoga, enjoyed a broad fulgence, diffusing new spirits over the nation. And it were well worth the attention of every American youth, to study the history of that war, and thus learn the price paid for independence, the better to know how to appreciate its value. Nor ought we to forget that the privileges, so dearly purchased, can only be preserved to our posterity, by that zeal for our country which governed the conduct of our fathers now descended to the grave.—Westchester county sends three members to the house of assembly.

In his meteorological remarks, after describing all the variations of the weather, each month is led up to receive its character. Thus we have the “milder aspect” of May; the “summer character” of June, and the “summer aspect” of its clouds; but the full glory of the author’s eloquence is reserved for August:

“August,” says he, “is more showery, with the greatest uniformity of temperatures of any month in the year; when the influences of the cloud-capt summits of the Catsberg or Catskill, become splendidly conspicuous, in sending

frequent thunder-showers over the surrounding country—and thus diffusing health and plenty to millions."

Even the account of the number of cattle in Newyork opens with the stately remark, that "the horse has been celebrated in all ages as one of the noblest of animals, domesticated by the care of man. The best breeds of this animal have been sought in all climes," &c. &c.

This affectation of elegance is accompanied, as is very common on such occasions, by a degree of obscurity, and sometimes even of vulgarity, which renders it only more conspicuously ludicrous. Thus we are told that some turnpike road over a hill, winds up to an "astonishing altitude," where the view is "inexpressibly grand," and thereupon the author says, "it may be of some consequence to inform the indolent that his *immense curiosity* may be gratified at the expense of his horse."

So too, on the subject of classical learning; "Aspiring to higher sources, sought for distinction only, the student returns from Greece or Rome, laden with notions beyond his comprehension; and while the principles of education, and of christian morality are lost in *universal absorption*, his usefulness is destroyed for life."

And then we have such sagacious remarks as the following; speaking of some mountain called Peru, he says, "I see no good objection to the name. At any rate, *since a mountain suffers not by a bad name*, any one is preferable in geography, and the purposes of description to no name."

He says too, that a lucid arrangement and a subdivision of parts is necessary in all sciences, for "*none can arrive at the ship of knowledge without a boat*—the admiral no more than the cabin-boy." Such phrases as that the Catskill "are a main *bifurcation* of the Apallachian chain," and that the state "has much *fluviatric district along the Hudson*,"—and the "*bovine race*" pass very well, since, with the help of a little Latin they may be comprehended;" but the "*unporosity of the soil*," the "*fluviestal district*," and a great many other hard words of the same kind, have nothing but their novelty to recommend them.

The author's ideas of the French language seem to be quite peculiar; thus, " *Chazy, Saranack, Sable* and *Bouquet* are French names for creeks, &c." Now, though the two last are very good French words in their way, we suspect that all the Institute would be puzzled to define " Chazy" or at least " Saranack." We acknowledge our own embarrassment in trying to comprehend Mr. Spafford's idea of a peninsula. " The French *presque*," says he, " for almost, or *presqu'* isle for almost island, is universally received in geography as a proper and designative name for a *peninsula almost insulated*."

We would here close our catalogue of gentle reproaches against Mr. Spafford, if we did not deem it right to animadver^t on the extreme partiality in favour of the state of Newyork, which is manifest throughout the work. All this is very natural to a certain degree, and would be a matter more to be smiled at than censured, if it did not thrust itself rather obtrusively into so many pages of the book. The great state of Newyork, the powerful state of Newyork, the immense resources of Newyork, the proud superiority of Newyork over every thing on this side of the Atlantic, are dwelt upon with a topographer's fondness, and repeated in a tone of rather indecorous exultation. Let us hear with what loftiness he ushers in the pretensions of his favourite.

Possessed of exclusive sovereignty of all our national resources, this state would hold a towering supremacy over the other states of the federal union; and might rank with many of those of the eastern continent, at no remote period. Possessed of such resources, derived not from factitious, but from natural and permanent causes; with a most singular coincidence of circumstances in defining the form and extent of territory, so perfectly adapted for reciprocity in the interests of agriculture, commerce and trade, *it would be gross stupidity* that should deny to Newyork, the first rank in the union. It is the key-stone in the political arch, as it is the natural emporium of surplus products, and contains the great mart of foreign commerce, which must ever remain the commercial metropolis of America.

Now what will Dr. Morse say to this? What will that sturdy champion of Newengland, who lately exhausted all his eloquence in favour of Connecticut greatness, power, goodness, learning, religion, morals, laws and manners—what will he say to the insolence of this Southron, who dares to fix the true me-

ridian so far from Newhaven. Nay, wounded to the quick as we have often been, at those taunting comparisons between the pure and ample landscape of Broadway, and the Scythian encampments of Market-street; the refreshing breezes of the Battery, and the pestilential atmosphere of Water-street—not to mention the fresh fish and the new town-house, on all which our northern neighbours love to discourse with so much complacency; even we are tempted to enter the lists of polemic geography; and we trust that the day is not far distant when some Pennsylvanian Strabo shall assert, that in no part of the United States is English spoken so well as in the German counties of our state, or some Virginian prove satisfactorily, that there is neither honesty nor manners north of the Potowmac.

But, seriously, have these respectable writers never reflected that nothing more effectually destroys that large and comprehensive public spirit, and those national sentiments, which they express (and we have no doubt very sincerely) their desire to encourage, than this sort of township patriotism, this distending into exaggerated importance of little places and little things and little men? How can we hope for any thing ample and liberal and generous in our feelings towards each other, whilst we continue to indulge this idle weakness of believing that our village, or our section of the country is the greatest, and the finest, and the best; and what is worse still, proceed to offend the local partialities of others, by proclaiming these opinions. It is for this reason that we feel ourselves bound to reprehend Mr. Spafford, of whom we take our leave, with hoping for him a greater degree of correctness, and complete success in his future labours.

Σ

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

No man sees with more satisfaction than myself, the efforts which we are making in every department of the arts; and none would regret more sincerely that these attempts should be either discouraged or perverted. But the arts, ornamental as they are, and useful as they may be, cease to be an object worthy of either interest or encouragement, unless they are subservient to the higher cause of morals; and every exertion of them which tends to corrupt the taste, or weaken the foundations of public decency, should be immediately and indignantly discountenanced. You will, therefore, I hope, indulge me while I offer a few suggestions on what I deem a very injurious and dangerous prostitution of the arts in your city.

For a long time past there has been exhibited a painting of no great merit as a work of art, but very indecent in its composition, and quite unfit for public inspection. It was, however, tolerated, and having become profitable to the owner, other artists, thinking that a shower of gold might be had for some rival Danae, have furnished the town with Venuses and Le-das for every corner. After these abortive efforts, by minor manufacturers of pictures, we have, at last, seen one of our most distinguished artists concentrate the whole force of his very respectable talents to produce a work of the same indecent character. Having satisfied his own imagination, the picture is offered for public exhibition—This the example of the Danae might justify. A day is set apart when female visitors may indulge their curiosity—bad as this is, here too it has the sanction of public toleration. But, as is generally the case, when indecorum gathers strength by impunity, the artist has proceeded still farther. It is not sufficient that an opportunity is given to those who are fond of these exhibitions, to indulge their taste—but the public must be tempted, and importuned, and seduced, in every way, to the contemplation of this painting. For this purpose a printed paper, giving a very minute description of this shameless painting, where the indecency is scarcely veiled by the ordinary

colouring of language, where, we are told, the female eye is to be charmed with a “ representation of virgin innocence,” in the “romantic indulgence of imagination”—in a state of “dangerous intoxication,” and an abundance of other loose and licentious phrases; this paper is laid on the tables of every respectable family in the city, with exhortations to regale their eyes with this delightful exhibition—that a day is exclusively appropriated to ladies, when they may safely gaze, without the intrusion of men, or of decency; and their curiosity is urged, by being told that the picture is shortly to be carried away, so that they may never again have an opportunity of seeing it.

I do confess to you, sir, that whatever may be thought of the talents of this artist, I think no man can fairly question his modesty. I did not, indeed, think it possible, that in this country, a man would hazard his own character, or, if he were indifferent to that, would have the effrontery to thrust his impertinencies into every parlour of the city, and offer to the eyes and ears of our wives and daughters, the revolting fruits of the vulgar voluptuousness of his imagination.

Sir, I know, perfectly well, the great latitude which is allowed to artists, and I should be among the last to abridge the limits of their fancy. They must be permitted to range wildly, and at will; the events of history—the fictions of poetry—the affections of real life—the beauties of nature—the combinations of intellect—are all before them. The human figure, every grace and every ornament with which nature has furnished or art embellished the female form, is at their command; and as these representations cannot always be restricted to the rigid decorums of society, they must be seen with every indulgent allowance for the failing or the fancy of the artist.

But that a painter should select the most disgusting of all the human passions as a fit subject for exhibition, that he should obtrude upon the public view a scene which every consideration of morals and decorum, and even ordinary decency, should have counselled him to suppress, is not only in the highest degree reprehensible, but is disréputable to his own resources as an artist. Men of imagination are not obliged, and men of character are ashamed to descend to such subjects. It is, besides, a gross

insult to the public feelings. There is not, I believe, in the voluptuous city of Paris—there is not in Rome, where the arts have exhausted almost all the possible combinations of the human form—there is not, even amidst the grosser debauchery of London, one public exhibition of so disgusting and revolting an indecency as either of two pictures which are exhibited and almost thrust before the eyes of the quiet, decent, moral city of Philadelphia: and this, too, not by any foreign vagrant, who might be presumed to care more about his money than our morals, but by residents, if not natives, of the place. It is, indeed, such an offence against public morals as would fully justify the interposition of the magistracy. In England, when manners were much looser than at present, a man was punished for exhibiting himself indecently before the people. It is a much higher offence, in my estimation, to offer, daily, a scene of seducing voluptuousness to the young and thoughtless part of the city.

I know of no apology for such licentiousness.

If this artist must gain an honest livelihood, the highway is open to him; he can there do less mischief, gain more money, and, I am sure, more credit, than by degrading himself into the pander of every spectator's licentiousness. If he is fond of such scenes himself, or if his family, or friends, are gratified by this display, let them indulge their wishes, let them dwell with rapture from morning till night on this exquisite scene, but let those who neither desire to witness nor to encourage these indecent exhibitions, be safe from his importunities; let him not impudently invite the modest, respectable part of the community to a spectacle of low and disgusting debauchery, only fit for the eye of prostitutes, which a sober artist should have been ashamed to make, or a decent woman to visit. This degradation of the arts is alarming to all who are interested in their advancement. In a new country, with a taste as yet unformed, there are many very natural and respectable prejudices against the arts. These have been hitherto repressed and surmounted, by representing them as able auxiliaries in the cause of patriotism and morals. The moment had arrived when we might have expected that artists would have been proud to devote their talents to such purposes. Yet, in the midst of these anticipations, an artist of considerable talent in his profession, and of respectable

private character, suffers himself to be led away by some strange motive from the high career to which his profession invited him; and closing his eyes to the beauties which nature has profusely lavished on his country, to the glorious events contained in its history, to the exploits which have recently cast around it an imperishable lustre, descends to rake, from the filth of mythology, a disgusting portrait of miserable licentiousness, fit only to corrupt the taste and debauch the morals of the community. But if he is insensible of his obligations to society, it is fit that he should be admonished of them, and I therefore think it a duty, as a citizen of Philadelphia, a friend to the arts, and, what is a much higher concern, as an advocate for public morals, to express a distinct, decided, and strong disapprobation of this outrage upon all taste and decency.

A LOVER OF THE ARTS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON VINDICATED,

IN ANSWER TO REMARKS ON GESTURE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A flippant, and of course incorrect, writer, under the signature of X, had the temerity, in your last number, to skip upon the controversial arena, and, unarmed "with a shield, with a sword, or with a bow," to challenge and encounter "with a sling and with a stone" that Goliath of literature, the invincible Dr. Samuel Johnson.

That X is both incorrect as a writer, and indiscreet and feeble as an assailant, will readily appear from an analysis of his "declaration" and argument.

If a writer assumes false premises, and raises a superstructure of arguments thereupon, when the winds of criticism beat upon his edifice it must fall; "for it is founded upon the *sand*." Precisely of this description is that "baseless fabric" of censure and of ridicule which your correspondent has erected as a pharos or watch-tower, from the top of which he vainly hopes

"to spy out" himself and to proclaim to others, "the nakedness of the land." He begins his observations by a very round, but a false assertion, that "gesture has been denied by no less a judge of human nature than Dr. Johnson, to assist oratory; and this," continues he, "is no obiter saying of the doctor's, but a deliberate opinion, as is fully proved by his having occupied a whole number of the *Rambler* to establish this hypothesis." Now, the truth is, that throughout the whole of *that* periodical work, there is no such number to be found. But, in another publication of Dr. Johnson, called *The Idler*, a term very applicable to his assailant, there is a short essay, No. 90, upon Rhetorical Action, in which he clearly and unequivocally expresses an opinion diametrically opposite to that with which he is charged by Mr. X. Admirable critick! accurate observer! The doctor there says, "Upon men intent only upon truth, the arm of an orator has little power; a credible testimony, or a cogent argument, will overcome all the art of modulation, and all the violence of contortion."

The true meaning and utmost extent of Dr. Johnson's position upon rhetorical action is this—that all reasoning and argument, when addressed to pure intellect, or to the understanding and judgment only of the auditor (and a public address of whatever nature, without reasoning or argument, would certainly be unworthy of attention) requires not the external aid of gesticulation to enforce its truth—but, that, as in a mixed audience there are always many who cannot comprehend a series of abstract reasoning, or judge of logical deduction, the aid of action may be necessary, to please or amuse the imagination, through the medium of the senses; in order to arrest the attention, and captivate the heart: for the same reason that the ornaments of figurative language are used to interest the passions. A profound scholar and abstract reasoner will never be *influenced* by these ornaments, though, as a man of taste, he may be *pleased* by them. The profundity and capacity of Dr. Johnson's mind induced him naturally and properly to consider this subject in an abstract point of view, without paying any attention to the fictitious use of ornament: and he certainly was correct in so doing. A lawyer who addresses the court, the judges upon the

bench, speaking to men learned in the law (or supposed to be so) men acquainted with the art of reasoning, capable of detecting sophistry, and of comprehending the full force of sound and correct argument, addresses solely their understanding; and were he to use much, or perhaps *any*, gesticulation, would in no degree aid thereby his argument: but, in speaking to a jury, or a popular assembly, where there must be different gradations of mind or understanding, the external aids of oratory are necessary to induce the attention of his auditors. This is unequivocally conceded by Dr. Johnson; for in the very essay to which his assailant refers, he says, that "the use of English oratory is only at the bar, in the parliament, or the church."

"Whether action (says he) may not be of use in our churches, where the preacher addresses a mingled audience, may deserve inquiry. It is certain that the senses are more powerful as the reason is weaker; and he whose ears convey little to his mind, may sometimes listen with his eyes, till truth may gradually take possession of his heart. If there be any use of gesticulation, it must be applied to the ignorant and rude, who will be more affected by vehemence than delighted by propriety. In the pulpit little action can be proper, for action can illustrate nothing but that to which it may be referred by nature or by custom. He that imitates by his hand a motion which he describes, explains it by a natural similitude; he that lays his hand on his breast, when he expresses pity, enforces his words by a customary illusion. But, theology has few topics to which action can be appropriated; that action which is vague and indeterminate, will at last settle into habit, and habitual peculiarities are quickly ridiculous.—Yet, as all innocent means are to be used for the propagation of truth, I would not deter those who are employed in preaching to common congregations, from any practice which they may find persuasive."

Action is certainly, or ought to be, nothing more than personified emphasis—a correct speaker, therefore, will never extend an arm, exert a muscle, or express a passion by his countenance, without being able to assign a reason for it. And if to any of his audience their aid, correctly addressed, gives force and efficacy to his diction, he is certainly right in using them. If

the position of Dr. Johnson be *fairly* considered, therefore, it will be found that he concedes every thing to this branch of oratory, which any man of common sense and common feeling could require.

But, I will meet this doughty critick in his own field of argument, and examine the doctor's colloquy with Mrs. Thrale. "Action," said he, "can have no effect upon *reasonable* minds, it may augment noise, but it never can enforce argument." By "reasonable minds," the doctor certainly meant minds capable of comprehending rational or argumentative discussion: to such minds, the investigation of truth, and a conviction of its force, would not be aided by splendor of language or vehemence of gesticulation;—for, as Johnson justly observes, "in proportion as men are removed from brutes, action will have less influence upon them," that is, the necessity of an appeal to the senses, to arrest attention and enforce dictio[n], increases in proportion to imbecility of mind or deficiency of understanding. "We, indeed, use action when we speak to a dog," says he; because a dog, not having the powers of speech or ratiocination, can only be influenced by an appeal to his senses; nor can he, or a lion (examples appealed to by our critick) express their wants or their passions in any other way than by external signs. To offer, therefore, a series of syllogisms, in a motionless manner, to a dog or a lion, either to reprove the conduct of the one, or to appease the anger of the other, would be quite as absurd as our sage critick's torpid and ineffectual attack upon Dr. Samuel Johnson. His assertion to Mrs. Thrale, "that Demosthenes spoke to an assembly of brutes, to a barbarous people," was very true, meaning under a hyperbolical or figurative expression, that the popular addresses of Demosthenes, directed to the mixed and clamorous assemblies of Grecians, whose passions were to be influenced by the most vociferous and forcible appeals to their passions, required a style of oratory accommodated to their nature or character. But it is well known that Demosthenes, when he spoke in the court of the Areopagus, justly depended upon strength of argument, unaided by attitude or gesture, and therefore used none, or very little if any.

Our critick declares himself to be at a loss to conceive how “action has a tendency to augment noise.” This, one would think, were he in the habit of attending popular assemblies, or even any place of public worship, he might sometimes have an opportunity of fully conceiving: where, in the former, he might often hear sound instead of sense, from many a ranting, thundering demagogue, and in the latter, many a fanatic or gospel trumpeter,

“ — prove his doctrine orthodox,
By apostolick blows and knocks;
And trumpet, drum ecclesiastick,
Beat with fist instead of a stick.”

HUDIBRAS.

Of this kind of preachers were those of whom Dr. South and Dr. Echard tell us, that “such was their vehemence of action in the pulpit, that they beat it with their fists as if they were beating a drum”—of one it is said, that “he had the action of a thrasher, rather than of a divine;” of another, that he “thrashed such a sweating lecture, that he put off his doublet.” Certainly such speakers “augment noise” by their action.

Our critick goes on to say, “when propositions of *undefinable extent*,” I suppose he means *indefinite extent*, “are laid down as the basis of argument, we are in danger of combating” (to use the phraseology of an apostle) “as one who beateth the air. We are incapable of feeling our antagonist, and our blows are dealt at random.” This, our shrewd critick forcibly *exemplifies* himself, in his next paragraph: “Gesture,” says he, “is a language, the spontaneous production of nature; the medium of communicating sensations, not only between man and man, but between men and the lower orders of animals; and between the lower orders of animals and each other. Nature has, for purposes of self-preservation, made all these various orders of existence sensible of this language.” Here is a proposition of *undefinable* (as he calls it) extent; taking in the whole range of animal creation, from a man to an oyster, with all their different genera and species—and for what purpose? Who denies it? I am sure that Dr. Johnson does not; I am sure I do not; nor can any man of common sense and observation deny it. The elaborate

argument in favour of it, and the copious exemplification which follows, is, therefore, an incontestible proof that our critick has enrolled himself in that numerous band of champions, the motto of whose banner is, “*vox et præterea nihil*,” and of course that *he* is “one who beateth the air.” “That he is incapable of *feeling* his antagonist” (and ‘tis a great mercy for him that he is dead) “and that his blows are dealt at random,” the perusal of his essay, without any logical reasoning, will sufficiently evince. His next stroke at poor defunct Dr. Johnson, is with the same weapon with which the doctor himself so effectually punished Osbourne, the bookseller, namely, his own dictionary; with this difference, however, that he has as effectually knocked *himself* down with it.* “Dr. Johnson’s laborious dictionary,” continues our critick, “is itself a comment on the justice of my remarks.” How, Mr. Critick? What has Dr. Johnson’s laborious dictionary to do with action? except indeed in such a case as that in which the doctor demonstrated the use of action in chastising the impertinence of Osbourne, by knocking him down with the said dictionary. “Demosthenes and Dr. Johnson,” continues he, “differ essentially.” I think they perfectly agree—though, with submission to your better judgment, Mr. Critick. “The doctor,” you say, “maintains, that the great language of nature which “is to be found in the great lexicography of nature, is to be superseded by the use of his ponderous dictionary.” Now, if one word about the use of his ponderous dictionary passed in his colloquy with Mrs. Thrale, or is to be found in any of his writings, or sayings upon the subject of action, I will cheerfully give my ponderous head to this ponderous critick for a football. He appears indeed to feel somewhat contrite and foolish upon this point, by the beginning of his next paragraph. “I know it may be thought

* Mrs. Thrale, in her “Anecdotes of Dr. Samuel Johnson” says, “I made one day very minute inquiries about the tale of his knocking down the famous Tom Osbourne with his own dictionary in the man’s own house. “And how was that affair in earnest? Do tell me, Mr. Johnson.” “There is nothing to tell, dearest lady, but that he was insolent, and I beat him; and that he was a blockhead, and told of it, which I should never have done; so the blows have been multiplying, and the wonder thickening for all these years, as Thomas was never a favourite with the public. I have beat many a fellow, but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues.”—*Thrale’s Anec.* p. 233.

that I have put an invidious interpretation on the doctor's words;" yet, he has afterwards the effrontery to say, "Dr. Johnson seemed to imagine, that the venerable old grand-dame, Nature, did not understand her own language, and was bound, out of reverence to him, to study his dictionary." I think I shall not be justly chargeable with rashness or presumption in saying, that Dr. Johnson never imagined any thing of the kind: and that so far from prescribing the study of his dictionary as a test of truth and propriety to the "venerable old grand-dame Nature," he never recommended it as such to any old woman, man, girl, or boy, in the whole course of his life. How far *our critick* might be benefited by its perusal, particularly if accompanied with Kaime's Elements of Criticism, I will not pretend to determine.

A.

REMARKS ON MELISH'S TRAVELS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As nothing is further from my design or inclination, than to add to the "calamities of authors," I should suffer the observations in defence of Mr. Melish to pass unnoticed, and his defender, whoever he may be, to remain in the undisturbed enjoyment of his very ingenious verbal criticisms, were it not that I am charged with having censured the travel-writer without cause. It is in substance asserted, that no such thing as has been imputed to him is to be found in his book; and that it contains not a single sentiment calculated to give the smallest offence to any man of any party. A reference to the book itself, I do admit with the vindicator, to be the true test, how far I am warranted in the accusation I have made, and I am not displeased at the concession, that the charge is *a serious one*, since, if substantiated, it must acquit me of the reproach of being an officious critic or "fastidious caviller."

Being on the affirmative side of the question, I am aware that the burden of proof rests on me; and am not at all apprehensive, that by a recurrence to the Travels, I could not furnish to any candid mind, most satisfactory evidence of the truth of my

allegation; but the fact is, that from my present secluded location, the book is not within my reach. I cheerfully appeal, however, with the pretended friend of the author, to the numerous readers of the work, and can aver, upon my honour, that in the circle in which the topic occurred, previously to the insertion of my remarks in *The Port Folio*, the impression was general, and I think without an exception, that Mr. Melish had unwarrantably obtruded upon his readers his opinions on party-politics, and most of the members of the company were highly indignant at the circumstance. It is unnecessary to mention to what party these gentlemen belonged. Not to the favoured one, Mr. Melish and his friend (if indeed they are two) may be assured.

Since, however, it seems proper, that some sort of specification of the general charge should be exhibited, I ask, and with confidence anticipate an affirmative answer, whether the Traveller has not somewhere signified his conviction, that the administration of this country, have acted with disinterestedness and the most perfect impartiality, as respects the two great belligerent nations of Europe? If it be admitted that he has, I need no further proof in substantiation of my imputation, as this involves the great cardinal point upon which the parties have long been at issue. But this was not the only ground of my conclusion. The whole tenor of the Traveller's politics have this hue and tendency. And do Mr. Melish and his vindicator now expect to avert or palliate the accusation, by clumsily bringing forward a declaration in the book, that *the author had avoided all notice of local politics?* How long then is it, since the sly, disguised, insidious assailant became less hurtful and more respectable than the manly, open enemy?

It is not contended that Mr. Melish has not an equal right, with every other citizen of America, to his political opinions. But let them be vented in the proper place: in his friendly circle, in his seat at the coffeeroom or the beerhouse, on an election ground, or in the newspapers; but let him not endeavour to give undue weight to his crude predilections by insinuating them under the mask of neutrality, in volumes ostensibly published for purposes wholly different.

In being thus serious with "the citizen of the world," when he has given me such ample means to be caustic, I have it in view, to convince him, that it was neither a petulant itch of scribbling, nor an impulse of envy at the fame of an author, but a persuasion, that the interests cherished by the political party to which I have the honour to belong, and whose leader was Washington, are much too dear and important to be slurred with impunity by every wandering cosmopolite, or book-maker, courting patronage, that induced me to notice the Traveller's side-wipes. If I have hurt his feelings by my allusions to his Caledonianism, he must ascribe it merely to my design of showing, as already declared, that he was as full of prejudices and prepossessions as other men; *brimfull*, I repeat, in the teeth of this most fastidious of critics.

With respect to Scotch music and dancing, particularly the latter, I must admit, I know little about it; and if the Scottish ladies are really such adepts as it is stated by the citizen, I am sure I should relish the sight of one of their assemblies as much as any Scotchman; and therefore, tender my thanks no less for the polite wish to introduce me there, than the generous attribution to me of sufficient taste and urbanity to enjoy such a scene.

I have already, I fear, Mr. Oldschool, trespassed too much upon the pages of your useful magazine, for which reason, I shall add but a word or two more in my defence; defence, not offence, being in reality the whole of my present aim. How, then, have I been pedantic, I must ask this friend of Mr. Melish, in calling things by their technical and unvaried appellations? If he will furnish me with appropriate English for *obiter dictum*, *mala-die du pays*, &c. and convince me, that in alluding to a Latin phrase, I ought to have quoted it in a translation, I will, in these respects, sin no more. Neither, when he makes me sensible of my error, in having inferred, that when he spoke of a poet as his favourite bard, he preferred him to every other, shall I again be guilty of a like misconstruction. But, until better informed, I must be permitted to think, that if he meant not this, he should have contented himself with merely styling him a favourite bard, and then the construction contended for, would be indisputably correct. As to my use of the word gallows, neither Mr. Mc-

lish nor his friend can justly blame me, for being willing to evince my capability to elicit the wit of the Edinburgh toast; and if this vulgar instrument of punishment, so offensive to his sight in type, was not in the mind's eye of the Traveller when he joined in the libation to the exaltation of lord Melville, what, in the name of wonder, is the point of a toast, thought worthy of being promulgated in a very respectable octavo volume?

With no ill will to Mr. Melish, his country, his nationality, his vindicator, or his book, that part of it excepted which lets out his politics, I am, as may be most proper, either his, or the duumvirate's very humble servant,

AN AMERICAN.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I PROMISED in my last to send you a few more American antiquities—take these:

In an account of Pennsylvania, published in 1698, by one Gabriel Thomas, "who resided there about fifteen years," the author says that Philadelphia "contains above two thousand houses, all inhabited, and most of them stately, and of brick, generally three stories high, after the mode in London, and as many several families in each." The land in the neighbourhood, he says, "costs ten or fifteen pounds for a hundred acres." Among the rivers he mentions Frankford river, "near which Arthur Cook hath a most stately brick house;" and "Nishamany river, where judge Growden hath a very noble and fine house, very pleasantly situated, and likewise a famous orchard adjoining, wherein are contained above a thousand appletrees, of various sorts."

I am pleased to see that the cultivation of vines was even at that time attended to: "Next," says Mr. Thomas, "I shall proceed to instance, in the several sorts of wild fruits, as excellent grapes, red, black, white, muscadel, and fox, which, upon fre-

quent experience, have produced choice wine, being daily cultivated by skilful vigneron's," &c.

He says that cider sells from ten to fifteen shillings per barrel.

The following list of prices, at that time, is curious:

"Poor people," he says, "of all kinds, can get here three times the wages for their labour they can get in England or Wales. I shall instance in a few, which may serve: The first was a blacksmith (my next door neighbour) who himself, and one negro man he had, got fifty shillings in one day, by working up a hundred weight of iron, which, at six pence per pound (and that is the common price in that country) amounts to that sum. And for carpenters (both house and ship) bricklayers, masons, either of these tradesmen will get between five and six shillings constantly every day. As to journeymen shoemakers, they have two shillings per pair both for men and women's shoes; and journeymen tailors have twelve shillings per week and their diet. Sawyers get between six and seven shillings the hundred for cutting of pine boards; and for weavers, they have ten or twelve pence the yard for weaving of that which is little more than half a yard in breadth. Wool combers have for combing twelve pence per pound. Potters have sixteen pence for an earthen pot which may be bought in England for four pence. Tanners may buy their hides, green, for three half-pence per pound, and sell their leather for twelve pence per pound; and curriers have three shillings and four pence per hide for dressing it: they buy their oil at twenty pence per gallon. Brickmakers have twenty shillings per thousand for their bricks at the kiln. Feltmakers will have for their hats seven shillings a piece, such as may be bought in England for two shillings a piece—yet they buy their wool commonly for twelve or fifteen pence per pound. And as to the glaziers, they will have five pence the quarry for their glass. The butchers may buy a good large fat cow for three pounds, or thereabouts. The brewers sell such beer as is equal in strength to that in London, half ale and half stout, for fifteen shillings per barrel; and their beer hath a better name, that is, is in more esteem than English beer in Barbadoes, and is sold for a higher price there. And for silversmiths, they have between half a

crown and three shillings an ounce for working their silver; and for gold equivalent. Plasterers have commonly eighteen pence per yard for plastering. Lastmakers have sixteen shillings per dozen for their lasts; and heelmakers have two shillings a dozen for their heels.

" Of lawyers and physicians I say nothing, because this country is very peaceable and healthy; long may it so continue, and never have occasion for the tongue of the one, nor the pen of the other, both equally destructive to men's estates and lives; besides, forsooth, hangman-like, have a license to murder and make mischief.

" Labouring men have commonly here between fourteen and fifteen pounds a year, and their meat, drink, washing, and lodging; and by the day their wages is generally between eighteen pence and half a crown a day, and diet also: but in harvest they have usually between three and four shillings each day, and diet. The maid servant's wages is commonly betwixt six and ten pounds per annum, with very good accommodation.

" Corn and flesh, and what else serves man for drink, food, and raiment, is much cheaper here than in England or elsewhere; but the chief reason why wages of servants of all sorts is much higher here than there arises from the great fertility and produce of the place. Besides, if these large stipends were refused them, they would quickly set up for themselves," &c. &c.

Speaking of the exorbitancy of women's wages, he says, "they have for spinning either worsted or linen two shillings a pound; and commonly for knitting a very coarse pair of yarn stockings they have half a crown a pair: moreover they are usually marry'd before they are twenty years of age, and when once in that noose, are for the most part a little uneasie, and make their husbands so too, till they procure them a maid servant to bear the burthen of the work, as also in some measure to wait on them too."

To return to the city, Mr. Thomas says, "here is lately built a noble townhouse, or guildhall, also a handsome market-house, and a convenient prison.

" They have also curious wharfs, as also several large and fine timber yards, both at Philadelphia and Newcastle, especially

at the metropolis, before Robert Turner's great and famous house, where are built ships of considerable burden; they cart their goods from that wharf into the city of Philadelphia, under an arch, over which part of the street is built, which is called Chesnut-street.

"There are above thirty carts belonging to that city, four or five horses to each.

"All sorts of very good paper are made in the German town, as also very fine German linen, such as persons of quality need not be ashamed to wear.

"There are very fine and delightful gardens and orchards in most parts of this country, but Edward Shippey (who lives near the capital city) has an orchard and gardens adjoining to his house that equalizes (if not exceeds) any I have ever seen, having a very famous and pleasant summer house erected in the middle of his extraordinary fine and large garden."

I shall conclude with the following testimony in favour of the antiquity of canvass-back ducks:

"Here is curious diversion in hunting, fishing, and fowling, especially upon that great and famous river Suskahanah, which runs down quite through the heart of the country to Maryland, where it makes the head of Chesepeck bay, in which place there are an infinite number of sea and land fowl, of most sorts, viz. swans, ducks, teal (*which two are the most grateful and delicious in the world*) geese, divers," &c. &c.

Yours,

Q.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AND FATHER THOMAS.

ONE summer's afternoon, during the war of the revolution, daddy Thomas (a name that will be familiarly recollect by the numerous visitors of that peaceful retreat called Bethlehem) the late bishop Ettwein, and a Mr. Von Schweinitz (one of the united brethren, who had married a daughter of count Zinzendorf) were

smoking their pipes at the old man's door (who then followed the trade of a joiner, in addition to his more ostensible occupation of conductor to the guests) when two officers on horseback, attended by a single servant, rode up the main street, toward the tavern. As they passed the door, or porch, where the brethren were sitting, daddy Thomas, in his working dress, jumped up and made a low bow to the principal personage; upon which the bishop asked him if he knew who that was? "No," says he, humorously, "but I'm sure the tall gentleman looks *as if he was somebody.*" They had no sooner alighted than young R——, son of the late governor R——, who was then boarded at Bethlehem to learn Dutch, came running up to tell them that general Washington was come to town: he had seen him at his father's, in Philadelphia. The general would, otherwise, have passed through *incog.* having ordered his servant not to give his name at the inn. The bishop and his friend immediately walked over to pay their respects to the commander in chief, to whom the little fellow introduced them in due form, as soon as the general's fondness for his juvenile acquaintance would permit. The gentlemen begged his excellency to spend a few days with them, and repose himself, in their tranquil abode; but the reply was decisive: "I must go." The light horse had already been waiting for him some days at Easton. He pressed them to sit down and dine with him. They had been to dinner, and chose to withdraw till he had done. When the bishop returned he invited the general to stay all night, and he and Mr. Von Schweinitz would accompany him to Easton in the morning. "No, sir," said Washington, "you are a churchman, and I am a soldier; my early hours would not suit your habits. But, since it is known that I am here, I'll stay and visit the place, if you please." Daddy Thomas was now despatched to have all things in readiness; and when the general arrived at the church, he was received by the brethren and sisters, in full choir, with a pious anthem. He expressed himself highly gratified with the solemnity of their sacred music; and on visiting the brethrens' and sisters' houses, he commended their industry, economy, &c. in the strongest terms of approbation. On his return to the tavern,

and calling for his bill, he was told that the bill was paid, to which he made no reply. Next morning the bishop and his companion were at the door by four o'clock, and they attended the general to Easton, and from thence to their settlement at Hope, on the Delaware, where he, and his suite, were hospitably entertained by them for several days.

The above simple story will recommend itself to the feelings of every American, by its characteristic touches of the unassuming manners of our truly republican chief. It was taken down from the mouth of the well-known daddy Thomas, in the taproom, at Bethlehem, in the summer of the present year (1813.) It is merely stripped, by the narrator, of the broken English of a native of Württemberg, in the eighty-first year of his age, who has resided, for half a century, at the principal Moravian settlement in Pennsylvania, where the German language is still the vernacular tongue.

"Iff cheneral wass here *now* (said the good old man, in the simplicity of his heart) we wou't n't haf hat *tiss trouple*. But we haf *no Washington more*."

THE FEASTS OF THE POETS.

THE following very beautiful poem, after having circulated through this country for some time in manuscript, has been published in a more correct and authentic form in the Boston Messenger, a very able and spirited journal, of which a portion is regularly withdrawn from politics, and devoted to the interests of literature. Although the Feast of the Poets appears anonymously, yet it will be recognised on the slightest inspection as the work of an accomplished poet; and were we to hazard a conjecture as to the author, we should incline from internal evidence alone, to ascribe it to lord Byron. Besides the vigorous tone, and the boldness of touch which characterize equally this and his avowed productions, the total omission of his name among the poetical visitors of Apollo, as well as the general strain of the criticisms upon his contem oraries, warrant, we think, the supposition. If however, we err in this conjecture, we shall rejoice that England has another poet able to produce so delightful a model of composition.

T'OTHER day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts,
Through the clouds of November, by fits and by starts,

He began to consider how long it had been,
Since the bards of Old England a session had seen.
“ I think,” said the god, recollecting—and then
Fell twiddling a sun-beam, as I would my pen—
I think—yes it was—let me see—I declare,
As far back as the time of that Buckingham there,
And yet I can’t see why I’ve been so remiss,
Unless it may be—and it certainly is,
That since Dryden’s true English and Milton’s sublime,
I have fairly been sick of their reason and rhyme.
There was Collins, ’tis true, had a good deal to say,
But the dog had no industry—neither had Gray;
And Thomson though best in his indolent fits,
Either slept himself stupid or bloated his wits;
But ever since Pope spoilt the ears of the town,
With his cuckoo song verses, one up and one down,
There has been such a prosing or rhyming by Jove,
I’d as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love:
However, of late, as they’ve rous’d them anew,
I’ll e’en go and give them a lesson or two;
And as nothing’s done now-a-days there without eating,
See how many souls I can muster worth treating.
So saying the god bade his horses walk for’ard,
And leaving them, took a long dive to the nor’ard:
T’wards the Shakspeare he shot, and as nothing could hinder,
Came smack on his legs through the drawing-room window,
And here I could tell, if it was not for stopping,
How all the town shook as his god-head went pop in;
How the poets’ eyes sparkled, and brisk blew the airs,
And the laurels shot up in the gardens and squares.
But fancies so grave, though I’ve scores to supply me,
I’d better keep back for a poem I’ve by me,
And shall merely observe, that the girls look’d divine,
And the old folks within doors cried, bless us how fine!

Apollo no sooner had taken a chair,
And rung for the landlord to order the fare,

Than he hears a strange noise and a knock from without,
And bowing and scraping in came such a rout!
There was Reynolds, and Arnold, Hook, Dibdin, and Cherry,
All grinning as who should say shan't we be merry?
And mighty dull Cobb, lumb'ring just like a bear up,
And sweet Billy Dimond a putting his hair up.
The god for an instant sat fix'd as a stone,
But recov'ring, he said, in his good-natured tone,
Oh, the *waiters*, I see—ah, its all very well,
Only *one* of you'll do, just to answer the bell!
But Lord! to see all the great dramatists' faces,
They star'd at each other, and made such grimaces,
Then running about, left the room in vexation,
And one, I'm told, could'n't help mutt'ring—damnation!
'Twas lucky for Coleman, he was'n't there too,
For his tricks would have certainly met with their due,
And Sheridan also, that finish'd old tricker,
But one was in prison, and both were in liquor.
The god fell a laughing to see his mistake,
But stopp'd with a sigh, for poor Comedy's sake;
Then gave mine host orders, who bow'd to the floor,
And presented three cards that were brought to the door.
Apollo just gave them a glance with his eye,
Spenser, Rogers, Montgomery, and putting them by,
Begg'd the landlord to give his respects to all three,
And say, he'd be happy to see them at tea.
Your majesty, then, said the host, does not know,
That a person nam'd Crabbe has been waiting below,
He's been looking about him an hour, I dare say—
Indeed! said Apollo, oh pray let him stay,
He'll be much better pleased to be with you down stairs,
And will find you all out with your cooking and cares.
However, you'll treat him as well as you're able,
And let him have part of what goes from the table.

A hem was then heard consequential and snapping,
And a sour little gentleman walk'd with a rap int:

He bow'd, look'd about him, seem'd cold, and sat down,
And said, "I'm surpris'd that you'll visit this town."
To be sure there are two or three of us who know you,
But as for the rest—*they* are all much below you,
So stupid in general the natives are grown,
They really prefer Scotch reviews to their own;
So that what with their taste, their reformers and stuff,
They have silenc'd myself and my friends long enough.
Yourself and your friends, cried the god in high glee,
And pray, my frank visiter, who may you be?
Who be? cried the other, why—really—this tone—
William Gifford's a name I think pretty well known.
Ah! now I remember, said Phœbus, ah true,
My thanks to that name are undoubtedly due;
The rod that got rid of the Cruscas and Lauras,
That plague of the butterflies—say'd me the horrors;
The Juvenal too filis a gap in one's shelf,
At least in what Dryden has not done himself,
And there's something which even distaste must respect,
In the self-taught example of conquer'd neglect,
But not to insist on the reconimendations,
Of modesty, wit, and a small stock of patience,
My visit just now, is to poets alone,
And not to small critics, however well known.
So saying, he rang, to leave nothing in doubt,
And the sour little gentleman—bless'd himself out.
Next came Walter Scott, with a look of high meaning,
For as soon as his visage the tavern was seen in,
The drivers and bar-maids all crowded to know him,
And thank him with smiles for that "sweet pretty poem;"
However, the moment his senses he found,
He look'd adoration and bow'd to the ground,
For his host was a god—what a very great thing!
And what was still greater in his eyes—a king.
Apollo smil'd shrewdly, and bade him sit down,
With—well, Mr. Scott, you have managed the town;
Now pray copy less, have a little temerity,
And try if you can't also manage posterity.

For all you now add only lessens your credit,
And how could you think too of taking to edite!
A great deal's endured where there's reason and rhyme,
But prose such as yours is a mere waste of time;
A singer of ballads, subdued by a cough,
Who fairly talks on, till his hearers walk off:
Be original, man, study more, scribble less
Nor mistake present favours for lasting success;
And remember if laurels are what you would find,
The crown of all effort is freedom of mind.
And here, cries Apollo, is one at the door
Who shall prove what I say, or I'm prophet no more.
Ah Campbell, you're welcome,—well how have you been,
Since the last time I saw you on Sidenham green?
I need not ask after the plans you've in view—
It would be odd, I believe, if I hadn't them too,
But there's one thing I've always forgotten to mention,
Your versification—pray give it invention.
A talent like yours to create and combine,
The Goldsmiths and others at least should decline;
Their streamlets are sweet but the true liquid fire,
And the depth of our English, runs backward much higher.
The poet to this was about to reply,
When Moore coming in caught the Deity's eye,
Who gave him his hand, and said, show me a sight
That can give a divinity purer delight.
Or that earth should more prize from its core to the poles,
Than the self-improved morals of elegant souls.
Repentant I speak it, though when I was wild,
My friends should remember the world was a child.
That custoins were diff'rent, and young people's eyes
Had no better examples than thosē in the skies,
But since I have known how to value these doings,
I've never much favour'd your billings and cooings,
They only make idle the best of my race,
And since my dear Daphne turn'd tree in my face,
There are very few poets whose caps or whose curls
Have gained such a laurel by hunting the girls.

So it gives me, dear Tom, a delight beyond measure,
 To find how you've alter'd your notions of pleasure,
 For never was poet, whose fanciful hours
 Could bask in a richer abstraction of bowers,
 Of sounds, and of species of pow'r to detain
 The wonder-eyed soul in their magic domain.
 And never should poet, so gifted and rare,
 Profane the high Eden, Jove gave to his care,
 But love the fair virtue that with it is given,
 And keep the spot pure for the visits of heaven.
 He spoke with a smile, and his accent was bland,
 And the poet bow'd down, with a blush, to his hand.

When all on a sudden was heard on the stairs,
 A noise as of persons with singular airs;
 You'd have thought 'twas the bishop, or judges a-coming,
 Or the whole court of aldermen, bowing and humming,
 Or at least my lord Colley, with all his grand brothers,
 But—'twas only Bob Southey, and two or three others.
 As soon as he saw *him*, Apollo seem'd pleas'd,
 But as he had settled it not to be teas'd
 By all the vain rhymers from bed-room and book,
 He turn'd from the rest without even a look.
 For Coleridge had vex'd him long since I suppose,
 By his idling, and gabbling, and muddling in prose,
 And as for that Wordsworth, he'd been so benurst,
 Second childhood with him had come close on the first.
 However, these worthies, long us'd to attack,
 Were not by contempt to be so driven back,
 But followed the god up, and shifting their place,
 Stood full in his presence, and star'd in his face.
 When one* began spouting the cream of orations,
 In praise of bombarding one's friends and relations;
 And t'other† some lines he had made on a *straw*,
 Showing how he had made it, and what it was for,
 And how, when 'twas balanc'd, it look'd like a spell!
 And how, when 'twas balanced no longer—it fell!

* Coleridge.

† Wordsworth.

A wild thing of scorn he described it to be,
And said it was patient to heaven's decree—
Then gaz'd upon nothing—and looking forlorn,
Dropt a natural tear for the wild thing of scorn!
Apollo half-laughed, betwixt anger and mirth,
And cried, was there ever such asses on earth?
It is not enough, that this nonsense, I fear,
Has half-turned the head of my friend Robert here,
But another bright promise must fairly be lost,
And the gifts of a god by this madman be crost.
What! think ye, a bard a mere gossip, who tells
Of the every-day feelings of somebody else,
And that poetry lies not in something select,
But in gathering the refuse that others reject.
Depart and be modest, ye drivellers of pen!
My feasts are for masculine tastes, and for men;
Then turning to Bob, he said, sit down I beg—
But Billy grew sulky, and stirred not a peg,
While Sam, looking soft and politely dejected,
Confessed, with a tear, it was what he expected,
Since Phœbus had fatally learnt to confide in
Such prosers as Johnson, and rhymers as Dryden.
But wrath seiz'd Apollo, and turning again,
“ Whatever,” he cried, “ were the faults of such men,
“ Ye shall try, wretched mortals, how well ye can bear,
“ What Dryden has witness'd, unsmote by despair.”
He said, and the place all seem'd swelling with light,
And his locks and his visage look'd awfully bright;
And clouds burning inwards, rolled round on each side,
To encircle his state as he stood in his pride,
Till at last the whole Deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze,
Then a glory beam'd round as of fiery rods,
With the sound of deep organs and chorister gods,
And the faces of bards glowing fresh from the skies,
Came thronging about with intensioness of eyes.
And the Nine were all there, as the harmony swell'd,
And the spheres pealing in; the long rapture upheld.

And all things above, and beneath, and around,
Seem'd a world of bright vision set floating in sound.
That sight and that music could not be sustain'd,
But by those who a glory like Dryden's had gain'd.
And even the four, who had graciousness found,
After gazing a while, bow'd them down to the ground.
What then could remain for that feeble-eyed crew?
Through the door in an instant like lightning they flew,
They rush'd and they dash'd, and they scrambled and stum-
bled,
And down the court staircase like lunatics tumbled,
And never once thought, which was head or was feet,
But slid through the hall, and came plump in the street.
So great was the panic they struck in their flight,
That of all that had come to be feasted that night,
Not one ventur'd up or would stay near the place—
Even Croker declin'd, notwithstanding his face,
And old Peter Pindar turn'd pale, and supprest,
With a death-bed sensation, a blasphemous jest.
But Wordsworth can yet scarcely manage to speak,
And Coleridge, they say, is excessively weak:
Indeed, he has fits of the most painful kind,
And stares at himself and his friends till he's blind,
Then describes his own legs, and claps each a long stilt on,
And this he calls lecturing on Shakspeare and Milton.
But Phœbus no sooner had gain'd his good ends,
Than he put off his terrors and rais'd up his friends,
Who stood for a moment entranc'd to behold
The glories subside, and the dim rolling gold,
And listened to sounds that with ecstacy burning,
Seem dying far upwards, to heaven returning.
Then come, cried the god, in his elegant mirth,
Let us make us a heaven of our own upon earth,
And awake with the lips that we dip in our bowls,
That divinest of music, congenial souls.
So saying, he led through the dining-hall door,
And seating the poets, cried laurels for four!

No sooner demanded, than lo! they were there,
And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
Tom Campbell's with willow and poplar was twin'd,
And Southey's with mountain-ash pluck'd in the wind,
And Scott's with the heath from his own garden stores,
And with vine leaves and jump-up-and-kiss-me Tom Moore's.
Then Apollo put his on, that sparkled with beams,
And rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams.
Not epicure civic, or grossly inclined,
But such as a poet might dream e'er he dined.
The fish and the flesh for example were done,
On account of their fineness, in flames from the sun,
And the god had no sooner determined the fare,
Than it turn'd to whatever was racy and rare;
The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which muscat was nothing nor Virginis Lac,
Nor Lachryma Christi, though clearly divine,
Nor Montipulciano, that king of all wine.
Then as for the fruit you might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages,
And all on the table no sooner were spread,
Than their cheeks next the god blush'd a beautiful red.
'Twas magic in short, and deliciousness all,
The very men servants grew handsome and tall;
To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turn'd,
The service with opal and adamant burn'd;
Each candlestick changed to a pillar of gold,
And sunbeams alone took the place of the mould;
The decanters and glasses pure diamonds became,
And the cork-screws run solidly round into flame.
In truth, so completely forestall'd were their wishes,
Ev'n harmony rang from the noise of the dishes.

It can't be suppos'd I should think of repeating
The fancies that flow'd at this laureat meeting;
I hav'nt the brains, and besides was'nt there,
But the wit may be easily guess'd by the chair.
Suffice it to say, 'twas as keen as could be,
But it soften'd to *frettiness* rather at *tea*;

I must mention, however, that during the wine,
The mem'ry of Shakspeare was toasted with nine;
To Chaucer were five, and to Spenser one more;
And Milton had seven, and Dryden had four.
Then follow'd the names, in a cursory way,
Of Fletcher, of Otway, of Collins, and Gray,
Of Cowley, Pope, Thomson, and Cowper, and Prior,
And one or two more of a genuine fire.
Then, says Bob, if the chair will not make me a gander,
I'll toast a great genius—one Mr. Lander!
And Walter look'd up too, and begged to propose,
A particular friend of his—one Mr. Rose.
But the god look'd at Southeby, and clapping his shoulder,
Cried, when, my good friend, will you learn to grow older?
Then nodding to Scott, he said, pray be as portly
And rich as you please, but a little less courtly.
Then changing the subject, he call'd upon Moore,
Who sung such a song, that they shouted encore!
And the god was so pleas'd with his taste and his tone,
He obey'd the next call and sung one of his own—
At which you'd have thought so bewitching the warble,
The guests had all turn'd into listening marble;
The wreaths on their temples grew brighter of bloom,
As the breath of the Deity circled the room;
And the wine in the glasses run tippling in rounds,
As if followed and fann'd by the soft-winged sounds.
Thus in wit, and in singing, they sat till eleven,
When Apollo shook hands and departed for heaven,
For poets, he said, who would cherish their powers,
And hoped to grow deathless, must still keep good hours.
So off he betook him the way that he came,
And shot up the north like an arrow of flame,
For the bear was with him, and the comet they say,
Was his tandem in waiting to bear him away.
The others then parted, all highly delighted,
And so shall I be—when you find me invited.

ON THE NAVAL RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following very valuable memoir on a subject of the highest national importance—the increase of our navy—will be read at this moment with peculiar interest. The clear and intelligent manner in which the naval resources of the country are developed is extremely satisfactory, and the various statements and opinions of Mr. Humphreys relative to the construction of our ships of war are entitled to the fullest confidence as resulting from the long experience and observation of one of the best naval architects in the union. We prefix the letter of the hon. member of congress, whose inquiries occasioned the memoir, and tender to that gentleman our thanks for the politeness with which the correspondence was offered to us for publication.

SIR,

Philadelphia, August 12th, 1812.

The present situation of the United States demands the attention of the government for every species of defence which may be deemed efficient. The question of a *naval* system of defence was discussed during the late session of congress; many circumstances and facts were stated in opposition to the establishment, which, by those who supported the proposition, were considered as the consequences of mismanagement; and they suppose the same will be obviated when the subject shall be fairly investigated, and correct principles shall be put into practice. A committee was raised to collect any *facts* which may tend to produce the desired effect—such facts can only be derived from those who have had much experience. To you, as one of these, and calculating on your readiness to afford useful information to benefit your country, I have ventured to propound the queries which are hereunto annexed, and solicit the favour of your answers as early as may be convenient. A copy of the resolution which was adopted by congress, accompanies this note: it is probable the resolution may suggest many objects of importance, to the skilful and experienced artist, which may have entirely escaped the observation of one, whose pursuits in life have had no practical connexion with the subject of inquiry.—Any remarks, observations, but more especially *facts*, which may occur to you as proper to be stated, will be thankfully received. The chairman of the committee, Langdon Cheves, esquire, in the circular which he addressed to the several members thereof, has proposed the following general heads for investigation;

1. The natural and political capacity of the nation to create and maintain a navy.
2. The actual state and present management of the navy of the United States.
3. The best state in which it may be practicable to place it under existing circumstances.

Your views on these several heads will be very acceptable. I hope, sir, the cause which has produced the present application to you, will be considered a sufficient apology for the trouble imposed and the liberty which has been taken by your

Obedient servant,

ADAM SEYBERT.

JOSHUA HUMPHREYS, sen'r. esqr. }
Philadelphia. }

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire whether any, and if any what means of retrenchment and economy, of reform in the general management, and of extension and efficiency in the naval establishment, may be practicable and expedient, and that they have power to act in the recess, and to report at the next meeting of congress, but no compensation shall be allowed to the said committee during the recess."

QUERIES PROPOUNDED TO JOSHUA HUMPHREYS, ESQUIRE.

OF TIMBER.

1. What are the kind of timber commonly used, and the most approved, for the construction of ships in the port of Philadelphia?
2. Can timber, of a size suitable for ships of war, be readily had in the port of Philadelphia, and at what price per cubic foot?
3. Is it necessary to transport the timber by sea, and can supplies at all times be depended upon?
4. Has the price of the best ship-timber increased much since the year 1800? if yea, do you attribute this to an increasing scarcity of the timber, or to other causes operating in the market?
5. What is the time required to season timber suitable for ships of war?
6. What mode of seasoning and preservation do you consider the best for timber and for ships?

7. Have you any *facts* to prove the amelioration of timber by *barking* the trees for one or more years before they are felled?
8. In what season would you advise the *felling* of timber?
9. Is there at this time a provision of large and approved timber in the yards of Philadelphia?
10. Have you any *facts* respecting the *pickling*, *salting*, or *oiling* of timber with a view to its preservation? Do you consider any of these modes advantageous?

OF SHIPS.

1. Can ships of war be conveniently built in the port of Philadelphia? of what rates particularly?
2. What is the price usually paid per ton for merchant ships? at what price per ton, could ships of war be built? would ship-builders contract with the government to build at settled prices?
3. What time will it require to build a ship of 74 guns in the port of Philadelphia, admitting the timber necessary for the purpose, to be in the yard?
4. What time is generally consumed for building merchant ships of three hundred tons in this port? Do they last in proportion to the time employed for building?
5. What is the average duration of the ships which have been built in Philadelphia under proper precautions, and of the most approved materials?
6. Have you any knowledge of the *premature* decay of the ships of war belonging to the United States? if yea, to what causes do you attribute it, and what are the precautions you would recommend for the future?
7. Would you, under any circumstances, advise ships of war to undergo *thorough* repairs, or do you deem it preferable to put them out of service when in a condition to need *such* repairs?
8. Are there any natural obstructions in the bay or river Delaware, to prevent the free ingress and egress of ships of war?
9. Have we the means in or near to the port of Philadelphia to establish *docks* for the repairing and preservation of ships of war?

OF WAGES, &c.

1. What are the average prices paid to shipwrights, per diem, in the port of Philadelphia?

2. Can good workmen be procured at all times in considerable numbers?
3. Can you state the relative prices paid to workmen in the several seaports of the United States?
4. Can cordage, canvass, and the other materials necessary for the building and equipping of ships war be readily had in the port of Philadelphia? Does this market offer advantages over others in the United States?

Pontreading Farm, Delaware County, Sept: 5, 1812.

SIR,

I have received your letter of the 12th ult. and have endeavoured to convey to you facts and my ideas on the different subjects as they have occurred to me. I should have sent you my answer sooner, but was prevented by my rural affairs.

Whether the naval establishment has been conducted with proper management, or with mismanagement I cannot say. I have endeavoured to explain as well as my recollection serves me, the manner it was conducted so far as came under my notice—perhaps a comparison with the present establishment may give some information.

However I may differ from the policy of the present administration, as an American, I shall nevertheless always be ready and willing to communicate to them the little experience I possess.

1st. The natural and political capacity of the nation to create and maintain a navy.

On this question, I can say but little, but I should suppose there could be no doubt on this subject, as this country is the second greatest commercial nation in the world, and as we have heretofore derived all our revenue from commerce which is ample, and will encrease if encouraged; therefore it is the interest of the United States to cherish and protect it. The resources of this country are in my opinion fully adequate to create and maintain a navy, and money properly expended for that purpose would save more to this country, than if we were

without a navy. The United States abound with every material requisite for the building and equipping ships of war.

2d. The actual state and present management of the navy of the United States.

I can say little or nothing on this subject; the gunboats and some few other matters only, have come under my notice.

The gunboats which have been built in this port, are in my opinion badly constructed and badly executed. Gunboats, ought to be constructed for shallow water, and not larger than sufficient for our bays; they ought never to be sent into extensive waters, because the smaller and lighter they are built, so that they are large and strong enough to carry the men and metal they are intended for, the better. The timbers should be of the smallest size, and out of timber grown to the mould; no timber should be put into them cut across the grain, because it is a useless weight, in fact it is a disadvantage, as it adds weight without increasing the strength. The cranes for the waste-cloths ought to have been made in such a manner, that when done rowing, the oars would swing directly fore and aft, which is the best position for them when not in use, and they can be more easily resumed. The present mode, is when the oars are not in use, to either run them across the deck or let them stick out from the side. In the first instance the oars must encumber the deck, and in the last they are very liable to be broken. The manner in which they are rigged is in my opinion improper; from their construction and rig they cannot move against a head wind. If they were built light, and of a proper construction, and rigged with latine masts and yards, they could be rowed against any moderate breeze. The masts are short, and when the sails are brailed up, the yards are placed in a horizontal position so that their ends only are exposed to the wind—Another great advantage arises from latine sails, they will lay much nigher the wind than any other.

In order to bring to any point in a short time, a number of gunboats, and to make a much less number answer, say one half, and appropriate the sum the other half would cost, with the sum it would take to maintain them, to open an inland navi-

gation from St. Mary's river to Rhodeisland; by this means the one half would be much more formidable than the whole is under the present unconnected state of the river and bays, as any point could be reinforced at pleasure by signals. Inland navigation would much facilitate the transportation of stores from one place to another.

Many of the cannon now in the navy-yard, which I suppose are for the 74 gun ships, are improper in their construction and weight. The trunnions are placed in the middle of the diameter of the gun; by this means you cannot sight the centre of the caliber of the gun, the trunnion being half their thickness above it, and it will require the brackets of the carriage to be three or four inches wider; a circumstance which much increases the difficulty in procuring them, without answering any one good purpose; on the contrary it makes it more difficult to direct a shot to an object. The weight is far above what is necessary if the metal is good; they ought not to exceed 55 or 56 cwt. instead of which some of them weigh 64 cwt.—here is a great waste of money without any one advantage. Ships that have them will require more ballast to counterbalance the extra weight of the guns; it will retard their sailing; besides such heavy guns are more difficult to manage. The only reason I ever heard assigned for placing the trunnion in the middle was, that when the vent became worn too large, they could be plugged and a new one made on the lower side, and the gun turned upside down, a circumstance that perhaps never would happen.

3. The best state in which it may be practicable to place it under present circumstances.

I would recommend to call in all our small cruisers and heavy sailing vessels, and station them in our rivers and bays, and keep none out but the large frigates, the Essex and any other of our vessels that sail fast.

OF TIMBER.

- 1. What are the kinds of timber commonly used, and the most approved for the construction of ships in the port of Philadelphia.**

The timber that is now generally used in this port is white-oak; sometimes live-oak and red-cedar, and generally the principal pieces are of live-oak. The timber which our merchant vessels were generally built of before the revolution were white-oak, live-oak and red-cedar. Their floor and raising timbers, lower futtock, knees and sometimes the beams, were of white-oak; the middle and upper futtocks and top timbers were of live-oak and red-cedar; and all the room between the timbers and plank above the floor timber heads were filled with salt, which has by experience been found the best mode of preserving ships. But experience has convinced that the best mode of building ships is to use live-oak for the floor and raising timbers and lower futtocks, and the upper timbers to be of white-oak *taken green from the stump and well salted*. The sap of green timber acts as a conductor and the salt penetrates all the pores of the wood and soon displaces the sap. But if ships are not to be salted, then it will be best to build them of timber seasoned under tight sheds. Timber seasoned in water loses much of its strength by the destruction of the glutinous substance contained in it, and when taken out is very brittle and liable to rend and crack on being exposed in the air.

- 2. Can timber of a size suitable for ships of war be readily had in the port of Philadelphia, and at what rates?**

There is no port in the United States that can be better supplied with timber for ships of war, than the port of Philadelphia: for frigates there can be no difficulty; for double deck ships, which should not be less than two thousand tons, there may be some, but none except what may be easily obviated, if taken in time. For common building there has always been a supply. Our ships of war should be built of live-oak—plank is generally purchased by the thousand and when delivered in Philadelphia, may be had from thirty to thirty-five dollars per thousand feet reduced to inch measure; logs at thirty cents per cubic

foot—knees, floor and raising timbers are generally purchased by the piece, and may probably cost about fifty cents per cubic foot.

3. Is it necessary to transport the timber by sea, and can supplies be depended upon?

If the ships are to be built wholly of white-oak, a sufficient supply can be provided at any time when the Delaware is navigable. This port is supplied with timber by the Delaware from the states of Newyork, Newjersey, Delaware and Maryland, and our own state. Newjersey supplied the keel pieces for the frigate Constitution built at Boston, and has a great abundance of fine white-oak suitable for building ships; but if live-oak is required it must come from Georgia by sea.

If the Floridas should be annexed to the United States, government ought to be possessed of all the live-oak land, and where red-cedar grows. The United States own two islands on the Georgia coast, on one of which it is said there is a large quantity of live-oak; however well it may be stocked with timber, a very small proportion of it will answer for large ships, and will go but a little way in building a navy.

4. Has the best ship timber increased in price since the year 1800, if yea—do you attribute this to the increasing scarcity of timber, or to other causes operating in the market?

Timber has generally increased in price since 1800, say about ten per cent. this may be attributed to the increased demand and the great distance to haul; but whenever our trade has been restricted, that which was on hand would be purchased at a lower rate than in that year.

5. What is the time required to season timber suitable for ships of war?

For vessels built of live-oak and red-cedar very little time will be required, or if built of green white-oak and salted. Plank under the water requires from six to twelve months according to their thickness, and for those on the upper course,

wales, decks and upper works, two or three years would be desirable; but in a case of necessity they may be kiln-dried and in six months they may be used.

8. What mode of seasoning and preservation do you consider the best for timber and for ships?

I consider the best mode of seasoning of timber is to keep it under tight sheds, and if salt is thrown amongst it the better. It is the opinion of many, that the best mode of seasoning timber is in water, and my mind at one time was rather inclined that way, but on considering the subject after examining timber which had been immersed in water for some time, I found it was very liable to crack and rend when taken out and exposed in the air; the timber was rendered brittle, and its texture reduced.

9. Have you any facts to prove the amelioration of timber by barking the trees for one or more years before they are felled?

I have no facts to prove the propriety of barking timber before it is felled; but it has often occurred to me that the barking of a tree before it is fell some time will very much facilitate its seasoning.

10. In what season would you advise the felling of timber?

I have never been able to satisfy myself on this subject, and on which much diversity of opinion prevails. In England I am informed they cut all their timber when it will bark, say from April to June;—surely in a country where timber is so scarce as it is there, they would not cut their timber in any other season than that in which it would last the longest, without regard to the bark. It is the opinion of some there, that that is the best time and in the month of August, when timber will also bark as well as in spring. Others are of opinion, and I believe it is a prevailing opinion, that from November to February is the best season. I have been informed by a person of judgment and veracity, that he cut a tree for a mill-shaft in the month of August, which proved to be very durable.

11. Is there at this time a provision of large and approved timber in the yards of Philadelphia?

It will require about 30,000 cubic feet for the frame of a large 70 or 80 gun ship, exclusively of plank, wales, &c. There were delivered from 1800 to 1802, into the different navy yards, cut expressly for the 74 gun ships, the quantity annexed, most of which I suppose may be on hand.

Boston,	- - -	40,036	cubic feet.
Portsmouth, N. H.	-	18,706	
Newyork,	- - -	18,676	
Norfolk,	- - -	18,542	
Philadelphia,	- -	20,426	

Besides live-oak, there was provided in this port keel-pieces, keelsons, wales, &c. A large proportion of the live-oak knees were reshipped to Washington; a number of white-oak knees were procured here and sent on to the same place. I believe there are very few pieces of timber in the yards of Philadelphia, that would be suitable for ships of more than 500 tons.

12. Have you any facts respecting the pickling, salting, or oiling timber, with a view to its preservation? Do you consider any of these modes advantageous?

There can be no doubt on this subject. All our merchantmen built in this port are salted—it is as common to salt our ships as to salt our beef and pork. In Newengland they are not so particular in the choice of their timber; not many of their vessels are built of all white-oak; they use different kinds of inferior timber. It is observed of their vessels, that all those that have been long in the fishing trade are more durable, owing as I conceive, to the salt and oil the timber receives in that trade. When the first voyage of a vessel is to Europe, and she returns with a cargo of salt, her durability appears to be established. I find that ships built of the best materials, and sent round the Cape of Good Hope, or in any hot climate, the first voyage, often become rotten in two or three years.

Before the revolution, Mr. Marsh, who is one of our most substantial builders, built a brig for Mr. Archibald M'Call, for the Westindia trade; and in about two years he concluded to

lengthen her. She was accordingly hauled on the stocks and cut. It was found that the greatest part of her floor and raising timber and lower futtocks were rotten; the other timbers, which were of live-oak and red-cedar, were sound, they being salted. The rotten timbers were in the lower part of the ship, and could receive little or no benefit from the salt. The ship being very tight, and continually going to a hot climate, were the causes of decay. But the plank above was in good state, being preserved by the salt. This case, with many others, confirms me in the opinion that the lower timbers ought to be of the most durable wood, as they can receive little or no benefit from salt as usually applied, except when loaded with that article. Much also depends on the cargo you take on board a new ship before her timbers are seasoned. Grain of all kinds, pepper, and all articles that will heat, and cause a warm damp air, are pernicious to timber. Salt is certainly the best preserver of timber.

OF SHIPS OF WAR.

*1. Can ships of war be conveniently built in Philadelphia?
Of what rates particularly?*

There is no part in the United States in which ships of war can be more conveniently built than in Philadelphia, of any rates that will be useful for the United States; which I presume ought not to exceed double deck ships, on account of their harbours. The ships built in Philadelphia are noticed in all parts of the world for their beauty and substantial workmanship, and are preferred to all others, and have always commanded a freight in preference to any other vessels built in the United States, and for the risk of the sea can be insured at a less premium.

To the propriety of giving a preference of this port over any other, I beg leave to refer you to a general abstract of the expenditures for the naval armament, taken from the treasury department, March 6th, 1798, and reported to Congress by the naval committee, particularly the labour, and is as follows:

The United States,	built in this port,	of 1444 tons,	cost for labour,	\$ 83,701
The Constitution,	do.	Boston,	do.	110,759
The Constellation,	do.	Baltimore,	1145 tons,	do.

I also beg leave to refer you to the cost of the repairs for frigates United States and Constellation, in this port, and the repairs of the frigate Constitution in Boston, in or about the year 1800. Should government direct the building of the double deck ships, I would by all means recommend the extension of their dimensions (the timber provided will admit of it) for by increasing their dimensions you increase their sailing. By building ships of war larger, and more powerful than those in Europe, you take a lead in two classes of ships (I mean double decked ships and large frigates) which will in a degree render the ships of Europe, of the same class, in a very great degree useless. But if you build of the same size and construction, you will always be behind; it is only by taking a bold lead you have any chance of succeeding. No necessary expense ought to be spared on this subject, for it is one of the most important in the formation of our navy. The recent and last most brilliant affair of the frigate Constitution, confirms this opinion. The excellent qualities of our large frigates has confirmed the arguments I made use of in favour of their size. In drafting the 74's I had not the same latitude; they are much smaller than I think they ought to be.

2. What is the price generally paid per ton for merchant ships? At what price could ships of war be built for per ton? Would ship-builders contract with government at settled prices?

The price generally paid for merchant ships is from twenty to thirty dollars per ton, according to their different forms; and if all of live-oak, perhaps forty dollars. There is no established rule in the United States for tonnaging ships between the builder and merchant; that of this port differs from Newyork, and I believe all the states to the eastward vary materially in measurement. Those to the eastward of this port contain from 10 to 25 per cent. more nominal tons than a vessel built of the same size here. The tonnage vary more or less according to the dimensions, some dimensions making a greater increase than others.

I suppose double decked ships of war could be built for from forty-five to fifty dollars per ton for labour, having all the timber in the yard, and would cost completely fitted about 225 dollars per ton; and large frigates from forty to forty-five dollars per ton, and completely equipped about 210 dollars per ton, supposing them to be framed, and all the frames of live-oak.

I should suppose no prudent builder would contract to build large frigates, or double deck ships at any price; neither do I believe it would be the interest of the United States to contract for them. Small ships of war, of five or six hundred tons, I have no doubt but they could be had by contract.

3. *What time would be required to build a 74 in the port of Philadelphia, admitting the necessary timber was already in the yard? What time is generally consumed for building a merchant ship of three hundred tons? Do they last in proportion to the time employed in building?*

A 74 may be built in about twelve months, if all the materials are provided; merchant ships generally take from four to six months. I do not know that it makes any difference as to the time employed in building.

5. *What is the average duration of the ships built in Philadelphia, under proper precautions, and of the most approved materials?*

It is almost impossible to state an average time the ships built in this port will last; their duration will be more or less according to the climate they go first into. Vessels making their first voyages to Europe, with a return cargo of salt, as already stated, will last several years longer than those sent into a warm climate without that cargo. Cargoes of grain, pepper, or any articles that will heat, are very pernicious to vessels, and very much facilitate their decay. There are now several vessels belonging to this port, and built here, twenty-one years old, and are commonly called live-oak and cedar ships; the floors and raising timbers, and lower futtocks, are of white-oak, and in a very decayed state. Had these timbers been put in of live-oak, these ships would last until they were thirty years old.

I am of opinion most of those ships ought to be condemned, unless they were to have a very heavy repair, more than I should consider them worth. I am of opinion the average time may be stated from fifteen to twenty years, but this almost altogether depends on their first voyage and their cargoes.

6. Have you any knowledge of the premature decay of the ships of war belonging to the United States? If yea, to what cause do you attribute it, and what are the precautions you would recommend in future?

The first knowledge I had of the decay of our ships of war, was in the year 1800, on board the frigate United States, about three years after she was launched. Having been in the habit of salting all the merchant ships I built, I strongly pressed the necessity of salting the frigate United States; but it was opposed by captain Barry. He stated it would make the ship damp and unhealthy, and he carried his point. The want of this necessary precaution was one reason why the cause of decay affected that ship so much. I am convinced the decay was caused by the foul air of the ship, and for want of a free circulation of fresh air, and I am confirmed in this opinion from the following facts: I found, in taking off the plank, that above almost every port till where the foul air was in a great degree excluded, the plank was much less affected, and in some places not at all. The spare gun carriages were laid in the hold, one on the other, and the foul air lodging between them, where I suppose there was little or no circulation, that part of both brackets that laid on each other was decayed, when the other parts were sound, owing to the air not being so confined.

In the frigate Constellation, where the bulk-heads were nailed to the beams, and where I conceived the foul air lodged, as the common movements in the vessel could give it little or no circulation, I found the beams rotten, not in the heart (that part being sound, as is generally the case in all our large white-oak, they decay first in the heart) but the outside. This was the first instance of the kind I had ever met with. From these facts I am firmly persuaded the premature decay in our ships was caused by the foul air in the hold, and which I as firmly believe may be

prevented by salt and a sufficient ventilation. To remedy the evil in some degree in the United States, I had hung between every gun port a hanging port, with a communication from all the timbers between the gun ports, by a rabbit in the edges of the plank, in which there were fixed a thin plank, that was one and a half inches clear of the timbers; through this opening I conceived the air would circulate. These ports kept constantly opening and shutting; as the ship healed the weatherside opening, the seaside shutting. If ships were to be salted there would be no occasion for this precaution, neither would it have any good effect, as all the rooms between the timber would be filled with salt. Whether the same precaution was made use of on board the Constellation while under repair, I cannot say, nor what was the result of those on board the United States, as I was discharged from the service before the Constellation was finished.

7. Would you under any circumstances advise ships of war to undergo a thorough repair, or do you deem it preferable to put them out of service, when in a condition to need such repairs?

Under some circumstances I would advise very considerable repairs—Where a ship has been found to be of superior construction, where her qualities exceed any other ship, in such cases I would advise a repair, if it would amount to the cost of a new vessel.

In the merchant service, I have always advised my employers, when their ships wanted considerable repairs, to dispose of them. But with government it is different; their old ships cannot be disposed of; they are seldom suitable for merchants; they are therefore under the necessity of giving their vessels sometimes heavy repairs. It is a very difficult point to ascertain the true state of a ship, even by the most experienced and disinterested persons. Officers sometimes press considerable repairs of their vessels, even should the cost exceed her value when she is repaired, for fear of losing their command; and there are very few who have had sufficient experience to form correct opinions; and so various are the opinions of commanders, that let the most experienced one of the navy have the fitting of a ship, and then

change the commander, and if he has time and liberty will run the public to very considerable expense in alterations he will state to be absolutely necessary. True principles ought to be fixed on by which all vessels belonging to the United States should be fitted, and no alteration should be allowed, but what could be done with the crew of the ship, without any additional cost.

There are certain considerations to be taken into view, before an opinion could be formed, whether great and extensive repairs ought to be gone into, particularly the relative cost and firmness when completed and compared with that of a new one, that unless the advantage was very obvious and clear, repairs ought not to be gone into. It is a fact, that after the strictest examination and calculations made when you have taken out the defective parts first discovered, you will always find more, so that you never know the cost until the repairs are completed.

8. Are there any natural obstructions in the bay or river Delaware to prevent the free ingress and egress of ships of war?

I conceive there are no obstructions in the Delaware river or bay up as high as the bar, a little below fort Mifflin, to prevent any ship of war that the United States have, or that it will be necessary for them to have, but what may be avoided by good pilots (see the pilots' certificate enclosed)* and by lightening them, may be taken up to the navy-yard with less difficulty than they can be taken to the navy-yard at Washington. Should we have double deck ships, they will draw very little, if any more water than our large frigates.

* We, the undersigned pilots, do certify, that any ship, not exceeding twenty-three feet water, may be piloted up the Delaware as far as the bar near fort Mifflin.

September 1st, 1812.

(Signed)

STEPHEN FLANAGAN.

JOHN HARE.

SIMEON PALMER.

THEODORE SAUNDERS.

VINCENT LOWE.

Newcastle is certainly a good place for ships to rendezvous at, where there is a good harbour, and substantial piers; it is nearer to the seat of government than any other port in the United States that is so contiguous to the sea.

The ingress and egress of vessels is generally impeded one or two months in the winter season, but vessels may sail at almost any time, with a favourable wind, from Reedy island, Reedy point; and the Peapatch (a small island) ought to be fortified for the protection of Newcastle: they are about half a mile distance between each other, and vessels of a large size must pass between those two places.

The best site for a navy yard, and near the city of Philadelphia, is at the north end, and above Chohocksen creek, ground belonging to the Masters's estate. At the time the navy-yard was purchased here, that ground could not be procured; the next best place was the present navy-yard here. The ground is very suitable for docks, and repairing of ships, of either single or double decks, can be constructed here; if the latter should be preferred, I have no doubt but a sufficient supply of water can be had from the city water-works. As almost all the harbours in the United States are capacious, there can be no necessity for docks to lay our ships up in. The harbour at the navy-yard here is one of the best in the United States, being so sheltered and land-locked from all winds, that none has more than a mile reach on it.

WAGES, &c.

1. *What are the average prices paid to shipwrights per diem, in the port of Philadelphia?*

The average price of wages has been, for several years, two dollars per day; but at the time of the embargo, and at the present time, wages was and is down to one hundred and fifty cents per day; and many workmen out of employ—many have left this place for Washington, and others gone into the country.

2. *Can good workmen be procured at all times, and in considerable numbers?*

I believe no one port in the United States can furnish, or does employ more good hands than this port, or can, in a shorter

time, furnish a greater number of them. Although there is a greater number of tons built to the eastward, and a greater number of hands employed, they are distributed in almost every little harbour and stream that can float a vessel. I have seen a vessel of not less than one hundred tons building on the public highway, out of sight of water.

3. Can you state the relative prices paid to the workmen in the several ports in the United States?

I cannot state the relative prices paid to workmen in the several ports of the United States, but I believe it is the same in Baltimore, Newyork, and Boston, as it is in this place.

4. Can cordage and canvass, and the other materials necessary for building and equipping ships of war, be readily had in Philadelphia? Does this market offer advantages over others in the United States?

Philadelphia, when there is no restriction on trade, I believe has always on hand, or can have, a sufficient supply of every article necessary for equipping ships of war; but if such articles should not be on hand, no port can more easily furnish them. Large quantities of different articles are continually shipping from this port for Washington. I do not know that this port offers any advantages in those articles over the other large commercial cities, except that of timber.

In this harbour vessels are perfectly safe from an enemy, the water free from worms, the tide sufficiently rapid for transporting ships and rafts, and not so great a rise as to endanger a ship, on getting aground, of straining or stranding, especially as the river and bay is generally clear of rocks. Where bays and harbours have hard rocky bottoms, and a great rise of tides, and ships ground in such places at high water, they are very liable to be stranded and lost. Although the rise of tides are desirable, as they relate to docks, yet it makes a dangerous harbour. The tide rises at Baltimore about three and a half feet, at Philadelphia and Newyork about six feet, Boston eleven feet, Newport, Rhodeisland, four and a half feet, Portsmouth, Newhamp-

shire, about eight feet, very rapid current, Portland about eight feet, and Wiscasset about eleven feet.

Before this letter closes, I will take the liberty to state the duty assigned and performed by me, under the navy department, while Philadelphia was the seat of government of the United States, and the compensation allowed me; and where the greatest number of vessels of war belonging to the United States were fitted. It was a satisfaction to me to be informed by Mr. Stoddart, secretary of the navy, that the vessels were always fitted more expeditiously, and at a much less expense than in any other port in the United States.

My first duty was to prepare the drafts and moulds for the six frigates intended to be built, and to ship them to the different navy yards; to make moulds, and give instructions for cutting the timber; to make out instructions for the different builders; to correspond with them, and with the different commanders and agents, and to assist the agents here in the purchase; and after the business had progressed, nearly the whole devolved on me. After the navy had increased, it was my duty to examine all our ships of war that entered the Delaware, and to have every necessary repair that was wanted, immediately done; but not to make any alterations whatever without further orders: it also became my duty to settle and pay all the tradesmen that came under my direction. I also attended to the contracts for the revenue vessels, and superintended the building and equipping them; and drew orders on the collector for the amount of the different bills, first examined by me: also to the drafting and superintending the building the vessels for Algiers, in every department. It was also my duty to attend the secretary every day I was in town. I had to visit Baltimore for the purchase of vessels for the United States; and to consider the expediency of coppering the Constellation before launching. To draft and give instructions for building galleys on the Mississippi, and to provide men to build them. To examine and sound the principal ports from Newlondon to Wiscasset; to designate the spots most suitable for navy-yards; and to ascertain the prices they could be purchased for; and to report the advantages and disadvantages at each port; also to sound the eastern branch of the Potomac, and to point out the

most suitable spot for a navy yard; (see my reports on both these subjects, in the navy office) to purchase and pay for the navy-yard here. The duty which I had to perform, I believe, was equal, if not greater, than what is required at Washington; for which service I was allowed the sum of two thousand dollars per annum, and a clerk in the yard at five hundred dollars. The sum allowed me fell far short of what it cost me to maintain my family. - On complaint to the secretary, he advanced it to three thousand dollars the last year, which about met my expenses.

I drew the drafts for the seventy-four's contemplated to be built, made six sets of moulds for them, and shipped them to the different ports where it was intended they should be built. I also had two sets made and shipped to the southward, to cut the timber by.

I am, very respectfully,

(Signed)

JOSHUA HUMPHREYS.

Doctor Adam Seybert.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OF FRENCH POETRY BEFORE AND SINCE THE TIME OF MAROT TO
THAT OF CORNEILLE.

(Continued from p. 505.)

THE diction is more elaborate in the verse of Maynard; and the language becomes purer, but his more laboured verses have not the insinuating character which belongs to those of Racan. He has produced some sonnets and epigrams which are distinguished for their point and expression; but he is always rather frigid. If we could ever apply to an individual, the remark of Deshoulieres, which is sufficiently true of all the world,

Nul n'est content de sa fortune,
Ni mécontent de son esprit,

it is to Maynard. He is the incessant eulogist of his own abilities, and even of his own poetical licenses, and continually complains of the slight rewards which have repaid his labours. This is evident in the following sonnet, which will also give us an example of his manner of writing in the more exalted style, and of the perspicuity, correctness and purity of his versification.

Mes veilles qui partout se font des partisans,
N'ont pu toucher le cœur de ma grande princesse,*
Et le Palais-Royal va traiter mes vieux ans,
De même que le Louvre a traité ma jeunesse.
Jamais un bon succès n'accompagna mes vœux,
Bien que ma voix me fasse un des cygnes de France;
Et sept lustres entiers ont blanchi mes cheveux,
Depuis que ma vertu se plaint de l'espérance.

Un si constant reproche à la fin m'a lassé,
Et je vois a regret, en mon age glacé,
Que la faveur me fuit et que le cour me trompe.
Voisin comme je suis du rivage des morts,
A quoi me servirait d'acquérir des trésors,
Qu'à me faire enterrer *avec que* plus de pompe.

His two best productions and which are most known, are those which relate to the cardinal de Richelieu; and unfortunately one is a satire and the other an eulogium.†

Armand, l'âge affaiblit mes yeux,
Et toute ma chaleur me quitte;
Je verrai bientôt mes aïeux,
Sur le rivage du Cocyté.
C'est où je serai des suivans
De ce bon monarque de France,
Qui fut le père des savans,
Dans un siècle plein d'ignorance.
Des que j'approcherai de lui,
Il voudra que je lui raconte
Tout ce que tu fais aujourd'hui
Pour combler l'Espagne de honte.
Je contenterai son désir
Par le beau récit de ta vie,

* Queen Anne.

† Something like this may be said of our Waller; who fell into a similar predicament.—H.

Et charmerai le deplaisir
 Qui lui fait maudire Pavie.
 Mais s'il demande à quel emploi
 Tu m'as occupé dans ce monde,
 Et quel bien j'ai reçu de toi
 Que veux-tu que je lui reponde?

We have been informed of the answer of the cardinal:—"nothing." Some time after, Maynard sent him the following sonnet, which has a very philosophical turn, and is vastly superior to the other; but which concludes with an epigrammatic sarcasm against the minister whom he would praise,

Par votre humeur le monde est gouverné;
 Pas volontés font le calme et l'orage,
 Et vous riez de me voir confiné,
 Loin de la cour, dans mon petit village.

Cléomédon, mes desirs sont contents;
 Je trouve beau le désert où j'habite,
 Et connois bien qu'il faut céder au tems,
 Fuir* l'éclat et devenir hermite.

Je suis heureux de viéillir sans emploi,
 De me cacher, de vivre tout à moi;
 D'avoir dompté la crainte et l'esperance;
 Et si le ciel qui me traite si bien
 Avait pitie de vous et de la France,
 Votre bonheur serait égal au mien.

One of his most fortunate productions was his epitaph, which, from necessity or convenience, has since been adopted by so many persons.

Las d'espérer et de me plaindre,
 Des Muses, des grands et du sort,
 C'est ici que j'attends la mort,
 Sans la desirer ni la craindre.

SARRAZIN, a feeble writer and inferior to these two poets, ventured, notwithstanding, to take the lyre of Malherbe, and he elicited some tolerable sounds in his ode on the battle of Lens.

* *Fuir* was then considered as a word of two syllables. But among the modern French poets it is confined to the rank of a monosyllable.

The following strophe has been remarked, and it has been imitated by the author of the *Henriade*:

Il monte un cheval superbe
Qui furieux aux combats,
A peine fait courber l'herbe
Sous la trace de ses pas.
Son regard semble farouche;
L'écume sort de sa bouche;
Prêt au moindre mouvement,
Il frappe du pied de la terre,
Et semble appeler la guerre
Par un fier hennissement.

Voltaire says,

Les moments lui sont chers; il parcourt tous les rangs.
Sur un coursier fougueux, plus léger que les vents.
Qui fier de son fardeau, du pied frappant la terre
Appelle les dangers et respire la guerre.

This description is lively; but I venture to say that it possesses less energy and animation than that of Sarrazin: *to invite danger* is not so fine as *to brave the war*; and the verse, *par un fier hennissement*, is a trait which fills up the picture to the imagination.

GOMBAUD and MALLEVILLE were rather ingenious writers than poets; particularly the former, who has left us a collection of epigrams, or rather, of bon mots. Boileau has very justly observed,

L'épigramme plus libre, en son tour plus borné,
N'est souvent qu'un bon mot de deux rimes orné.

But with all deference to the lawgiver of Parnassus, we may venture to say that this definition comprehends no more than an epigram of mediocrity. That of which Marot gave us the model, but which has been surpassed, since, by Racine and Rousseau, should be piquant, as well in the expression as the idea. The epigram has its verse which is peculiar to it: and those who have made good ones, which has been very rarely the case, know it well. Gombaud did not understand it, and this is the reason why his epigrams are forgotten.

Et Gombaud tant loué garde encor la boutique;

writes Boileau, and since his time they have not been collected. The following appears to be one of his best efforts:

Gilles veut faire voir qu'il a bien des affaires;
On le trouve partout, dans la presse, à l'écart.
Mais ses voyages sont des erreurs volontaires;
Quoiqu' il aille toujours, il ne va nulle part.

Malleville was particularly celebrated for the sonnet and rondeau. But he succeeded better in the latter than in the former. His famous sonnet, *la belle Matineuse*, so much praised during the reign of sonnets, has been greatly overrated. The words are too numerous and the thoughts are too scarce. Its termination belongs to the gallantry of the Italian poets, from whom France borrowed the art of sonnet-writing towards the sixteenth century, by which all mistresses were compared to the sun. The simile is brilliant; but it has been in use since the earliest ages; and long before Moliere, it had been employed by the valets in comedy. Still the sonnet of Malleville is not badly turned, and ever since his time it has had admirers.

Le silence régnait sur la terre et sur l'onde,
L'air devenait serein et l'Olympe vermeil;
Et l'amoureux zéphire, *affranchi du sommeil*,
Ressuscitait les fleurs, *d'une haleine féconde*

L'aurore déployait l'or de sa tresse blonde,
Et semait de rubis le chemin du soleil;
Enfin ce dieu venait au* plus grande appareil,
Qu'il soit jamais venu pour éclairer le monde.

Quand le jeune Philis au visage riant,
Sortant de son palais *plus clair que l'orient*
Fit voir une lumiere et plus vive et plus belle.

Sacrés flambeaux du jour, n'en soyez point jaloux;
Vous parutes alors aussi peu devant elle,
Que les feux de la nuit avaient fait devant vous.

I confess, I am better pleased with his little rondeau against the abbé de Boisrobert, whom Richelieu had made a rich beneficiary, though not a good divine.

* *Le* relates to place, and not *au*.

Coëffé d'un froc bien raffiné
 Et revêtu d'un doyenné
 Que lui rapporte de quoi frire,
 Frere René devient messire
 Et vit comme un déterminé.
 Un prelat riche et fortuné
 Sous un bonnet enluminé
 En est, s'il le faut ainsi dire,
 Coëffé.
 Ce n'est pas que frere René
 D'aucun mérite soit orné,
 Qu'il soit docte, qu'il sache écrire,
 Ou qu'il dise le mot pour rire;
 Mais seulement c'est qu'il est né
 Coëffé.

Boisrobert is exhibited with great fidelity in this pretty rondeau, with the exception of a single trait. It is very certain that he was neither a learned man nor a good writer; but it is not true that he was destitute of gayety. A man who made the cardinal Richelieu laugh, must have had *le mot pour rire*.

VOITURE and BENSERADE, the two poets of the court, by title, owed likewise their fortune to an amiable disposition and agreeable talents. We are not ignorant that the first, from an obscure birth, raised himself by the friendship of the great and the patronage of the queen mother, to a very respectable station. His places and his reputation threw over him a brilliancy which always increases a literary reputation. His was one of the greatest that a man of letters has ever enjoyed in his own day. Boileau is reproached with having been dazzled by it; but we must recollect that in the end he became more sparing of his praise; and posterity, still more severe, has reduced it to almost nothing. His letters, formerly sought with so much avidity, and which were the delight of the court and the city, are no longer read, except by the curious, and in the same manner as we go to a wardrobe to look at the fashions of other times. Nevertheless we must admit that he possessed a genius which was peculiar to him, and which ought to distinguish him: it consisted in a cheerfulness, sometimes delicate and fine, which might be contrasted with the oratorical emphasis of Balsac, and the insi-

pid and conceited gallantry of the poets and romancers of his time. But his affectation spoiled every thing, and success itself served to ruin him. He was found to be agreeable: and he always endeavoured to be so; and thus he ceased to be natural. He strove to refine upon every thing, and he laboured his trifling and gayety, which, from that time, became, too often, no better than miserable equivoques, puns, and enigmatic points: at last he fell into what is called the *phæbus*, in trying to be witty, as many others have, in their exertions to reach the sublime. He resembled those wits by profession, those buffoons of society, who, believing themselves always called upon to excite merriment, for two or three happy strokes of humour, commit a hundred follies. Such is Voiture in his letters. With respect to his versification, it is loose, diffuse, and incorrect, and frequently prosaic even to flatness. We may apply to him the lines of Voltaire, with great justice:

Il dit avec profusion
Des riens en rimes redoublées.

The only production of his pen which is entitled to any merit, is that which is addressed to the great Condé, on the subject of a malady with which this prince was attacked after the campaign of 1643. It is generally of an easy and agreeable tone; but it turns upon no more than two or three ideas, which are spun out into three hundred verses, with intolerable prolixity. This defect would be less evident if the language repaid the reader for the paucity of thought: but in this, the author, who was more a man of wit than a poet, was entirely deficient.

Let us give an extract from this epistle.

La mort qui dans le champ de Mars,
Parmi les cris et les alarmes,
Les feux, les glaives et les dards,
La fureur et le bruit des armes,
Vous parut avoir quelque charmes,
Et vous sembla belle autrefois
A cheval et sous le harnois,
N'a-t-elle pas une autre mine,
Lorsqu'à pas lents elle chemine
Vers un malade qui languit?
Et semble-t-elle pas bien *laide*
Quand elle vient tremblante et *froide*

Prendre un homme *dedans* son lit?
 Lorsque l'on se voit assaillir
 Par un secret venin qui tue,
 Et que l'on se sent défaillir
 Les forces, l'esprit et la vue,
 Quand on voit que les médecins
 Se trompent dans tous leurs desseins:
 Et qu'avec un visage blême
 Ou voit quelqu'un qui dit tout bas:
 Mourra-t-il? ne mourra-t-il pas?
 Ira-t-il jusqu'au quatorzième?
 Monseigneur, en ce triste état
 Convenez que le cœur vous bat,
 Comme il fait à *tant* que nous sommes,
 Et que vous autres demi dieux,
 Quand la mort ferme aussi vos yeux,
 Avez peur comme d'autres hommes.
 Tout cet appareil des mourans,
 Un confesseur qui vous exhorte,
 Un ami qui se *déconforte*,
 Des valets tristes et pleurans,
 Nous font voir la mort plus terrible,
 Et marchait avec moins d'effroi
 Quand vous la vitez aux montagnes
 De Fribourg, et dans les campagnes
 Ou de Norlingue ou de Rocroi.

Notwithstanding all the repetitions, the frivolousness, and the faults of this piece, the contrast between the death which we brave in the field, and fear in the bed of sickness, is a very happy idea; and there is some merit in saying, to a hero like Condé, that he who feels no dread of a cannon may shudder at the thought of medicine. This is the taste of Voiture, and the art of seasoning praise with the salt of wit, deserves credit.

Voltaire, who knew how to use the wit of another, because he possessed so much himself, has introduced this contrast into an ode: and it is curious to observe the coincidence of ideas, and the different appearance which they make in an ode and a familiar epistle.

Lorsqu'en des tourbillons de flamme et de fumée,
 Cent tonnerres d'airain, précédés des éclairs,
 De leurs globes brûlans écrasent une armée,

Quand des guerriers mourans les sillons sout couverts,

Tous ceux qu' epargna la foudre,
Voyant rouler dans la poudre
Leurs compagnons massacrés;
Sourds à la pitié timide
Marchent d'un pas intrépide
Sur leurs membres déchirés;

Ces féroces humains, plus durs, plus inflexibles
Que l'acier qui les couvre au milieu des combats,
S'étonnent à la fin de devénir sensibles,
D'éprouver la pitié qu'ils ne connaissaient pas,

Quand la mort qu'ils ont bravée
Dans cette foule abreuée*
Du sang qu'ils ont repandu,
Vient d'un pas lent et tranquille,
Seule aux portes d'un asyle,
Où repose la vertu.

The three last lines here remind us of Voiture's *n'a-t-elle pas*, &c. See the passage just quoted.

The colouring is different, but the picture is the same. In the same epistle, Voiture addresses the prince thus:

Que d'une force sans seconde
La mort sait ses traits élancer,
Et qu'un peu de plomb sait casser
La plus belle tête du monde.

This idea, also, has been imitated, though greatly embellished by Voltaire, who says, to the king of Prussia,

Et qu'un plomb dans un tube, entassé par des sots
Peut casser d'un seul coup la tête d'un heros.

La tête d'un héros is better than *la plus belle tête du monde*; and the hemistich, *entassé par des sots*, is that of a writer, who knows how to multiply contrasts and not blotches.

The prettiest verses of Voiture are not to be found in his works; nor in those collections which have been made since. Mad. de Motteville has preserved them in her memoirs. Queen Anne, being at Ruel, observed Voiture walking in the garden, in a *brown study*. She inquired what was the subject of his thoughts; and in a few minutes he produced the following stanzas. It should be premised, that, after having been persecuted

* To what does this word relate? *mort* or *foule*?

by Richelieu, she was then the queen regent, and that under the preceding reign the duke of Buckingham had had the boldness to declare himself her lover.

Je pensais, si le cardinal,
(J'entends celui de la Valette,)
Pouvait voir l'éclat sans égal
Dans lequel maintenant vous êtes?
(J'entends celui de la beauté,
Car auprès je n'estime guere,
Cela soit dit sans vous déplaire,
Tout l'éclat de la majesté.)

Je pensais que la destinée,
Apres tant d'injustes malheurs,
Vous a justement couronnée
De gloire, d'éclat et d'honneurs;
Mais que vous étiez plus heureuse,
Lorsque vous étiez autrefois,
Je ne veux pas dire amoureuse,
La rime le veut toutefois.

Je pensais que ce pauvre amour,
Qui toujours vous prête ses charmes,
Est banni loin de votre cour,
Sans ses traits, son arc et ses armes,
Et ce que je puis profiter
En passant près de vous ma vie,
Si vous pouvez si maltraiter
Ceux qui vous ont si bien servie.

Je pensais (nous autres poëtes
Nous pensons extravagamment)
Ce que dans l'humeur où vous êtes
Vous feriez, si dans ce moment
Vous avisiez en cette place
Venir le duc de Buckingham,
Et lequel en serait en disgrâce
De lui ou du pere Vincent?

"The queen," says madame de Motteville, "was not offended, but was so well pleased with his verses, that she kept them a long time in her cabinet." She adds, "this man possessed some wit, and his sprightly qualities rendered him a desirable guest in the drawing-rooms of those ladies who make it a business to entertain good company."

SELECTED POETRY.

THE GIAOUR; A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

(Concluded.)

They reach the grove of pine at last,
 “ Bismillah!* now the peril’s past;
 “ For yonder view the opening plain,
 “ And there we’ll prick our steeds amain:”
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o’er his head;
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
 Scarce had they time to check the rein,
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound,
 But three shall never mount again,
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain.
 With steel unsheathe’d and carbines bent,
 Some o’er their courser’s harness leant,
 Half shelter’d by the steed,
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,
 Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
 Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
 Have well secur’d the only way
 Could now avail the promis’d prey;
 Then curl’d his very beard† with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire.
 “ Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 “ I’ve scaped a bloodier hour than this.”
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit;

* Bismillah—“ In the name of God;” the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

† A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha’s whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger-cat’s, to the horror of all the dragomans; the protestous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan.
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,
 And issuing from the grove advance,
 Some who on battle charger prance.—
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,
 Far flashing in his red right hand?
 “ ’Tis he—’tis he—I know him now,
 “ I know him by his pallid brow;
 “ I know him by the evil eye*
 “ That aids his envious treachery;
 “ I know him by his jet-black barb,
 “ Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
 “ Apostate from his own vile faith,
 “ It shall not save him from the death;
 “ ’Tis he, well met in any hour,
 “ Lost Leila's love—accursed Giaour!”

* * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 That quivers round the faithless brand;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,†
 His heart with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;

* The “evil eye,” a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

† The flowered shawls of Kashmeer, generally worn by persons of rank.

And o'er him bends that foe with brow,
As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

“ Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
“ But his shall be a redder grave;
“ Her spirit pointed well the steel
“ Which taught that felon heart to feel.
“ He call'd the Prophet, but his power
“ Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:
“ He call'd on Alla—but the word
“ Arose unheeded or unheard.
“ Thou Paynim fool!—could Leila's prayer
“ Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?
“ I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
“ The traitor in his turn to seize;
“ My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
“ And now I go—but go alone.”

* * * * *

A turban* carv'd in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead;
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine;
Or pray'd with face toward the shrine,
In orisons resum'd anew
At solemn sound of “ Alla Hu!”†
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land—
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unaveng'd at least, in blood.

* The turban—pillar—an inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

† “ Alla Hu!” the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice (which they frequently have) the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

But him the maids of Paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite,
 And the dark heaven of Houri's eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright;
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,*
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour,
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkir's† scythe;
 And from its torments 'scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis‡ throne;
 And fire unquench'd, unquenchable—
 Around—with-in—thy heart shall dwell,
 Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell!—
 But first, on earth as Vampire§ sent,
 The corse shall from its tomb be rent;
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race:
 There, from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse;
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the dæmon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.

* The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee," &c.

† Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two; and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

‡ Eblis the oriental Prince of Darkness.

§ The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoalachia," which the worthy old traveller has thus transposed. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror.

But one that for thy crime must fall—
 The youngest—most belov'd of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which in life a lock when shorn,
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn;
 But now is borne away by thee.
 Memorial of thine agony!
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip,*
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave—
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they!

* * * *

“ How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
 “ His features I have scann'd before
 “ In mine own land—’tis many a year,
 “ Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
 “ I saw him urge as fleet a steed
 “ As ever serv'd a horseman's need.
 “ But once I saw that face—but then
 “ It was so mark'd with inward pain
 “ I could not pass it by again;
 “ It breathes the same dark spirit now,
 “ As death were stamp'd upon his brow.”

“ ’Tis twice three years at summer tide
 “ Since first among our freres he came;
 “ And here it soothes him to abide
 “ For some dark deed he will not name.
 “ But never at our vesper prayer,
 “ Nor e'er before confession chair

* The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

" Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 " Incense or anthem to the skies,
 " But broods within his cell alone,
 " His faith and race alike unknown.
 " The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 " And here ascended from the coast,
 " Yet seems he not of Othman race,
 " But only Christian in his face:
 " I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 " Repentant of the change he made,
 " Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 " Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 " Great largess to these walls he brought,
 " And thus our abbot's favour bought;
 " But were I prior, not a day
 " Should brook such stranger's further stay,
 " Or pent within our penance cell
 " Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 " Much in his visions mutters he
 " Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
 " Of sabres clashing—foemen flying,
 " Wrongs aveng'd—and Moslem dying.
 " On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 " And rave as to some bloody hand
 " Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
 " Invisible to all but him,
 " Which beckons onward to his grave,
 " And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * *

To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 To meek to meet, or brave despair;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plung'd within the furnace flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same;
 Then temper'd to thy want or will,
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;

A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those, who shape its edge beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone is ta'en,
 And what they make it must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share—
 Even bliss—'twere wo alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate,
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay!
 It is as if the desert-bird,*

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream,
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd;
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void—
 The leafless desert of the mind—
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd—
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,

* The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

“ Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 “ ‘Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
 “ To bid the sins of others cease,
 “ Thyself without a crime or care,
 “ Save transient ills that all must bear,
 “ Has been thy lot from youth to age,
 “ And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 “ Of passions fierce and uncontrol'd,
 “ Such as thy penitents unfold,
 “ Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 “ Within thy pure and pitying breast.
 “ My days, though few, have pass'd below
 “ In much of joy, but more of wo;
 “ Yet still in hours of love or strife
 “ I've scap'd the weariness of life;
 “ Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,
 “ I loath'd the languor of repose;
 “ Now nothing left to love or hate,
 “ No more with hope or pride elate;
 “ I'd rather be the thing that crawls
 “ Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 “ Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
 “ Condemn'd to meditate and gaze;
 “ Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 “ For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest—
 “ Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
 “ And I shall sleep without the dream
 “ Of what I was, and would be still,
 “ Though Hope hath long withdrawn her beam.

* * * * *

“ I lov'd her friar! nay, adored—
 “ But these are words that all can use—
 “ I prov'd it more in deed than word—
 “ There's blood upon that dinted sword—
 “ A stain its steel can never lose:

" 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
 " It warm'd the heart of one abhorred;
" Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 " Nor midst my sins such act record,
" Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 " For he was hostile to thy creed!
" The very name of Nazarene
 " Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen,
" Ungrateful fool! since but for brands,
 " Well wielded in some hardy hands;
" And wounds by Galileans given,
 " The surest pass to Turkish heaven;
" For him his Houris still might wait
 " Impatient at the prophet's gate.
" I lov'd her—love will find its way
 " Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
" And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
 " If passion met not some reward—
" No matter how—or where—or why,
 " I did not vainly seek—nor sigh:
" Yet sometimes with remorse in vain
 " I wish she had not lov'd again.
" She died—I dare not tell thee how,
 " But look—'tis written on my brow!
" There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 " In characters unworn by time:
" Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause—
 " Not mine the act, though mine the cause:
" Yet did he but what I had done
 " Had she been false to more than one;
" Faithless to him—he gave the blow,
 " But true to me—I laid him low;
" Howe'er deserv'd her doom might be,
 " Her treachery was truth to me;
" To me she gave her heart, that all
 " Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
" And I, alas! too late to save,
 " Yet all I then could give—I gave—
" 'Twas some relief—our foe a grave.
" His death sits lightly; but her fate
 " Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.
" His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,

“ Warn’d by the voice of stern Taheer,
 “ Deep in whose darkly boding ear*
 “ The deathshot peal’d of murder near—
 ‘ As filed the troop to where they fell!

* * * * *

“ The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 “ Their love can scarce deserve the name,
 “ But mine was like the lava flood
 “ That boils in Etna’s breast of flame;
 “ I cannot prate in pining strain
 “ Of ladye-love, and beauty’s chain;
 “ If changing cheek—and scorching vein—

* This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain.—I rode up and inquired. “ We are in peril,” he answered “ What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto, there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves”—“ True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“ The shot—not a tophaike has been fired this morning.”—“ I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice”—“ Psha.”—“ As you please, Affendi, if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence.—We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English, were all exercised in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns.—I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “ *Palao-castro*” man. “ No,” said he, “ but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*.—On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Haroide*, canto 2d.—I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in “ villainous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.—Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musquetry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race.—In March 1811, a remarkable stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand,) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “ Well, Affendi,” quoth he, may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills tomorrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “ in the meantime he will join the Klephtes,” (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

" Lips taught to writhe—but not complain—
 " If bursting heart, and mad'ning brain,
 " And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 " And all that I have felt—and feel—
 " Betoken love—that love was mine,
 " And shown by many a bitter sign.
 " 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
 " I knew but to obtain or die.
 " I die—but first I have possest,
 " And come what may, I *have been* blest;
 " Even now alone, yet undismay'd,
 " (I know no friend, and ask no aid,)
 " But for the thought of Leila slain,
 " Give me the pleasure with the pain,
 " So would I live and love again.
 " I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
 " For him who dies, but her who died;
 " She sleeps beneath the wandering wave,
 " Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
 " This breaking heart and throbbing head
 " Should seek and share her narrow bed.

* * * *

" Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
 " No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
 " Alas! the dreainer first must sleep,
 " I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
 " But could not, for my burning brow
 " Throbb'd to the very brain as now.
 " I wish'd but for a single tear,
 " As something welcome, new, and dear;
 " I wish'd it then—I wish it still,
 " Despair is stronger than my will.
 " Waste not thine orison—despair
 " Is mightier than thy pious prayer;
 " I would not, if I might, be blest,
 " I want no paradise—but rest.
 " 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
 " I saw her—yes—she liv'd agan;
 " And shining in her white symar,†
 " As through yon pale gray cloud—the star
 " Which now I gaze on, as on her
 " Who look'd and looks far lovelier;

† "Symar"—Shroud.

“ Dimly I view its trembling spark—
“ Tomorrow’s night shall be more dark—
“ And I—before its rays appear,
“ That lifeless thing the living fear.
“ I wander, father! for my soul
“ Is fleeting t’wards the final goal;
“ I saw her, friar! and I rose,
“ Forgetful of our former woes;
“ And rushing from my couch, I dart,
“ And clasp her to my desperate heart;
“ I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
“ No breathing form within my grasp,
“ No heart that beats reply to mine,
“ Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
“ And art thou, dearest, chang’d so much,
“ As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
“ Ah! were thy beauties e’er so cold,
“ I care not—so my arms enfold
“ The all they ever wish’d to hold.
“ Alas! around a shadow prest,
“ They shrink upon my lonely breast;
“ Yet still—’tis there—in silence stands,
“ And beckons with beseeching hands!
“ With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
“ I knew ’twas false—she could not die!
“ But he is dead—within the dell
“ I saw him buried where he fell;
“ He comes not—for he cannot break
“ From earth—why then art thou awake?
“ They told me, wild waves roll’d above
“ The face I view, the form I love;
“ They told me—’twas a hideous tale!
“ I’d tell it—but my tongue would fail—
“ If true—and from thine ocean-cave
“ Thou com’st to claim a calmer grave;
“ Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o’er
“ This brow that then will burn no more;
“ Or place them on my hopeless heart—
“ But, shape or shade!—whate’er thou art,
“ In mercy, ne’er again depart—
“ Or farther with thee bear my soul,
“ Than winds can waft—or waters roll!—



" Such is my name, and such my tale;
 " Confessor to thy secret ear,
 " I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
 " And thank thee for the generous tear
 " This glazing eye could never shed,
 " Then lay me with the humble dead;
 " And save the cross above my head;
 " Be neither name nor emblem laid
 " By prying stranger to be read,
 " Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."
 He pass'd—nor of his name and race
 Hath left a token or a trace,
 Save what the father must not say
 Who shrived him on his dying day;
 This broken tale was all we knew
 Of her he lov'd, or him he slew.

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a " wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago; and now nearly forgotten.—I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives.—The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL SONG.

TUNE—"Remember the glories of Brien the brave."

Columbia, how bright is the fresh blooming wreath,
 Which thy heroes who fight for thy good,
 While living entwine, and when dying bequeath,
 From their death bed, embalmed with their blood.
 And oh! while we live in the brightness it spreads,
 And lights us on Liberty's way,

Let us never forget 'tis their glory that sheds
Its fair tints o'er Columbia's day.

Oh! Washington, brightest and best of thy race,
By thy beacon light still let us steer,
In thy wisdom, and virtue, and valour, we trace,
Whate'er to thy country is dear.

And still in the day of distress, let us turn
To thee as our guide and our star,
Thy glories reflected from Heaven will burn,
Bright again round Columbia's car.

Forget not, Columbia, thy seamen so true,
Whose achievements now blazon thy name,
Forget not their lives are devoted to you,
'Tis thy glory that lives in *their* fame;
The laurels they've won, by their blood on the main,
Columbia, Oh! never forget,
They're the hero's life-gem, and will light him again
To still brighter victories yet.

Can that nation e'er rise to the proud heights of fame,
Who respects not the deeds of her brave?
From oblivion's tomb, can she e'er save her name,
Who protects not her patriot's grave?
Oh! never, Columbia, then ne'er let this stain,
The stream of thy glory pollute;
Let thy hero's bright wreaths ever honour'd remain,
Entwin'd with thy liberty's root.

SONG.

TUNE—"Hearts of Oak."

Ye sons of Columbia, come let us rejoice,
In the bright course of glory our brave tars have run,
And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,
Pour the tribute of verse o'er the laurels they've won.
Hearts of oak are our ships, souls of fire are our men,
They always are ready,
Steady boys steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

Oh! long on our mountains the forests have stood,
 Through ages of peace, in the shade of neglect;
 But the fiat of Heaven calls them down to the flood,
 Our shores to defend, and our rights to protect.

Hearts of oak, &c.

And see while the nations of Europe have long,
 'Mid the conflicts of war, rear'd their pillars of fame,
 We can boast of our heroes whose arms are as strong,
 Whose achievements will give them as deathless a name.

Hearts of oak, &c.

See *Hull, Jones, Decatur* and *Bainbridge* now burn
 Brighter stars in our land than vain Britons can claim,
 For while they beat the world we beat them in our turn,
 And thus prostrate at once their proud *pillars of fame*.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Behold too brave *Lawrence*, whose splendid career,
 Gives another bright star to the sky of our fame,
 Though remov'd from this world, his example shall rear,
 Future heroes in war, "by the fame of his name."

Hearts of oak, &c.

And see too, young *Burroughs*, the seaman's delight,
 Bears another fair sprig pluck'd from Victory's brow,
 Tho' 'twas bought by his life-blood that stream'd in the fight,
Life 'gainst honour is naught, as our brave tars well know.

Hearts of oak, &c.

But hark! while we sing, hear the trumpet of fame,
 With the glad notes of triumph again our ears greet,
 'Tis for *Perry* it swells, ever glorious name,
 To whose matchless arm, struck a whole British fleet.

Hearts of oak, &c.

We've yet thousands besides of young sons of the wave,
 Who but wait for the call of their country to fly,
 And to enter the lists, with the first of the brave,
 Who their honour insult, or their prowess defy.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Then ye sons of Columbia, come let us rejoice,
 In the bright course of glory our country can boast,
 And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,
 While we drink to our tars, let this still be our *toast*,
 Hearts of oak are our ships, souls of fire are our men,
 They always are ready,
 Steady, boys steady,
 For their country to fight, and to conquer again.

SONG.

TUNE—“*Rule Britannia.*”

When freedom’s star its last bright gleam,
 O’er Europe’s waste had shot in vain,
 Columbia caught the expiring beam,
 And bore it o’er the western main.
 Rule Columbia, Columbia ever *free*,
 Heaven born child of Liberty.

Then rose a world, by Heaven’s decree,
 Which countless years unblest had lain,
 But now the destin’d sphere to be
 Of Freedom’s pure and sacred reign.

Rule Columbia, &c.

Then ere Columbia, thou hadst shar’d,
 Of empire’s car, the trembling rein,
 Thy young, but dauntless soul declar’d,
 War’s storms but threaten thee in vain.

Rule Columbia, &c.

And when, ere long, with stepdame pride,
Britannia mark’d thy opening reign,
 Thy heaven shielded breast defied,
 The tempest shock of war again.

Rule Columbia, &c.

Thy birth, Columbia, sons so brave,
 Thy waters, forests, all proclaim,
 Thy destin’d course is o’er the wave,
 And *ocean* is thy “*field of fame.*”

Rule Columbia, &c.

Again, behold war's bolts are hurl'd,
 Thy eagle flight to check in vain,
 For still thy infant flag unfurl'd,
 With *freedom's charter* sweeps the main.

Rule Columbia, &c.

And under Heaven it still shall spread,
 Its star-gemm'd glories o'er the main,
 While Freedom's sacred beam shall shed,
 Its light to bless Columbia's reign.

Rule Columbia, Columbia ever free,
 Heaven born child of Liberty.

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

THE following beautiful lines, from the pen of Vincent Bourne, a name familiar to our classical readers as one of the most successful cultivators of Latin poetry among the moderns, will be read with peculiar pleasure at the present season. Bourne, it will be recollect'd, was an usher at Westminster school, and having often received the Christmas verses of the neighbouring watchman, requites him with this poem, which, even if its latinity were not so pure and exquisite, would be admired for the good-humoured pleasantry of its sentiments:

Indicum qui sæpe mihi das carmen amoris,
 Reddo tibi indicium carmen amoris ego.
 Qui faustum et felix multum mihi mane precaris;
 Dico atque ingemino nunc tibi rursus, ave.
 Te neque dinumerat gallus constantius horas,
 Nec magis is certo provocat ore diem.
 Cùm variis implent tenebræ terroribus orbem,
 Tu comite assuetum cum cane carpis iter.
 Nec te, quos seræ emitunt post vina popinæ,
 Nec te, quos lemures plurima vedit anus;
 Nec te peñterrent nodoso stipite fretum,
 Subdola qui tacito pectore furta parant.
 Sed sicui occurras, primâ qui portat ad urbem,
 Sub luce, exiguis quas dedit hortus opes
 Hunc placidis dictis, et voce affaris amicâ;

Utque dies faustâ luce, precaris, eat.
 Tinnitu adventum signans, oriantur an astra
 Narras, an purè lucida luna micet.
 Dumque quies nos alta manet, nec frigoris ullus
 Securos, pluviæ nec metus ullus habet;
 Tu gelidos inter ventos versaris et imbræ,
 Cùm mala tempestas, et nigra sœvit hiems
 Seu te præsentem vicus, seu viculus, audit
 Nocturnum multo carmine fallis iter.
 Quod si culta minùs, doctâ vacet arte poësis,
 Si simplex versus sit, numerique rudes;
 Invidiam somnus (tanta indulgentia noctis)
 Opprimit: et livor, te recitante, silet
 Divorum hyberni menses quotunque celebrant
 Cuique locum et versum dat tua musa suum:
 Crispino ante omnes; neque enim sine carmine fas est,
 Nobile sutorum præterisse decus.
 Nec tua te pietas fieri permiserit unquam
 Cæsaris immemorem, Cæsareæque domûs.
 Officio dominos multo dominasque salutas;
 Gratia nec fide sedulitatis abest.
 Multa docens juvenes, et pulchras multa puellas,
 Utile tu pueris virginibusque canis:
 Conjugium felix, monitis utentibus, optas,
 Cunctaque quæ castus guadia lectus habet.
 Tu monitor famulis sexûs utriusque benignus
 Munditias illis præcipis, hisce fidem.
 Omnibus at votis hoc oras atque peroras,
 Ut dominis cedant prospera quæque tuis.
 Unum hoc præ cunctis meminisse hortaris, ut imis
 Summa etiam exæquet mortis amica manus.
 Quib tibi pro totidem meritis speremus? amor!
 Quisve tuo æqualis retribuatur amor?
 Tuque tuusque canis si nos visetis, uterque
 Grati eritis nobis, tuque tuusque canis.
 Mille domos adeas et non ignobile munus
 (Nulla minus solido) dent tibi mille domus;
 Quemque bonum exoptas nobis lætumque Decembrem
 Esto tibi pariter lætus et esto bonus.

THE OCEAN PILGRIM.

A MORAL POEM—BY MR. DAVIS.

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus, erat.

Thomas King, a young American sailor, confined on board the Ruby, guard-
ship, at Bermuda, observed one evening a boat alongside with her sails stand-
ing, which the lieutenants had neglected to hoist in. A squall arose, and in
the darkness of the gust, he committed himself in her, to the mercy of the
winds and waves, with no other provision than some biscuits and water. He
was alone nine days on the awful expanse of waters in this open boat; on the
tenth he made the Virginia shore and landed at Cape Henry.

Strong is the love of native home,
There vivid fancy casts her eye;
Whether on earth, or sea we roam,
Our native land demands the sigh.

So, I, Columbia's true born son,
In floating dungeon long confin'd,
Could ne'er by smiles nor bribes be won,
To abjure the land I left behind.

Bermuda's isle had long beheld,
In prison-ship, my cheerless fare,
From home and voice of friends withheld,
A mournful victim to despair.

At length, one night, a boat astern,
With snowy sails allured my gaze;
A squall arose—and, now, I burn,
To leave my jailors in the haze.

Some bread and water all my store,
A compass sav'd in vent'rous mood;
And now alone, I traverse o'er,
In open boat, great Neptune's flood.

'Twas Sabbath, when my frail bark roll'd,
At mercy of the billowy steep;
But though no bell to Vespers toll'd,
I found a temple on the deep.

I earnest pray'd, that He, whose storms,
In terror shake the sea and sky,
Would take my spirit in his arms,
And watch me with a parent's eye.

The fair moon lent the sea her light,
Her beams upon the surface curl'd,
And dolphins sported, passing bright,
Around my little wooden world.

When, sudden, from a silver cloud,
Advanc'd sweet Hope, a vision bright!
With melting voice, she call'd aloud,
And charm'd the silence of the night.

"Sea-pilgrim hail! old Ocean kind,
" Shall homeward bear his sailor boy,
" And soon a mother's arms shall wind
" Around thy neck with speechless joy.

" Thy sisters dear, shall sobbing dwell
" About thy form, with gushing eye;
" And she, whose vestal tumults swell,
" Shall at thy presence cease to sigh."

Nine days had pass'd—the tenth I knew
By signs, that land was not remote;
The sea had lost its sable hue,
And swallows hover'd round my boat.

'Twas so—for, soon, in angel shape
Uprose to view, Virginia's shore!
I land on Henry's welcome Cape,
I kneel, and humbly God adore!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Two London editions of Mr. Dunlap's Life of Cooke have been published. Copies of both have already reached this country. Millar's edition is splendidly printed in octavo.

WORKS PUBLISHED.*Boston.*

A letter to the reverend Mr. Cary, containing remarks upon his review of the Grounds of Christianity Examined, by comparing the New Testament with the Old. By the author of that work.

“ Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.

“ Tempus eget.”

To which is subjoined, a letter respectfully addressed to the reverend Mr. Channing, relative to his Two Sermons on Infidelity.

Newyork.

Review of Newyork, or Rambles Through the City, an original poem; moral, religious, sarcastic, and descriptive.

MORTUARY.

DIED, suddenly, by apoplexy, on Sunday the twelfth ultimo, in the forty-ninth year of her age, Mrs. MARY CATHARINE STOCKER, relict of the late John Clement Stocker, esquire, whose death we announced in The Port Folio of November last: Thus are the surviving children bereaved of both their parents within the short period of a few weeks. Such afflictive dispensations of Divine Providence call loudly upon all who are informed of their occurrence, to “ consider their ways,” the uncertainty of human life, and the high responsibility of man.

Of Mrs. Stocker it my truly be said, that her uniform and exemplary piety, her amiable and affectionate disposition, her kind and courteous deportment, rendered her inestimably valuable to her relatives and friends, and endeared her to all who had the privilege of her acquaintance.

Such was the blameless tenor of her life, and such her habitual meditation upon the inevitable approach of Death, that his commission to terminate her state of probation, though executed

without warning, did not find her unprepared; for her spiritual lamp was always burning with a bright and steady flame.

"By Nature's law what may be, may be *now*,
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought *can* rise
Than man's presumption on tomorrow's dawn;
Where is tomorrow? In another world
For numbers this is certain. The reverse
Is sure to none."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communication of Vivian came too late for insertion in this number. We shall always be pleased with such proofs of his taste, and the liberality of his studies.

tified, with as little delay as possible, provided they will either furnish us with suitable notices or reviews themselves, or transmit to us copies of the works to enable us to have the requisite articles prepared. In either case they will have the goodness to make such arrangements as not to subject the proprietor of *The Port Folio* to the expense of postage.

The review of *Lara* by our obliging correspondent X. will appear in the July number of *The Port Folio*. The delay that has occurred in the publication of that paper has arisen from a concurrence of circumstances which we could not well control. The author will greatly oblige us by continuing his favours.

We flatter ourselves that some of our poetic correspondents will feel a sufficiency of the *amor patriæ*, quickened by the influence of the Pythian god, to induce them to furnish us with a few songs or odes suitable for the celebration of the approaching anniversary of our national independence. We are, at this interesting conjuncture, the more anxious for the reception of some productions worthy of the occasion, from a belief, that it will be celebrated with every possible demonstration of joy, and in a style of unusual splendour and magnificence. Nor have we, for many years, had such powerful incentives to fire our enthusiasm as at the present moment. Thanks to our heroes of the ocean, and to those valiant and high-minded warriors on shore, who have been so prodigal of their blood in the north and the south, our character as a people, as well for skill in arms as for courage and enterprize, has attained to a height which cannot be surpassed. In foreign countries, an American is now a personage, if not of distinction, at least of flattering consideration and respect. His name alone is an infallible passport to the ranks of honour.

Under such circumstances, we should be mortified at not being enabled to contribute our part, in our editorial capacity, to swell and enliven the fete that is approaching.

Our military and naval officers, who, during the late war, have so repeatedly witnessed the heroic conduct of their soldiers and sailors, will confer a particular favour on us, gratify our read-

ers in no common degree, and, which is still more important, aid in doing justice to the American character, by communicating to us, for publication, accounts of such distinguished acts of individual gallantry, or of the gallantry of divisions or corps as may, from time to time, have fallen under their notice. In making such communications, it will be important that the places of achievement be specified, and the meritorious individuals or corps designated by name.

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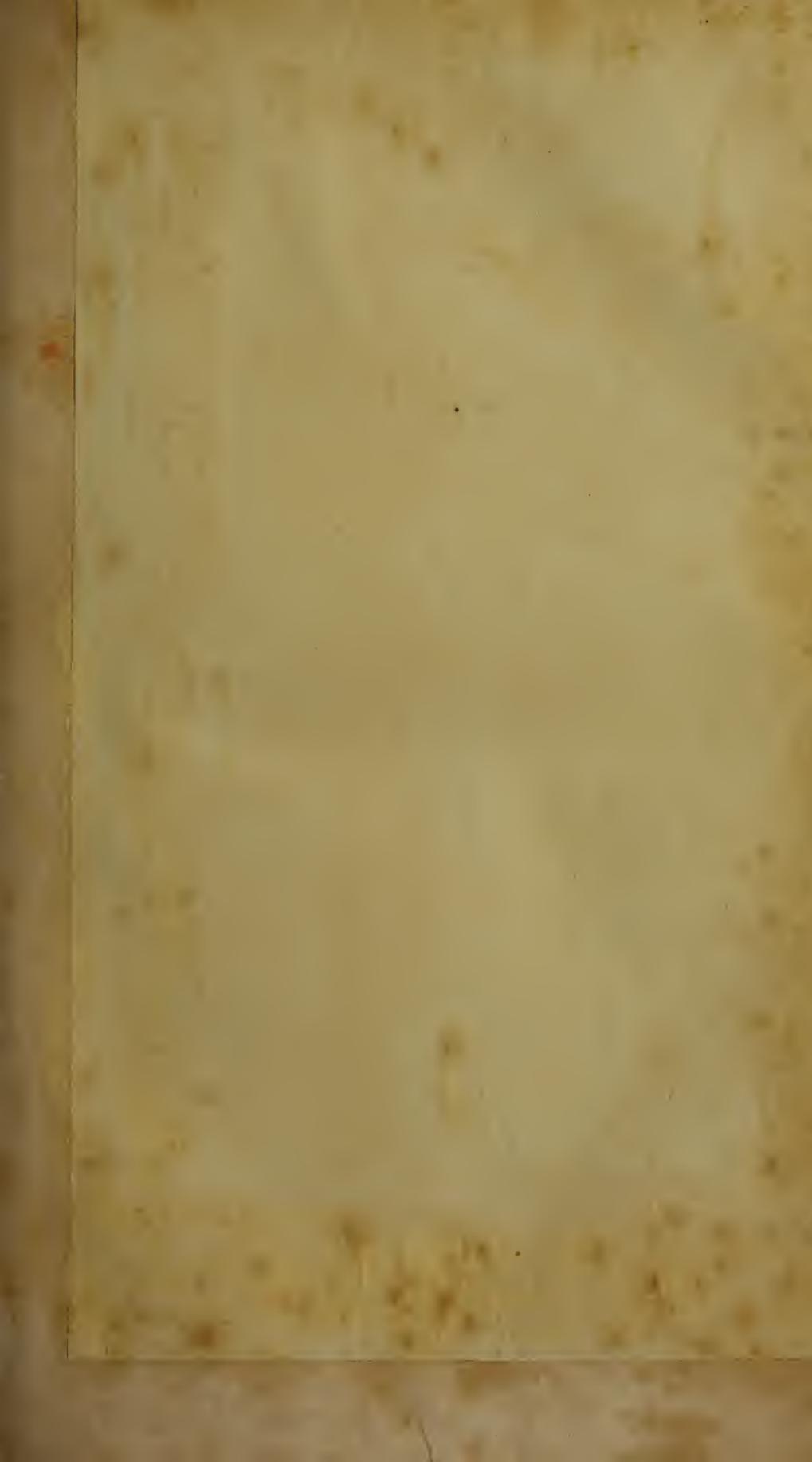
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THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1814.

NO. II.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEWLONDON, a view of which is exhibited on the opposite page, is one of the principal cities in the state of Connecticut, and is handsomely situated, three miles from the Sound, on the west bank of the river Thames, where it is about a mile wide.

The city contains about five hundred houses, and has a population of about four thousand inhabitants. It has considerable commerce in time of peace, and is particularly noted for the exportation of live stock to the Westindia islands.

Its harbour is considered one of the best in the United States.

The city is defended by two forts—Fort Griswold, standing on the east, and Fort Trumbull, on the west side of the river. Newlondon has claims to celebrity, for the military occurrences there during the revolutionary war.

A view of it is rendered the more interesting at the present time, from the circumstance that the squadron, under the command of commodore Decatur, has for several months been lying in its waters.

While this squadron, consisting of the frigates United States and Macedonian, and the sloop of war Hornet, were going out to sea, through the Sound, they were met, on the first of June last, by a British squadron, commanded by commodore Hardy, composed of the Rambler and Valiant, seventy-fours, and the frigates Acasta and Orpheus, and compelled to return to the port of Newlondon.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF LIEUTENANT BURROWS.

THERE are few events more peculiarly calculated to raise the mingled sensations of admiration and sorrow, than the death of a victor in the moment of his glory. When defeat is attended with death, the bereaved mourners have at least one consolation. The grave covers, with its sable pall, the fame of the unfortunate man, and protects his mouldering remains from persecuting envy. He who, while living, might have been doomed to encounter the assaults of detraction and insult, acquires a sort of sanctity from the shadows of the tomb, where even malice does not penetrate. But how interesting is the character which dies in the moment of his fame! Death, which was, in the former instance, a protection, now robs the victor of his glory; and of all mankind, the conqueror himself is the only party cold and insensible to the history of his fame. When every eye sparkles, and every cheek is flushed with delight, when we anticipate the warrior's return with kind greetings and cordial salutations, when we are preparing the laurels, and every social feeling is kindled into action, we find all the rays of his glory are gleaming on the temples of a cold and insensible corpse. Death obtrudes his obnoxious front in the midst of these gay and exhilarating images, and this union presents a chastened feeling, a temperate sobriety of joy.

WILLIAM BURROWS was born at Kenderton, near Philadelphia, on the sixth day of October, in the year 1785. His father, then in possession of a large property, did not wish to confine the genius of his son to any particular pursuit, apprehending that the paternal estate would be amply sufficient to his support in the style and character of a gentleman. Accordingly, at the age of thirteen, a season too early for any decided indications of character to present themselves, his youthful curiosity was left to its own guidance; and he dallied with books as he would with other toys, regarding them rather as matters of amusement than as objects of serious concern. In one respect only did his parent interfere with these pleasures. Knowing how essential to the character of a gentleman it was to become familiar with the living lan-

guages, he warmly exhorted his son to turn his attention to these, and in this he but partially succeeded.

To the French, for which the father was more than usually solicitous for his success, knowing how indispensable that accomplishment was, the son, at that time, betrayed an insurmountable reluctance. In the acquisition of the German, which was, with his parent, a secondary object only, Burrows was more successful; and at the age of thirteen he would converse in that language as fluently as in his native tongue.

This may be considered as the broad outline of his early years, so far as regards those pursuits which often have an important bearing in the formation of the future character of the man. Certain traits now began to present themselves that distinguished his future life: a warm, benevolent heart was concealed behind a cold and repulsive exterior, and a cautious guardedness of reserve. On the subject of his own merits he maintained a severe and inflexible silence, while he conversed freely and fluently on the merits of his youthful comrades and associates.

In a boy so amiable, and withal so retiring and reserved, little did his parents believe that the flame of ambition was burning strong and intense. He would be often found musing and solitary, as if in the act of conversing with his own thoughts; but so ignorant was his parent of his predominant passion, that he laboured to arouse him from what he apprehended was lethargy. This passion, guarded by such jealous and scrupulous reserve, at length developed itself by an incident that fortune threw in his way. He had undertaken to learn the art of drawing; but amidst all the instructions of his preceptor in that science, none seemed to arrest the attention of his pupil in that science *but the delineation of a ship of war.* His constitutional reserve availed him no longer; this incident afforded an outlet to those passions which had so long occupied his musing and solitary hours. With astonishment and regret his father discovered the cause of his contemplations in retirement, and of that indifference which he discovered to his allotted studies and pursuits. He laboured to give his ambition another turn; but the passion of ocean chivalry was now too deeply rooted, and all his efforts were unavailing. He could now do nothing but to lend his aid towards the gratification of a passion

he was incapable of repressing; and he accordingly seconded his application to the secretary of the navy for an office, and Burrows was appointed a midshipman in November, 1799.

He now eagerly embraced every opportunity to qualify himself for the service, and devoted his hours exclusively to the study of navigation. But the time was too short for him to make the requisite proficiency in such studies. He was speedily summoned to more active duty, for in January, 1800, less than three months after his appointment, he received orders to repair on board the sloop of war Portsmouth, under the command of captain Mac Neil, which was then bound to France. At this time it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to wear the uniform of the navy. He said, that he was, as yet, a raw and inexperienced hand, a mere novice in the naval service, and that he had done nothing to entitle himself to such honour. His conception was, that the badges of his country's honour should be worn but by those only who had signalized themselves in her service. He professed an utter contempt for those whose ambition extended to nothing more than a uniform, and was fearful if he adopted it, that his own pretensions would be measured by that standard. Nevertheless, the injunctions were too imperative to be disregarded. This anecdote may be thought incompatible with the gravity of biography; but let it be remembered, that no anecdote which portrays character can possibly be unimportant; and in this we see the indications of a future hero, at a period before he himself was probably conscious of the fact.

The Portsmouth did not return to the United States until December, 1800. Burrows now became sensible of the necessity of becoming better acquainted with his preparatory studies. He applied for a furlough, and devoted himself, with renewed ardour, to the study of navigation. In this short interval allowed him, he was eminently successful; for he had, in his first cruise, amassed much practical skill and knowledge, which he was able to systematize when he became more familiar with the rudiments and elements of his art. This cruise was attended with another benefit: A residence in France had conquered his own antipathy, and convinced him of the necessity of the repeated injunctions of his parent, to become master of that language. He now availed him-

self of such opportunities as he had formerly slighted; and, in the end, he was able to converse in that tongue with fluency and grace.

From the year 1800 to 1803, he served on board different ships of war, in cruises some of a long and some of a shorter date, unimportant so far as regards the glory of the navy. This was, notwithstanding, a necessary school, which prepared him for more important services. During these periods, when no occasion was presented for the exercise of the high and heroic qualities, his habits of constitutional reserve were his predominant characteristics. It was a reserve not cold and repulsive. He mingled in all the mirth, conviviality, and good humour of his comrades, and was the delight and charm of their society. Still his heart, in the midst of such indulgences, remained as locked and guarded as ever; and those with whom he associated could boast no more of his confidence than those who were strangers to his company. It at length became a proverb among his associates, that of a person whose character was inscrutable, as little could be known as of the character of Burrows.

In the year 1803 he was ordered to go on board the frigate Constitution, bound to the Mediterranean, commanded by commodore Preble. This gallant officer was allowed to possess an almost intuitive sagacity in the discernment of character. Under this cold and repellent exterior, his penetrating eye discerned higher qualities. He saw in that reserve a character of noble and intrepid daring, which was only waiting a proper season to break forth in all its resplendence. Under these impressions Burrows was appointed an acting lieutenant, in which character he served during the Tripoline war. This period was an important era in our naval service. In proportion to the smallness of the force we employed, the exercise of personal skill and bravery became more indispensible. We have to regret that the particular part acted by lieutenant Burrows in this warfare is not known; but even this deficiency of information forms another trait in the character of this officer. He maintained, on the subject of his personal exploits, a silence the most guarded and pertinacious. He never would condescend to become the herald of his own fame. While he was just to the merits of his brother officers,

he was unjust to his own; and very rarely, indeed, could he be induced to open his lips upon this subject.

As every thing connected with the Tripoline war has now become interesting, the following anecdote may be pardoned, although not immediately pertinent to the subject of the present biography:

After the burning of the United States' frigate Philadelphia, by our brave countrymen, the cannon belonging to her were afterwards weighed up by the Tripolitans, and planted on their batteries. After three or four times firing they split asunder, directly in the breach, leaving part of the pan belonging to the touchhole, on each side, and were thus rendered perfectly useless ever after.

The following anecdotes are not destitute of amusement:

While our countrymen were prisoners at Tripoli, an American sailor who waited on the bashaw, took a peculiar fancy to a gold cup, from whence that officer drank his sherbert. He watched the first favourable moment, seized the cup, secreted it in his bosom, and, as he was departing, he was detected in the theft. When he was examined in the presence of the bashaw, he coolly answered, “Your excellency must know that I have sworn, *in every possible manner to distress the enemies of my country.*”

The bashaw was so struck with his cold intrepidity, that he suffered him to depart without punishment.

Another of the American tars having done some slight service for a Jew, received a draught of wine from a large jug, by way of compensation. Honest Jack was so enamoured with the wine, that he seized the first favourable moment to carry off the jug. He related this adventure to Hassan, the commander of the guard, who, for a stipend, as usual (which was nothing more than the empty jug) agreed to protect him. The Jew discovering the theft, applied to Hassan, with a description of the person on whom his suspicion alighted. The officer swore by the beard of Mahomet to punish the felon, and ordered all the American slaves to pass in revision before the Jew. Jack, meanwhile, had shifted his hat and jacket with a messmate, and partly shutting one eye, turned the black part of the iris under the lid. With the greatest unconcern of physiognomy he passed the Jew, who seized him,

examined him cautiously, turning him round several times, and finally dismissed him; that this was not the culprit, as he only had *one eye*: but the Jew was ready to swear, upon the Pentateuch, that the real culprit was the *brother* of this sailor. No such person was found notwithstanding, and the righteous judge ordered three hundred lashes to be inflicted on the Jew, for thus daring to *inculpate the character of an innocent man*.

One of the crew of the Philadelphia having obtained a piece of Tripolitan money, made a mould, into which copper was cast, taken from the bottom of that frigate. This was rubbed over with quicksilver, and coin to the amount of three or four hundred dollars was cast before the deception was discovered. One of the pieces was brought to the bashaw, who declared that he could do nothing with the Americans, and that he verily believed them to be devils!

It is a remarkable truth that, whatever was known of Burrows was known from other sources than himself; in confirmation of which remark, we will mention the striking fact, that none are more ignorant of the personal exploits of this officer than his own immediate relatives. He professed, on all occasions, his contempt of those officers who embraced every opportunity to proclaim their own merits, and fearing, lest he should be guilty himself of the vice he so severely reprobated in others, he renounced conversation on such subjects altogether.

In 1807 lieutenant Burrows returned from Tripoli to his native country; and in the following year he was attached to the Philadelphia station, and employed in the bay and river Delaware, as commander of gunboat No. 119. It became then his duty to enforce a rigid observance of the embargo law. In a service at once so delicate and inviduous, he exhibited traits of character, of which we have hitherto specially avoided the notice. His wit was mingled with a species of whim that may more properly be denominated *humour*. With an inflexible gravity of face, he would set the table in a roar, and then reprove his guests for the turbulence of their mirth. Not a single smile would enliven the mournful solemnity of his visage, while all the company were vociferous in their joy. In this action and retroaction, between mock

solemnity and uncontrollable mirth, lieutenant Burrows was pre-eminent. Under the pretext of repressing the mirth of conversation, he enlivened it beyond all bounds. With this power he likewise possessed a curious versatility, by which he was enabled to assume any character he thought proper. While employed in a service in which his master passion of glory could receive no gratification, he gave this singular species of whim and eccentricity full play. He would, while on shore, assume the grave and saturnine character of the severe and unbending moralist, or the light and airy fop, as occasion demanded. Whatever character was wanting, to complete the conviviality of the group, when assembled, lieutenant Burrows was, as by magic, transformed into that one. By this happy versatility of talent he became a desirable guest at every table, and was the favourite of all classes of men. His approach was hailed as the infallible precursor of wit and humour; and the company, on a second interview, were sure of beholding him in a character entirely different from the first. By this happy combination of humour, and an eccentricity always sparkling, and always various, while he rigidly enforced all the provisions of the embargo law, he acquired the confidence and affection of the inhabitants. He relieved the asperities of this unthankful service by such arts; and the citizens, while suffering under these restrictions, imputed no blame to the officer by whom they were enforced. On the contrary, as a testimonial of their esteem and affection, they supplied him with the best provisions, for the use of the men whom he commanded, and were incessant in their invitations for him to become a guest at their tables. When he was called off from this service, it was a subject of general regret.

By this felicitous combination of qualities, he was enabled to make a painful duty an amusement. The inhabitants found, while the laws of the union were enforced, that this was done from higher and more honourable motives than personal hostility towards them. His moments of relaxation from duty were sedulously devoted to the acquisition of their confidence and good will, and to render the obligations imposed upon him, by duty, less painful, irritating, and severe; alternately preventing the least infractions of the law, and then becoming, at their tables; a

hospitable guest, he was enabled to conciliate the esteem, while he rigidly enforced the duties of his office.

In 1809 he was ordered to join the frigate President, under captain Bainbridge. From this ship he was afterwards transferred to the sloop of war Hornet, as first lieutenant, under captain Hunt. In a dangerous and heavy gale, his brother officers have reported, that by his superior skill and intrepidity, as an officer, the ship and the crew were both preserved from what they deemed inevitable destruction.

In his promotion to a lieutenancy, he had the mortification to find himself outranked by his junior officers. This was so severely wounding to his pride, that he remonstrated to the proper department in very feeling terms. He stated that he was now commanded by lieutenants who had formerly served under him in the Tripoline war. Errors of this kind it is exceedingly difficult to redress, however just may be the subject of complaint. To withdraw a commission from the individual on whom it is conferred, to declare an officer unworthy of the honour thus bestowed, is an outrage of the same character as to wantonly place a junior over the head of his senior officer. Whether objections of this nature weighed with the government we know not: but certain it is, the remonstrances of lieutenant Burrows for redress proved ineffectual. Finding that there was no prospect of having his complaints listened to, with a favourable ear, he was induced to tender his resignation to Mr. secretary Hamilton, at the time of that gentleman's going out of office. This resignation was not accepted by the government, and lieutenant Burrows had now no other resource left than to bear with fortitude what he was unable to remedy. He applied to the government in March, 1812, for a furlough, for the purpose of prosecuting a voyage to India, which was granted. He found this indispensable, as his circumstances were, at this time, somewhat embarrassed; and he accordingly went on board the ship Thomas Penrose, from this port, bound to Canton, under the command of captain Ansley, of this city. On the return passage the ship was captured and carried into Barbadoes. Lieutenant Burrows arrived in the United States, on his parole, in June, 1813, and in the succeeding month was regularly exchanged.

Shortly after his exchange, lieutenant Burrows was ordered by government to repair to Portsmouth, Newhampshire, and to take the command of the United States' sloop of war Enterprise, then in a state of readiness for sea. His mind was still sore with a sense of his unredressed grievance, on the subject of his rank. But the prospect of active service gratified his master passion, the love of glory, which suspended, for a season, all other considerations. He declared, to an intimate friend, that he would serve during the war, and that he would then dash his commission in the fire. The present moment was, however, too precious, and the objects it presented too important to be sacrificed to such minor feelings, and he promptly accepted of his appointment.

The Enterprise left the harbour of Portsmouth on the fifth of September last. On the next day she fell in with his Britannic majesty's brig the Boxer, mounting sixteen eighteen pound carronades, and two long nine pounders. The Boxer fired a shot as a challenge, hoisted English colours, and immediately bore down upon the Enterprise. The American vessel was now employed in tacking and making preparations for action. Having obtained the weather gage, she manœuvred for some time to try her sailing, and to ascertain the force of her antagonist. At length she shortened sail, hoisted three ensigns, and fired three shot in answer to the challenge. The action now grew warm; the Boxer bore within half pistol shot of the Enterprise, and, giving three cheers, fired her starboard broadside. She was answered by three cheers and a larboard broadside from the Enterprise, and the action became general. The Enterprise having the advantage of the wind, ranged ahead of her enemy, rounded too on the larboard tack, and commenced a raking broadside. The enemy's maintopsail and topsail-yards came down, and the Enterprise taking a position on the starboard bow of the Boxer, and opening a raking fire, compelled the enemy to cry for quarter. Their colours were nailed to the mast and could not be hauled down. This action was continued for forty-five minutes, during which time the Boxer received much damage in sails, rigging, spars, and hull. The Enterprise had but one eighteen pound shot in her hull, one in her mainmast, and one in her foremast. Her sails were much cut with grape shot, and a great number of grape were lodged in her side. The Boxer had twenty eighteen

pound shot in the hull, most of them at the water edge, with several stands of eighteen pound grape in her side. Lieutenant Macall states our loss to have been four killed, and ten wounded. The number killed on board of the Boxer is uncertain; the same officer states, from the best information which he was able to procure, that there was, of the enemy, between twenty and twenty-five killed, and fourteen wounded.

There is a curious and singular coincidence between the two actions of the Shannon with the Chesapeake, and the Enterprise with the Boxer. In both cases the challenge was given by our enemies. In the latter case the fact we conceive to have been indisputably proved, by nailing the colours to the mast. In the former case, the three first officers on board of the American ship were disabled, from their wounds, from attending to their duty. Commodore Broke, in his account of the action, states, that the Americans fought with desperation, but with *disorder*. The Chesapeake had a crew on board almost in a state of mutiny; these men had not been habituated to their officers, and is it wonderful that with such a crew, and with officers thus disabled, the frigate should have been surrendered when she was boarded? In the case of the Enterprise, the crew had been previously trained to the exercise of their guns, and the superiority of their fire was firmly established, in the superior damage sustained by the Boxer. While our hearts were dejected by the loss we sustained in the Chesapeake, and her gallant commander, the American glory rises upon us from the ocean again in all its pristine splendor. We have no wish to exaggerate the bravery of our officers, or the character of our navy; but unless it is a proof of patriotism to lament at the downfall of our countrymen, and to preserve a sullen silence when they are triumphant, we conceive ourselves fully justified in the remarks we have made.

At the first fire lieutenant Burrows was mortally wounded by a musket ball; he refused, notwithstanding, to be carried below, and during the whole of the action his life blood was streaming on the deck. With his dying lips he requested that the flag might never be struck. When the sword of his gallant enemy was presented to him, he clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, "I am satisfied—I die contented." He was then carried below, and ex-

pired shortly after. Captain Blyth, of the Boxer, who was killed by a cannon ball, was one of the supporters of the pall at the funeral of the unfortunate Lawrence. These brave men having paid the debt which they owed to their respective countries, now slumber side by side, and await the day of resurrection together.

The following is the order of the procession:

Military escort.

Selectmen of Portland.

Town treasurer, and sheriff of the county.

Town clerk,

And other municipal officers.

The reverend clergy.

Mr. Le Sassier,

BURROWS.

Mr. Shields

Mr. O'Neal,

Mr. Turner,

Mr. Tillinghast,

Mr. M'Call

Chief mourners.

Dr. Washington, captain Hull.

Officers of the Enterprise.

The crew of the United States' brig Enterprise.

Lemuel Weeks, junior,

William Merrill,

Seth Barnes,

James Combs,

Joshua Knight,

John Alden.

Officers of the brig Boxer, as mourners;

And officers on parole.

Crew of the brig Boxer.

Officers of the United States' navy.

Ship masters and mates.

Marshal of Maine.

Navy agent, and

The late consul general to the Barbary powers.

Collector of the port, and surveyor.

Superintendant general of military supplies;

Officers of the army of the United States.

Military officers of the state in uniform.

Judges, and other civil officers of the United States.

Members of congress.

Judiciary of the commonwealth.

Members of the state legislature.

Civil officers of the state.

Portland marine society.

Presidents, directors, and officers of the banks, and insurance offices.

Citizens in general.

The citizens of this town and vicinity are respectfully invited to give their attendance.

Military gentlemen are requested to appear in full uniform. A suspension of business during the funeral ceremonials is expected; and the shipping in the harbour will wear their colours at half mast.

By request of Samuel Storer, esquire, United States' navy agent; Thomas G. Thornton, esquire, marshal of the district of Maine; and the selectmen of Portland.

Per order,

DANIEL TUCKER, chairmat.

Portland, September 7, 1813.

This pride of lofty courtesy, between nations at war, serves, in some measure, to abate the miseries with which it is attended. It produces an elevation of feeling, and every American participates in such dignity when he contemplates the spectacle.

Republics have been reproached with ingratitude. Let us fondly cherish the hope that such an imputation will not alight upon us. The following resolution has unanimously passed both houses of congress:

“*Resolved*, by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That the president of the United States be requested to present to the nearest male relation of lieutenant WILLIAM BURROWS, and to lieutenant EDWIN R. MC CALL, of the brig Enterprise, a *gold medal*, with suitable emblems and devices; and a *silver medal*, with like emblems and devices, to each of the commissioned officers of the aforesaid vessel; in testimony of the high sense, entertained by congress, of the gallantry and good conduct of the officers and crew, in the conflict with the British sloop Boxer, on the fourth of Septem-

ber, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirteen. And the president is also requested to communicate to the nearest male relation of lieutenant Burrows, the deep regret which congress feel for the loss of that valuable officer, who died in the arms of victory, nobly contending for his country's rights and fame."

It is rare to find a character more distinctly defined. High-minded men usually betray their predominant passion by a proud and repellent dignity of deportment. They manifest, by a cold and distant reserve, that they are not, as Shakspeare says, enumerated in the roll of ordinary men. A certain jealous sense of this dignity prevents colloquial freedom, and renders their characters inaccessible to all but those who aspire to their friendship. Lieutenant Burrows, with all his habits of reserve, appears to have had nothing of this. He could accommodate himself to the circumstances in which he was placed, and suspend the exercise of his darling passion when the season would not admit of its indulgence. At such times, by a happy mixture of humour and whim, he was able to extract amusement from the most painful and reluctant duty. This was manifested in his conduct while enforcing the provisions of the embargo act. His higher qualities then availed him nothing, and he laid them aside. Those who frequented his society at that time beheld in him nothing but the amiable and facetious companion, abounding with original humour and wit. As the hour of danger approximated, all these levities were thrown aside, and the hero was left in his proper colours, sparkling and luminous. His orb, emerging from the light and sportive clouds that flitted over its disk, acquired, from the surrounding shadows of death, more majesty and grandeur of lustre. His heroism maintained a long and obstinate contest with the King of Terrors; and he was only cold and insensible to the charms of glory when he was invested with the coldness and insensibility of death.

It is to be lamented that no likeness of this distinguished officer now exists. Our sensibilities on such occasions have a degree of vagueness and indistinctness, when such portraits are wanting. The mind, in cases like the present, labours to supply the defect, and to form for itself a sort of sensible image; for we never read of high and illustrious actions without associating them with a body.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

"The Life and Memoirs of the late Major General Lee, second in command to General Washington, during the American Revolution. To which are added, his Political and Military Essays. Also, Letters to and from many distinguished characters both in Europe and America." Newyork 12mo. pp. 352; 1813.

WE opened this volume with some degree of interest, expecting that the editor had probably collected additional information with regard to an officer who, from the high rank which he once enjoyed in our country, as well as from the peculiarities of his private character, is certainly a fine subject for the biographer. We were disappointed on finding that it is a mere republication of the memoirs printed in 1787. The revival of it however at this moment is very seasonable. With all the eccentricities, and we might perhaps add, the faults of general Lee, it is not possible to deny his pretensions to the title of an accomplished soldier and scholar: and in the present state of our military establishments, there are many young officers to whom the example of his studies and his life might be highly serviceable. Without attempting any analysis of a work which has been so long before the public, we shall content ourselves with transcribing one of the military essays, which is applicable to existing circumstances.

ON THE COUP D'ŒIL.

"It is the general opinion, that the *coup d'œil* does not depend upon ourselves; that it is a present of Nature; that practice will not give it to us; in a word, that we must bring it into the world with us, without which the most piercing eyes see nothing, and we must grope about in utter darkness. This is a mistake: we have all the *coup d'œil* in proportion to the degree of understanding which it has pleased Providence to give to us. It is derived from both; but what is acquired, refines and perfects the natural, and experience insures it to us. It is manifest from the actions and conduct of Amilcar, that he had it to a great and fine degree; for he possessed all the qualities requisite for it, and in the greatest point of perfection that perhaps ever any general carried them;

as may be remarked in the war of Eryce, and that of the rebels of Africa.

Before I enter into the explication of the method that should be pursued to acquire this talent, falsely thought to be a gift of Nature, it is necessary to define it.—The military *coup d'œil*, then, is nothing else than the art of knowing the nature and different situations of the country where we make and intend to carry the war; the advantages and disadvantages of the camp and posts that we mean to occupy; as likewise those which may be favourable or disadvantageous to the enemy. By the position of our army, and the consequences drawn from it, we may not only form with precision our designs for the present, but judge of those we may afterwards have. It is alone by this knowledge of the country into which we carry the war, that a great captain can foresee the events of the whole campaign, and, if it may be so expressed, render himself master of them; because, judging from what he himself has done, of what the enemy must necessarily do, forced as they are, by the nature of the places, to regulate their movements to oppose his designs, he conducts them from post to post, from camp to camp, to the very point he has proposed to himself to insure victory. Such, in a few words, is the military *coup d'œil*, without which it is impossible that a general should avoid falling into a number of faults of the greatest consequence. In a word, there are little hopes of victory if we are destitute of what is called the *coup d'œil* of war; and as the military science is of the same nature with all others that require practice to possess them in all the different parts that compose them, this which I treat of, is of all others, that which requires the greatest practice.

Philopœmen, one of the greatest captains that Greece produced, and whom an illustrious Roman has called the last of the Grecians, had the *coup d'œil*, in an admirable degree; but we ought not to consider it as a gift of Nature, but as the fruit of study, application, and his extreme passion for war. Plutarch informs us of the method he used to enable himself to see with his own eyes, rather than those of other people, when he was at the head of armies. The passage deserves to be quoted.

“ He willingly listened,” says the Greek author, “ to the discourses, and read the treatises of the philosophers; not all, but

only those which could aid him in his pursuit of virtue; and of all the great ideas of Homer, he sought for, and retained those alone which could whet his courage, and animate him towards great actions: and of all other lectures, he preferred the treatises of Evangelus, called the tactics, that is the art of ranging troops in order of battle; and the histories of the life of Alexander; for he thought that language was of no further use than its reference to action, and that the only end of reading was to learn how to conduct ourselves; unless we chuse to read merely to pass the time, or to furnish ourselves with the means of keeping up idle and fruitless chat.

"When he had read the precepts and rules of the tactics, he did not trouble his head about seeing the demonstration of them by plans on paper, but made the application of them in the very scenes of action, and in open field; for, in his marches, he accurately observed the eminences and low places, the breaks and irregularities of the ground, and all the forms and figures which battalions and squadrons are obliged to take in consequence of rivulets, ravines, and defiles, which force them to close or extend themselves. In general, it appears, that Philopœmen had a very strong passion for arms; that he embraced war as a profession that gave greater play to his virtues; in a word, he despised all those as idle and useless members of the community, who did not apply themselves to it."

These, in abridgment, are the most excellent precepts that can be given to a prince, the general of an army, and every officer who wishes to arrive at the highest degrees of military rank. This is the only method; and, as the translator has very judiciously observed, renders the putting the precepts into practice, on occasion, more easy than by studying the plans on paper. Plutarch accuses, and even severely censures Philopœmen for having carried his passion for arms beyond the bounds of moderation. Mons. Dacier does not fail to chime in with him; but both the one and the other, without well knowing what they say, have passed an unfair judgment on this great captain; as if the science of war was not immense, and did not comprehend all others in its vortex; and as if, to acquire a perfect knowledge of it, a long and laborious application was not necessary. Plutarch was no soldier, his

translator less so; it escaped both the one and the other, that Philopœmen was as learned as the greatest part of the Grecian generals, and that he applied himself to the study of philosophy and history, so necessary for military men. Why, then, be offended that a man should apply and give himself entirely up to the study of the sciences which have a relation to his profession? That of arms is not only most noble, but the most extensive and profound; consequently it demands the greatest application. What this great captain did to acquire the coup d'œil, is extremely necessary and important for the command of armies on which depend the glory and safety of the state.

There is no doubt but that tactics, or the art of ranging armies in the order of battle, of encamping and fighting them, is a most royal attainment. What could be the reason that Hannibal ranked Pyrrhus king of the Epirots, before Scipio, and immediately after Alexander, although the latter was certainly the ablest man? It was, doubtless, because the first excelled all mankind in this great part of war, although Scipio did not yield to him in this point, as he made appear at the battle of Lama. Hannibal was less practised in this branch than the two others. Philopœmen saw that the study of tactics, and the treatises of Evangelus, were of no use to him, unless he joined to them the coup d'œil, so necessary to the general of an army. His method always pleased me, and it is what I have ever practised in my journeys, and in the camp; for we ought not to wait for the opportunity of war to acquire the coup d'œil, but it may be learnt and obtained by the exercise of hunting.

To attain this science, many things are necessary. Severe application to our profession is the basis: then a certain method is to be adopted: although that of this Grecian captain is good, I think I have improved upon it, or at least discovered that which the Greek author has omitted to teach us more particularly. We are not always at war, nor is it to be supposed that we can render ourselves able by experience alone, on which indeed the capacity of the greater part of military men in these ages is founded: it serves to perfect us, but is scarcely of any use unless the study of the principles accompany it; because, war being a science, it is impossible to make any progress without beginning with the study

of the principles. Two ages of perpetual war would scarcely suffice to furnish lights for our conduct: from the experience of facts, this ought to be left to souls of an ordinary stamp, and more compendious methods be provided for great captains to mount to the summit of glory, without being indebted for it to the capacity of others, which is not always to be met with. It is, then, necessary to study war before we engage in it, and to apply ourselves incessantly after we are engaged in it. I have before said, that we are not always at war; and I may add, that armies are not always drawn together in a body, or in motion. They are for six months at least quiet in winter quarters; and six months are not sufficient to form the coup d'œil of war. It is true, that a great deal more is to be learnt in marches, in forages, and in the different camps and posts which armies occupy: the ideas become more clear and capable to judge of, and reflect on, the country we see; but this does not prevent us from making use of it, by the assistance of good sense, on other occasions than when in armies; or from refining our judgment and eye, either by hunting, or on our journeys:—this I can speak of from experience.

Nothing contributes more to form the coup d'œil, than the exercise of hunting: for, besides giving us a thorough knowledge of the country, and of the different situations, which are infinite, and never the same, it teaches us a thousand stratagems and other things relative to war. But the principle is the knowledge of the objects that form the coup d'œil without our being sensible of it; and if we practise it with this intention, we may, with the addition of a very few reflections, acquire the greatest and most important qualification of a general of an army.

The great Cyrus, in giving himself entirely up to hunting, in his younger years, had the pleasure of it less in view than the design of qualifying himself for war and the command of armies. Xenophon, who wrote his life, does not leave us in the least doubt on this head. He says, that this great man, on his preparing for war with the king of Armenia, reasoned upon this expedition as if the question had been of a party of hunting in a mountainous country. He explained himself thus to Chrysantes, one of his general officers, whom he had detached into the roughest parts and the most difficult valleys, in order to gain the entrances and

Issues, and to cut off all retreat to the enemy. "Imagine," says he, "that it is a chase we are engaged in, and that it is allotted to thee to watch at the toils, whilst I beat the country. Above all, remember not to begin the chase before all the passages are occupied, and that those who are placed in ambuscade be not seen, lest they should frighten the game. Take care not to engage thyself too far in the woods, from whence thou mightest find it difficult to extricate thyself; and command your guides, unless they could indeed shorten the distances, to conduct you by the best roads, which, with respect to armies, are always the shortest."

Whether or not Xenophon in his history of Cyrus, has run into romance in order to give us an abridgment of the military science treated historically, is a matter of no great importance, provided that all it contains relative to this science be just and solid. His intention is to convince us that hunting leads us to the knowledge of many things necessary to be known—that it is a becoming amusement, and extremely necessary to those who are either born to command or to obey; because it inures us to bear the fatigues of war, strengthens the constitution, and forms the *coup d'ceil*; for an exact knowledge of a certain extent of country, facilitates that of others, if he but sees it in the slightest manner. It is impossible, although they are widely different, that there should not be some conformity betwixt them; and the perfect knowledge of one (says Machiavel in his political discourses) leads to that of another. On the contrary, those who are not trained in this practice, have the greatest difficulty to acquire it; whilst the others, by a single glance of the eye, can ascertain the extent of a plain, the height of a mountain, the depth, breadth, and termination of a valley, and all the circumstances of the nature of the different grounds to which they are accustomed by habit and experience. I do not believe that any other author, than this I have quoted, has treated of this matter. The remainder is excellent; I shall beg leave to transcribe it.

"Nothing is more true," continues he, "than what I here advance, if we may give credit to Titus Livius, and the example he presents to our eyes in the person of Publius Decius, who was tribune in the Roman army, commanded by the consul Cornelius, against the Samnites. It happened that this general suffered

himself to be pushed into a valley, where the enemy might have pent him up. In this extremity, Decius says to the consul, ‘ Don’t you perceive yonder eminence, which commands the enemy? This is the post that alone can extricate us, if we do not lose a single moment in making ourselves master of it, as the Samnites have been so blind as to abandon it.’ But before Decius addressed himself in this manner to the consul, he had discovered through the wood, a hill which commanded the camp of the enemy; that it was steep, and of pretty difficult access for heavy armed troops, but practicable enough to the light infantry. That the consul ordered the tribune to take possession of it with three thousand men that he had consigned to him; which having happily executed, the whole army retreated in order to put themselves in a place of safety. That he ordered some few of his people to follow, whilst there was yet some remains of daylight, in order to discover the passes guarded by the enemy, and those by which a retreat might be made; and he went to reconnoitre, disguised in the habit of a common soldier, that the Samnites might not perceive that it was a general officer who was on the scout.”

“ If we reflect,” continues Machiavel, “ upon what Titus Livius here says, we shall see how necessary it is for a good general to be able to judge of the nature of a country; for if Decius had not possessed this talent, he would not have known how advantageous the possession of this hill must have been to the Romans; and he would have been incapable of discovering at a distance, whether it was of easy or difficult access. When, afterwards, he had made himself master of it, and when the point was to rejoin the consul, he would not have been able, at a distance, to discover which posts were guarded by the enemy, and those by which a retreat was practicable. Decius, therefore, must certainly have been very intelligent in these sort of matters; for otherwise he could not have saved the Roman army by possessing himself of this hill, and afterwards extricated himself from the enemy, who had surrounded him.”

There are very few military men who are capable of drawing, from an historical fact, such observations as these I have cited from Machiavel: the most consummate master in the profession could do no more. I am not at all surprised at it; a pro-

found and well-digested study of history necessarily leads us to the knowledge of an infinity of things, which enables us to judge soundly and solidly of all. The study of politics, of which history is the basis, is a powerful means of perfecting our understanding and judgment.

"The political and military discourses of this author, on the decades of Livy, are an immortal work. I think them worthy the curiosity of all military men—of being attentively read and well digested. His life of Castruccio, one of the greatest captains of his age, though not very much known, is not less admirable. It is every where ornamented with curious and very instructive facts; and filled with military reflections and observations which few people are capable of making. So happy a turn had this man for the profession of arms (excepting his book on the article of war, which does not do him a great deal of honour, although it is pil-laged from Vegetius) he is admirable in all. He lived at a time when Italy was so agitated with trouble, intestine and foreign wars, that we must not be surprised if a man of sense and judgment, and learned besides, was equal to so noble a performance; because, as he was on the scene of action, he had the means of obtaining the most excellent materials, and of conversing with officers who had served in these wars."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The World before the Flood, a poem, in ten cantos; with other occasional pieces: by James Montgomery, author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, the Westindies, &c. "Of one departed world, I see the mighty shadow." Newyork: Eastburn, Kirk and Co. pp. 281. 18mo.

IT is difficult to give a lucid analysis of the principal poem in this collection. The author carries his fancy back to the Antediluvians, and creates an imaginary character, whom he denominates Javan. A war is supposed to exist amongst the race of giants, whom he states to have descended from Cain, and those of the Antediluvians who adhered to the faith and piety of their fathers. Javan, a recreant from the faith, deserted to the hostile camp; but, afterwards, smote by remorse, returns to the ranks of the faithful.

He was, from early infancy, enamoured with Zillah, the daughter of the prophet Enoch. From Jubal he inherited the power of minstrelsey; and the author, availing himself of this science, indulges in several episodes. The giants surprise the bands of the faithful by night, and while they are on the eve of immolating them to their sanguinary gods, Enoch is translated; and the Seraphim, employed to guard the gates of Paradise; miraculously interfere, and preserve the little band. This is the main tissue of the piece, to which several dangling episodes are annexed, by way of ornament. Of these we will briefly mention the death of Adam and the curse denounced on Cain.

Zillah, who entertains a love for Javan, finds him, on his return to the faithful, in her bower; while he is pouring his lovelorn laments on his harp, she, with true antediluvian politeness, runs away and leaves her lover in the lurch. Notwithstanding this routing mark of her unkindness, when they are both condemned to be burnt to death, Zillah thought it would be too inexorable to retain her reserve any longer. She then freely avows her passion for Javan, and an amicable contest ensues between these two wailing lovers, which shall be scorched by more serious flames than those of Cupid. Fortunately, in this very nick of time, they were both preserved, and, for aught we know, were lawfully married.

If there is any interest or sympathy excited in the present poem, all that we can say is, that we have not been fortunate enough to find it, after the most severe and indefatigable hunt.

We have patiently gone through ten cantos, and at last closed the volume with that secret pride and exultation that we always feel when we are fairly acquit of a disagreeable drudgery. The work is of that kind of poetry that seems to preserve an intermediate state, neither pleasing or displeasing the reader, and leaves no emotion either of joy or sorrow at the end. It is too respectable to be strongly condemned, and yet, without merit enough to be heartily applauded.

To this poem are attached other lighter pieces, some of which are denominated Prison Amusements. We have no doubt that these would be amusements to those for whose benefit they appear

more immediately to be designed. This bird of Paradise does not seem to warble his native wood-notes wild with so much melody as he does when he sings from that cage which, in plainer phraseology, is denominated a jail. However, we heartily congratulate him on his liberty, although, we must confess, it has been done at the expense of his poetry. While he sings from his cage, his fancy, in the contemplation of green fields, and pleasant meadows, acquires a sprightliness, which evaporates, when he has no other prison-yard than the earth which we inhabit.

Mr. Montgomery certainly appears to the best advantage when he substitutes real for imaginary sufferings. His feelings are his muses, and to them he is under much greater obligations than to his fancy. That the reader may judge for himself, we shall extract the following article, which will be a favourable specimen of the author's fancy.

A.

THE PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

In two epistles to a friend.

EPISTLE I.

You ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me, how I spend the day;
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time:
Expect not wit, nor fancy then,
In this effusion of my pen;
These idle lines—they might be worse—
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock:
Bolts, bars, and portals crash and thunder;
The gates of iron burst asunder;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains, in concert mingle:
So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
For joy, would break its drum to hear;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound:
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again:

Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
At night I am as free as you;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me—when I'm fast asleep!

But every thing is good in season,
I dream at large—and wake in prison.
Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
I rise as early even as eight:
Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty
For any man, in four and twenty.
You smile—and yet 'tis nobly done,
I'm but five hours behind the sun!

When dressed, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure, fresh air:
But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough with me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing:
Yet bards are not cameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light;
Whoever dined or supped on fame,
And went to bed upon a name?

Breakfast despatch'd, I sometimes read,
To clear the vapours from my head;
For books are magic charms, I ween,
Both for the crotchets and the spleen.
When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound;
When art and nature both combine
And live, and breathe, in every line;
The reader glows along the page,
With all the author's native rage!
But books there are with nothing fraught—
Ten thousand words and ne'er a thought;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That all to climb, and climb to fall;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey's end.

The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod—but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dulness lost,
Poor Patience must give up the ghost;
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep!

At half past ten, or there about,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging postboy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends:
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy land I rove:
Those iron rails become a grove;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains;
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crowned:
Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers;
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers;
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphosed into songs;
While wretched female prisoners, lo!
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
Those hideous walls with verdure shoot;
These pillars bend with blushing fruit;
That dunghill swells into a mountain,
The pump becomes a purling fountain;
The noisome smoke of yonder mills,
The circling air with fragrance fills;
This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make;
Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves;
Wagtails turned thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.

No more the wind through keyholes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles;
The rattling rain, that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,
In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes;
Poetic visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again!
As in a magic-lantern clear,
Fantastic images appear,
That beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass;
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night:
Thus in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,
That borrow splendour from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me:
The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice:
Nothing remains of all the vapour,
Save—what I send you—ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song:
Yet let me wander as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still.
Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravished from his little nest
By barbarous boys, who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg:
See the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.

—The clock strikes one—I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day,
At present, worthy friend, farewell;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell,
How, during these half dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

EPISTLE II.

In this sweet place, where freedom reigns;
Secured by bolts and snug in chains;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie,
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly;
Where highwaymen and robbers stout,
Would, rather than break in, break out;
Where all's so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,
And those who can't the cost defray,
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what's heard and seen;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun, who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows,
As on York minster or Kew palace.
And here let us the scene review:
That's the old castle, this the new;
Yonder the felons walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air;
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells;
There stands the chapel for good people;
That black balcony is the steeple;
How gaily spins the weather-cock!
How proudly shines the crazy clock!
A clock, whose wheels eccentric run,
More like my head than like the sun;
And yet it shows us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long;
Though captives often reckon here,
Each day a month, each month a year..

There honest William stands in state,
The porter, at the horrid gate;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he,
Entrance to all the world is free;
One thing indeed is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarred;
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like—getting out again!
Across the green, behold the court,
Where jargon reigns and wigs resort;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream in spite of gout.
There, on the outside of the door,
(As sang a wicked wag of yore)
Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.
The cause, my friend, may soon be shown
The lady was a stepping stone,
Till—though the metamorphose odd is—
A chissel made the block a goddess:
“Odd!” did I say?—I’m wrong this time;
But I was hampered for a rhyme:
Justice at—I could tell you where—
Is just the same as justice there.

But, lo! my frisking dog attends,
The kindest of four-footed friends;
Brimfull of giddiness and mirth,
He is the prettiest fool on earth:
The rogue is twice a squirrel’s size,
With short snub nose and big black eyes;
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail;
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears;
While white, around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows;
Waves on his breast and plumes his feet,
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet,
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks, at once, a thousand ways;

His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag that tail.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph:
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own diminions!
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles;
Bold *Billy* runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels:
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He slyly pinches in the rear:
They start, surprised with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
The very picture of myself!
My ghost-like form, and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counter parts of his:
Blasted like me by Fortune's frown;
Like me ~~twice~~ hunted, ~~twice~~ run down!
Like me pursued, almost to death,
He's come to jail to save his breath!
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been;
Still, in his wo-imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.
Daily the mournful wretch I feed,
With crumbs of comfort and of bread;
But man, false man! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes:
In vain I smile to sooth his fear,
He will not, dare not, come too near;
He lingers—looks—and fain he would—
Then strains his neck to reach the food.

Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate:
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth naught:
I feel, and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself an host;
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me—I'm at rest;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather SUFFER than DESERVE.

But yonder comes the victim's wife;
A dappled doe, all fire and life;
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace;
Soft as the moonlight fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread:
I pat her forelead, stroke her neck,
She starts and gives a timid squeak.
Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
The fawning animal returns,
Pricks her bobtail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears:
—Poor beast! from fell ambition free;
And all the woes of LIBERTY;
Born in a jail, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head;
Ah! mayst thou never pass these bounds,
To see the world—and feel the hounds!—
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have failed to win her husband's heart;
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest;
Her swan-white neck, and ermine breast;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly, delicately pied,
In vain their fond allurements spread,
To love and joy her spouse is dead.

But, lo! the evening shadows fall
Broader and browner from the wall;

A warning voice, like curfew bell,
Commands each captive to his cell;
My faithful dog and I retire,
To play and chatter by the fire:
Soon comes a turnkey with "good night, sir!"
And bolts the door with all his might, sir:
Then leisurely to bed I creep,
And sometimes wake—and sometimes sleep..
These are the joys that reign in prison,
And if I'm happy 'tis with reason.
Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
Makes every blessing doubly blest;
That soon these pleasures will be vanished
And I, from all these comforts, banished!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—WALPOLE'S RICHARD THE THIRD.

THE superiority of poetry over history, in producing permanent and general impressions, is in no instance more strikingly illustrated than with regard to Richard the third. His contemporaries, and the early historians of his reign, seem disposed to regard him as a prince of equivocal and mingled qualities, which was, probably, his true character; or to misrepresent him as the factious passions of the times dictated their applause or resentment. But when Shakespeare, in order to give a more dramatic effect to his immortal scenes, and not, perhaps, without some view of gratifying the enmity of Elizabeth towards the family of Richard, chose to portray only the darker shades of his character, all the kindly doubts and the apologies for his vices, which the spirit of his age afforded, disappeared at once; and Richard the third now recalls to popular imagination no image but of the "crooked back tyrant;" the monster, "bloody, bold, and resolute;" who waded to the throne through the blood of his nearest kinsmen. The harshness of this indiscriminate condemnation, has at last excited the zeal of a generous defender, Horace Walpole, whose "historic doubts" are intended as a vindication of Richard's character. As is usual and natural on such occasions, the love of sustaining a kind of paradox has, perhaps, led the champion of Richard too far; but his defence is al-

ways ingenious, and often conclusive; and if he does not succeed in completely refuting all the charges against Richard, he certainly proves that many of them are unfounded, and that others are only the exaggerations of party malevolence. In reading lately the *Historic Doubts*, we were sufficiently interested to sketch a sort of abstract of Mr. Walpole's argument, which, as it may, perhaps, satisfy those who have not access to his work, and tempt others to the perusal of it, we shall here copy.

The crimes imputed to Richard are:

First. His murder of Edward, prince of Wales, son of Henry the sixth;

Second. His murder of Henry the sixth;

Third. The murder of his brother George, duke of Clarence;

Fourth. The execution of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan;

Fifth. The execution of lord Hastings;

Sixth. The murder of Edward the fifth, and his brother;

Seventh. The murder of his own queen.

To which may be added, as they are thrown into the list to blacken him, his intended match with his own niece, Elizabeth, the penance of Jane Shore, and his own personal deformities.

The truth of these accusations will be best conjectured by taking into view the character and circumstances of the times.

The civil wars of that period were marked by a fierce and bloody spirit of persecution, as well as a faithless treachery in all parties. The origin of the controversy between the rival houses of York and Lancaster was briefly this: On the deposition of Richard the second, his uncle, the duke of Lancaster, advanced a claim, which, though it might not have been just, was assented to by parliament, and he became Henry the fourth. His son, Henry the fifth, succeeded him; and he was succeeded, in turn, by his son, Henry the sixth, who was married to Margaret of Anjou. During his reign, however, his title to the throne was disputed by the duke of York, who claimed, as being the descendant, by the mother's side, from a duke of Clarence, *second* son of Edward the third; whereas Henry the sixth derived his title through a duke of Lancaster, a *third*, and therefore a younger son of the same Edward. In their contests the duke of York was killed; but his son succeeded to and retrieved his fortunes; beat Henry the sixth, and was crowned Ed-

ward the fourth. Henry the sixth was taken and imprisoned, and Margaret was obliged to flee to the continent; but after repairing her losses, she landed, with her son Edward, to attack Edward the fourth; but they were beaten, and taken prisoners at Tewksbury. This Edward the fourth was the brother of Richard.

On Edward the fourth's death, Richard got possession of the throne to the exclusion of his nephew, Edward the fifth; but being opposed, and defeated by the earl of Richmond, the surviving male of the Lancaster party, the latter married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the fourth; and thus uniting, the two houses, came to the throne as Henry the seventh.

It is therefore evident that Richard was overwhelmed and succeeded by a rival party, whose interest it was to represent him in the worst possible light; and whose very safety on the throne depended on the belief of his crimes. With these general impressions we shall proceed to examine the evidence of,

First: His murder of Edward.

Fabian, the oldest historian who gives an account of this transaction, says, that after the battle of Tewksbury, young Edward, son of Henry the sixth, was brought prisoner to the presence of Edward the fourth, and "after the king had questioned with the said sir Edwarde, and he had answered unto him contrary his pleasure, he then strake him with his gauntlet on his face, after which stroke so by him received, he was, by *the king's servants*, incontinently slain." The chronicle of Croyland, of the same date, says, the prince was slain "ultricibus quorundam manibus"—by "some avenging hands," without mentioning any names. Hall, a later historian, adds what had not yet been asserted, that the king "thrust the prince from him; or, as some say, stroke him with the gauntlet whom incontinently they that stode about, which were the dukes of Clarence and Gloster, the marquis of Dorset, and lord Hastings, sodainly murthered and piteously manquelled."

Hollinshed only copies Hall.

Stowe reverts to Fabian's story, which, he repeats, as the only one not founded on hearsay. Now Hall lived when the hatred of Richard prevailed in those who had conquered him, and it was desirable to blacken him. Whereas a cotemporary, Fabian, says the murder was committed by *servants*, a more probable supposition

than that the king's own brother should dip his hands in blood coldly; that brother too a brave man, who, at Tewksbury and Bosworth proved himself possessed of courage much above an assassin's.

Second: The murder of Henry the sixth, Edward's father.

On this charge Fabian says, "that divers tales were told, but the most common fame went that he was stricken with a dagger, by the hands of the duke of Gloster."

The chronicle of Croyland says, "that Henry was found lifeless in the tower;" and adds, "may God pardon and give time of repentance to *whomsoever* dared to lay sacrilegious hands on him;" not speaking positively; but Mr. Walpole seems to allow that he does allude to Richard.

Hall says, "Henry the sixth was now in the tower of London, spoiled of his life by Richard, duke of Gloster, to the intent that his brother, king Edward, should be clear out of all suspicion of secret invasion, as the constant fame ran, which murdered the said king with a dagger."

This charge, however, Mr. Walpole considers as wholly a mob story—a mere Lancastrian falsehood—for what possible interest had Richard to murder an old deposed and childless king, who did not stand in his way at all? It is said he aspired to the throne. He therefore must have wished to preserve the appearance of decorum and purity, and could not commit a superfluous murder for no other reason but to please his brother: besides, if he had done this with such readiness, how came he afterwards to be so much embarrassed to kill his two nephews, whose deaths were much more important to him?

Third: The murder of his brother Clarence.

This charge Mr. Walpole sets aside, without quoting all that the old historians may say, because we have the bill of attainder of Clarence, by Edward the fourth, copied or reported by Stowe. Clarence's crimes are there stated at length; he had joined the cause of Henry the sixth, and was therefore guilty of treason. Hall, Hollinshed, and Stowe, do not say any thing of Richard's share in his execution; on the contrary, they say that he opposed it. But the decisive proof is this: Edward the fourth being urged, on some occasion, to pardon a notorious criminal, exclaimed (alluding to Clarence) "Unhappy brother! for whom no man would intercede;

yet ye all can be intercessors for a villain." Thus taking upon himself the criminality.

Fourth: The execution of Rivers, Gray and Vaughan, and

Fifth: The execution of Hastings; are facts which are admitted. The justification, or the palliation of them may be found in the spirit of the times, which sanctioned the destruction of his opponents by a successful rival. As to

Sixth: The murder of his nephews, Edward the fifth, and the duke of York—it is doubtful whether they were ever murdered at all:—certainly not by Richard.

The story rests wholly on the authority of sir Thomas More, who has been copied by all the other historians. Now, More's work is notoriously and grossly false in so many particulars, as to destroy its weight as evidence; and the chief circumstance employed to give it credibility, that the facts were probably communicated to More by archbishop Morton, is of itself unfavourable, since Morton had not only violated his allegiance to Richard, but had been one of the chief instruments in dethroning him. More's story is, however, incredible. He says, that on Edward the fourth's death, his queen wrote to her brother, earl Rivers, who had charge of the prince at Ludlow, to bring him up to London, with a train of two thousand horse. Buckingham and Hastings immediately wrote to Richard, who was in the north, returning from a Scottish expedition, and the three suggested to the queen, that so great a force might give offence, on which she dispensed with it. Now the dates are very much against the probability of such a suggestion; and if More's story be true, it was Buckingham who tempted Richard. But in fact, if it were true, Richard's conduct was natural. There was every appearance that the queen meant to surround the prince with her creatures, and govern in his name to the exclusion of Richard, who was the natural and lawful regent. The dukes now came themselves to Northampton, arrested Rivers, and conducted the princes to London. Meanwhile the queen took her other son and the princesses to Westminster, as a sanctuary. Her partisans even took up arms. During this time Richard was recognised as protector, without opposition, and by universal consent, as was indeed his right; and the duke of York, the second son, was demanded by Richard, and given up by

the queen, not, as More declares, and Shakspere paints, with great and dreadful affliction, but without any reluctance, or, as the chronicle of Croyland says, the queen “gratanter annuens, demisit puerum.” The two princes were lodged in the tower. But the tower was at that time a royal palace (Henry the seventh's queen soon after lay in there) and not as now, a prison for state criminals.

The accusation that he charged his mother with adultery, is equally outrageous. That mother was living—her daughter, an elder sister of Richard, walked at his coronation; and her son was declared by Richard his heir apparent; and how could he make the people believe that Edward the fourth, Clarence, and the duchess of Suffolk, were spurious, and he alone legitimate. Besides, the first council he held after he came to the throne was at this mother's house, and there remains in the Harleian MSS. a most affectionate letter of this same mother. Richard claimed and obtained the crown on better grounds—the invalidity of his brother's marriage, he having before he married lady Grey, been contracted or married to lady Butler. This was admitted by the nobility, and Richard, as next heir, came to the throne, not merely without opposition, but *at the solemn invitation of the three estates*, as the parliament record since published fully proves. He was crowned regularly and quietly, and his accession resembles exactly the revolution which brought William the third to the throne; both cases being the exclusion of an illegitimate pretender, and the free election of a sovereign.

More's account of the murder is, that after his coronation, Richard made a journey to York, and on his way thinking that his crown would be insecure while his nephews lived, he despatched a man to Brakenbury, lieutenant of the tower, with a letter, requesting him to put the children to death. Brakenbury refused with disdain. The king complained of this refusal to a page, and asked the page if he knew any one fit for such a deed. The page answered, that there was in a chamber without a man named Tyrrel (whom More says, Richard then made a knight) who would do for such an office. Tyrrel immediately received an order on Brakenbury to deliver up the keys of the tower for one night, went there, and with two accomplices smothered the children. Now this story is in the highest degree improbable. Would Richard on his journey

confide so horrible a purpose in a letter to a man whom he had not previously sounded? If Brakenbury refused, would he have given up the keys when he must have known the object in demanding them? Would that same Brakenbury afterwards have been continued in office by Richard? or if his secrecy was thus secured, would the virtuous Brakenbury have willingly died by the side of Richard at Bosworth, when so many of his adherents deserted him? This sir James Tyrrel too, who is said to be knighted for this service, was not only a knight before, but had walked as a great officer of the crown (master of the horse) at Richard's coronation, as appears by the coronation-roll lately discovered. On Henry the seventh's accession, no inquiry was made into the supposed murder; but on the appearance, some years after, of Perkin Warbeck, who gave himself out as the duke of York, king Henry being interested in endeavouring to prove the murder, published that Tyrrel, and one of his accomplices, had confessed the fact. Dighton, a miserable wretch, easily bought, might, and probably did; but sir James probably did not, for he was shut up in the tower, and put to death afterwards for alleged treason. Moreover, no mention of this murder is made in the act of attainder against Richard, the very place where it must have been found, being far greater than any of the crimes they could allege against him; so that the whole is probably a story published by Henry the seventh to secure himself. Perhaps they were not murdered at all, for cardinal Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the queen had delivered in surety the younger brother, was the very man who crowned Richard, and who survived him. Would he have crowned a murderer? would he have been silent after the death of that murderer of his own hostage? Richard's treatment of his other nephew, Warwick, son of his brother Clarence, is highly in his favour. He behaved most kindly to him, and declared him his successor, in case he (Richard) died without children. Even More, however, says, "some remained long in doubt, whether the children were in Richard's days destroyed." If not in *his* days, in *whose* days but in Henry the seventh? who probably found the eldest at least in the tower and secured him.

Mr. Walpole thinks indeed, not only that Richard spared Edward, but that he meant to do, what in Saxon times was often done by

uncles to minor nephews, restore the crown to him at his majority. His reasons are, First, Because More says that Buckingham, after he deserted Richard, declared to bishop Morton, that Richard's first proposal was to keep the crown till Edward was twenty-four years of age. Secondly, Richard's own son did *not* walk at his father's coronation. But, thirdly, this very Edward the fifth, strange as it may seem, did actually walk at Richard's coronation; for in the coronation-roll of the stuff delivered out for the ceremony, is this astonishing entry: "To lord Edward, son of late king Edward the fourth, for his apparel and array" so many yards of different stuff. No mention is made here of the duke of York, who probably was not in Richard's power, but conveyed away. As to the other brother, the young duke of York, Mr. Walpole thinks that Perkin Warbeck, who afterwards came to England, declared himself to be the duke of York, and being unsuccessful in his attempts to regain the throne, was executed by Henry's orders, was really the true duke of York.

Afterwards, however, when Richard proceeded to declare these nephews illegitimate, and when probably stronger evidence of the illegitimacy came out, it was necessary to set them aside altogether, for when his own son died, and he might then have called them safely to the succession, he did not do so, but brought in his sister's children. The disappearance of the princes remains as the other evidence of their murder. But it is no proof. As to the eldest, he might have died in the tower;—the queen had pleaded to the archbishop of York that they were both unhealthy. Henry the seventh probably found them there, and of course concealed them so as not to raise up rivals. The circumstances of the murder were evidently false, and invented by Henry to discredit Warbeck. At any rate, the alledged time is incorrect, for the parliament-roll which bastardized Edward the fifth, proves that he was then alive, which was seven months after the time More assigns for the murder. Now if he spared him seven months after his power was secure, why kill him afterwards? To do so, would be only strengthening his rival Richmond, who aimed at the throne by marrying Edward's sister, whose claim would be thus advanced. Their deaths too were only reported. If Richard had killed them, he would have taken care that the thing should be published and attested, so as to make

it credible; and the Chronicle of Croyland, written by an enemy of Richard, does not accuse him of the murder, but mentions the fears of their friends, that they would be destroyed; and this author mentions them as living at the time when More (who could then be only five years old himself) declares they were murdered.

Seventh: The poisoning his queen, and his intended marriage with his niece Elizabeth.

The historian Buck says, that the queen was in a languishing condition, and that the physicians declared she could not live beyond April; and he says that he saw a letter from Elizabeth herself of ardent affection for Richard. The Chronicle of Croyland says she died of a languishing distemper. Now if Richard meant to marry his niece, he would not have let her wait the slow decay of the queen. Richard too, declared his nephew his successor, which shows no thought of remarrying; and it was not till nine months after his son's death, and when Richmond wanted to marry Elizabeth, that Richard amused her with hopes of making her his queen.

With regard to the alleged deformity of Richard, it seems to be a complete exaggeration. Philip de Comines, who is remarkably free in speaking of every one, mentions the beauty of Edward the fourth, but says nothing of Richard's deformity, though he saw them together. The countess of Desmond says that she had danced with Richard at a ball, that he was well made, and a good dancer.

Dr. Shaw, in speaking to the people in favour of Richard, appealed to them whether he was not the express image of his father's person—a man neither ugly nor deformed. If Richard had been such a monster, Shaw could not possibly have dared to make this comparison.

The truth seems to be, that Richard was slender and short, with a very comely face, but one shoulder a little higher than the other, which party spirit has magnified into deformity. Mr. Walpole thinks so, because, 1st, one of the historians, a party enemy of Richard too, describes him from ocular evidence, as being “of short stature, with a short face, unequal shoulders, the right higher, the left lower,” which is not the description of a monster, and

2nd. In two portraits of Richard, which Mr. Walpole gives, there is a tippet of ermine doubled round his neck, which seems intended to conceal some defect in that part of his person;

As to Jane Shore, Mr. Walpole doubts whether her penance was inflicted by Richard, and he cites an original letter of his in which she is treated with great lenity.

On the whole, if we incline to suspect the testimony of Mr. Walpole, with regard to a favourite hypothesis, we may perhaps safely concur in the opinion of a very acute investigator of English history, Daines Barrington, who concludes his remarks on the laws of Richard with these observations: “Richard the Third did not reign long enough to hold more than this session of parliament, and yet he hath obtained from most historians the character of a great legislator, from this very short and imperfect specimen of what rather he intended to do for this country than what he had really done, or had an opportunity of carrying into execution—Baker, in his Chronicle, commends much the laws of Richard the third, and says, that he took the ways of *being a good king*, if he had come to be *king by ways that were good*. But he hath a much greater testimony in his favour, no less than lord Bacon, who says he was a good legislator *for the ease and solace of the common people*. I shall not mention in addition to these the authority of Buck, who is a professed panegyrist. There is certainly a sort of fashion (if I may be allowed the expression) which prevails at different times with regard to the characters of kings and great men. Richard hath generally been represented, both as a monster in person and disposition: if we may believe Buck and the countess of Desmond, he was remarkably genteel, and the best of kings and men. It will be probably right to steer between these extremes, and as far as relates to him as a legislator, the second and third chapters of this his only collection of laws will forever show, that he meant well (at least upon his accession) to the constitution and liberties of the subject.”

Σ.

THE FINE ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In matters of taste, as in more important concerns, we deem ourselves bound by the rules of impartiality which we have prescribed for this journal, not to decline the insertion of any respectful remonstrance against our own sentiments, or those of our correspondents. Under this impression, we publish the two following articles of a very different tendency, occasioned by an essay in our last number. With regard to the very polite terms in which the resolutions of the Society are conveyed, we can only express our satisfaction at perceiving, that the efforts of this journal to contribute towards the advancement of the arts among us, have been approved by so respectable a body of artists.

At a meeting of the Columbian Society of Artists, held on the fifth of January, 1814, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, the society has viewed with deep regret the increase of exhibitions of works of art, evidently tending not only to corrupt public morals, but also to bring into disrepute those exhibitions which experience has proved to be important in cultivating a chaste taste for the fine arts in our country; and

Whereas, this society, consider all exhibitions at which both sexes cannot with propriety be admitted at the same time, to be highly indecorous, and have long since expressed their decided disapprobation of such exhibitions, therefore

Resolved, that this society will use every honourable method to discountenance and check an evil which, if suffered to continue, will eventually prove extremely injurious to the encouragement of the arts.

Resolved, that a committee be appointed to wait on the editor of The Port Folio, in order to express the cordial acknowledgments of this society, for the interest he has at all times taken in promoting a correct and chaste taste for the arts, and in a particular manner for the insertion of an article in The Port Folio for January 1814, containing sentiments so refined, and expressed in language so forcible and correct, as, in the opinion of the society, to render it eminently calculated to benefit the arts, by preventing their prostitution to purposes the most ignoble.

Resolved, that the committee be directed to request the publication of these resolutions, together with the article to which

they refer, in the next Port Folio, and that they be authorised to have them republished in any manner they may deem proper.

Mr. Murray, Mr. Melish, and Dr. Dorsey, were appointed to carry into effect the preceding resolutions.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A FALSE ‘Lover of the Arts,’ in the last Port Folio, with studied repetition of uncourteous slander, has endeavoured to prejudice those who have not seen the pictures of Danae and of Io against their authors. The moral character of these painters rests upon a foundation too well established to be injured by temporary misrepresentation or misguided zeal; and as to their works, those who see and judge for themselves will best appreciate their merit. It is true, that Wertmuller’s Danae has been admired by thousands of the most virtuous and enlightened part of the community; it is equally true that Rembrandt Peale’s Io, on the score of decency, is still less exceptionable. ‘Excellent judges, men and women of strict morals have pronounced this painting elegant and decent, voluptuous but not lascivious, an honour to the painter and no disgrace to the sex.’ Milton’s Eve, Thomson’s Musidora, as well as the nymphs of Ovid, have furnished to many sober artists in Europe similar occasions of representing female beauty; nor have they ever injured the public morals, nor detracted from the reputation of Raphael, Titian, Corregio, Rubens or West.

IRIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—PROJECT OF A READING ROOM.

WITH the hope of exciting public attention to a plan now in agitation for the establishment of a Reading Room, on a liberal footing, we insert the following explanatory address, and add our best wishes for the success of a scheme highly honorable to the projectors, and eminently calculated to produce important benefits to the community.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned committee, appointed by a number of subscribers to a plan of a set of Reading Rooms, which they have it in contemplation to establish, now respectfully take the opportunity,

according to the instructions with which they were charged, of addressing the public upon a subject so full of general interest. It is believed, that it will be only necessary to *excite the attention of* their fellow citizens, in order to appreciate the utility of a measure, which, upon a moment's reflection, we are surprised should be at this day, for the first time, agitated, in a city holding so high a character as Philadelphia, in letters, and general information. Other cities, infants in age and size, have far outstripped us in the laudable design of improvement, and have, with a careful and enlightened view, established these instructive schools, which, operating like the philosophic lens, collect the light of learning and knowledge to a focus, in a manner at once useful, instructive, and elegant. The committee, without going into a detail of what instances our country furnishes, have the highest pleasure in being able to point out the gratifying examples of Boston and Newyork, where such institutions have existed and flourished for years. Liverpool, in the old world, may be cited as another proof of what has been done, wherever an enlightened policy directs the views of man, associated for the all-valuable purposes of utility. These institutions, begun upon humble means, have gradually raised themselves into public estimation, and the lowliness of their original is only to be remembered, that it may be pleasingly contrasted with their present state.

For the sake of trial, the plan of the proposed Reading Rooms will be begun as cautiously here, unless that fostering encouragement which the subject deserves, shall warm it into more extended life. It is proposed to open two (and if sufficiently encouraged) three commodious chambers, in a suitable part of the town, for the purpose of commencing the plan. They shall be well warmed and lighted, from some convenient hour in the morning, until some seasonable hour in the evening. One of these chambers, in which there shall be no talking or conversation, shall be appropriated to reading; in the other conversation shall be allowed, or any thing else that shall come within the general arrangement. It is proposed as matters of primary importance, and as constituting the first objects of the association, to procure the chief gazettes of the union, the different periodical publications, such as registers, reviews, statistical accounts, &c. To make these of their full importance

and utility, the best maps, upon the largest scale, and in the most minute details, and the best geographies and gazetteers shall be furnished; together with national views or statements, and, in general, whatever concerns the politics, in an extended sense, of the country, or its economy.

Whatever plans, other than such as are thus detailed, which may suggest themselves to individuals, can be easily hereafter adopted, if it shall be found expedient; but the committee conceive that little obstacles should not prevent the general scheme—and that it is all important *to make a beginning*. The institution will be so completely under the control of the subscribers, that their opinions and wishes can be easily effected. Every individual of the smallest experience must have learned, at least, how difficult it is to institute and arrange a new plan, for the prosecution of any particular design; and every one should therefore reflect, that to hesitate, is in many instances to frustrate the most laudable and beneficial objects. Caution or hesitation can be of no particular benefit, in the present case, as there can be no step taken to involve any serious consequences; and a trifling subscription is all that can be regretted, if subsequent experience should create dissatisfaction in the breast of any individual.

If the free communication of thoughts and opinions be, in a political sense, one of the most invaluable rights of men, it is at the same time one of the most essential, and indeed the only mode of progressing in general improvement. The individual who confines himself to the mere and narrow compass of professional pursuits, can never be a very valuable citizen nor a liberal thinker. No enlightened views can direct his reflections to the noble economy of systems, and he will be a dreary naught among his fellow men. He may lift his eye, indeed, and physically direct its view, but its vacant glance will be lighted by none of those scenes, which constitute in every breast the chief value of existence. Hence the necessity of social intercourse, which must be either with the written or oral communications of men. The mere closetted recluse has been remarked in every age for the fallacy of his speculations, except in the demonstrative sciences—and mankind are in general agreed, that such philosophers deceive both themselves and the world. Hence the necessity of an actual and

personal intercourse with men. It remains then to reflect upon the most suitable mode of that intercourse; and it is thought none more eligible can be devised than the scheme of the Reading Rooms. No occasion, it is believed, can be found in which individuals of such variety of pursuits can be so well brought together; and it is at least certain, that none such do often occur. Such opportunities should not therefore be passed by with indifference; opportunities, when the student feels himself exhilarated, and the tedium of his labours lightened, and a fresh vigour given to his mind; opportunities, when the man of business shakes off his cares, and indulges in pleasing but useful and liberal reading and conversation. Here it is, that colloquial powers, which have been pronounced to be among the highest order of talents, first expand themselves, and lay the foundation of eloquence in the more prepared and continued exertions of public speaking. Here it is, that the errors of books, and the prejudices of inexperience, are shaken off, by a collision with individuals of practical information and professional knowledge. Here, finally, the mind receives a liberal turn, and an infusion of that useful activity, which the incidents of the day, and matters of public interest always excite.

The committee, therefore, according with the feelings of the meeting that appointed them, think it impossible that any could be more useful and agreeable, than the plan they have suggested. They wish to excite the attention and feelings of the public, and should experience a consolatory pride, if they could rank themselves among the humble instruments of effecting its complete success. The experience of all must have every day made them witnesses of the complaints of individuals, that no plan of the kind was in operation; and we find among our fellow citizens a general acknowledgment of its utility.

It is therefore much to be desired that this general disposition may take a practical turn, and that individuals will not be slow to perform what they acknowledge ought to be done—especially when it can be effected with so little trouble and expense.

ALEXANDER S. COXE.

ROBERT H. SMITH.

W. H. DILLINGHAM.

T. F. WHARTON.

RICHARD C. WOOD.

ANECDOTES OF MR. WEST, THE PAINTER.

Turning over a London Magazine some time since, we observed a notice of our countryman Mr. West, which is worth transcribing.

WHEN Mr. West was painting his Death of Wolfe, an heroic picture which was treated in so novel a manner, the artist thought to conceal it until its completion. Archbishop Drummond, for whom Mr. West had before painted his Agrippina, accidentally came into the room, and was so greatly struck with that boldness of innovation which dressed an heroic action in modern attire, that after some questions of doubt as to its success, he went for sir Joshua Reynolds, and in less than an hour they were both in Mr. West's painting-room. When sir Joshua came in, he expressed the greatest alarm for Mr. West's reputation, warned him of his hazardous attempt, and told him the people of England would never be reconciled to heroes in coats and waistcoats. However, Mr. West said he would send for the archbishop and sir Joshua when the picture was completed, and if they condemned it then, it should go into his closet; but that he had determined to venture upon a picture which would speak to the meanest intellects, to show some illiberal critics, who had before accused him of plagiarism from old basso relievos, that he could paint from himself. When the picture was completed, Mr. West brought his friends to view it, according to his engagement; sir Joshua stood silent before it about a quarter of an hour, and then very liberally told Mr. West that the picture would not only succeed, but would open a new era in painting.

Garrick offered to lie for Wolfe, but Mr. West refused his offer, upon the plea that, if the general were painted from the actor, the figure would inevitably be Garrick, and not Wolfe.

Mr. West expresses himself highly thankful that his studies in painting were unknown and unregarded as they were; for by that means he went to them without any of those prejudices which schools impart. When Mr. West went to Italy, so far was he from relishing the style of painting which then obtained there, that he saw and ridiculed its absurdities at once. At that time nothing was painted there but Madonas and children, with perhaps two or

three Cupids in the air; and in England, no characters in an heroic picture were represented in any thing else than Roman or Gothic armour. Even sir Joshua Reynolds, till after Mr. West's time, never painted a portrait but in a fancy-dress. All this was altered by West's Death of Wolfe; and it was for this style of painting, and not for his Regulus (the first picture Mr. West painted for the king) or his Agrippina, that France eulogized Mr. West when they gave him that sumptuous entertainment upon admitting him a member of the National Institute.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH COMPARED.

Baron HOLBERG, a Danish author, who wrote at the beginning of the last century, makes the following quaint comparison between the English and French nations.

The French reason, but the English think most. The French have the most wit, but the English the best judgment. The French are showy in their clothing, the English are plain. The French eat most bread, the English most meat. Both are warm, but the heat of the French is in the blood, that of the English is in the gall; hence the anger of a Frenchman is greater than the anger of the English, while the hatred of the English is of longer duration than a Frenchman's. A Frenchman spends his means in decking his person; an Englishman thinks of nothing so much as his belly. A Frenchman is governed by the fashion; an Englishman by his fancy. A Frenchman always goes with the stream; an Englishman against it. A Frenchman soon makes a friend, and soon dispenses with him; an Englishman is a long while making a friend, and keeps him long when he is made: the Englishman loses his friend by degrees; the Frenchman breaks with his friend all at once. The French honour their superiors; the English pay the most respect to themselves. The French are the best citizens; the English the best men. The French have the greatest latitude in their faculties, but the English excel them in the mind's gifts: both of them frequently perform heroic actions, the French for the love of fame, the English for the love of virtue. The French seek reward in the approbation of their countrymen, the English in the act itself. The

French, in common with other people, transgress the laws with the hope of escaping punishment; the English frequently transgress when they know that an escape is impossible. When a Frenchman says I would willingly do so and so, if it were not for the law; the Englishman says, I would never have done this or that if there had not been a law against it. The Frenchman denies himself little; the Englishman still less. In his meat the Frenchman regards quality; quantity is the Englishman's principal object. In his cookery, the Frenchman follows his fancy; the Englishman his palate. The French drink to quench thirst, or raise their spirits; the English for drinking sake. The Frenchman believes previously to examination; the Englishman examines all before he believes any. The French women are very free in their manners, though their husbands are never jealous; the English women are still more free than the French women, though their husbands are mad with jealousy. The imagination in the French and English is extremely fruitful; but more orderly in the French than in the English, which frequently exceeds all bounds. The French mostly live cheerfully in care, want, and misery; the English have every thing in abundance, and yet seem to despise life. They need not be forced to go to the place of execution; their criminals go there laughing, singing, or jesting; and, if an executioner is not to be found, will hang themselves.

Hence it is not strange that a great degree of hatred should subsist between two nations, whose minds and manners are so discordant. The peculiarity of the English character is manifest from this representation of circumstances not to be found elsewhere. But should any one object that I have exaggerated the virtues and vices of the English, I reply that, in respect to a nation that observes no medium itself, it must be very difficult indeed for a writer to adopt a medium in describing their manners.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE ROSTRUM.

WE may, we trust, without the imputation of flattery, congratulate Mr. Ogilvie on the enlargement of the plan which he has adopted, and which promises to blend so much amusement with so

much instruction. Of late years, criticism has assumed a novelty of character which this gentleman, with the strictest propriety, denominates philosophical. Formerly the spirit of the author was suffered to evaporate in the consideration of particular passages, and he was condemned or admired by piece-meal. The whole mass of matter remained untouched, with the exception of those particular passages, and a man who should read a criticism of this character, would rise from the perusal with more profound ignorance of the work, than if he had never heard of its existence. To make this case more familiar, we will suppose that a variety of painters, in examining the works of a brother artist, should acquit or condemn on the principles of the anatomist. Thus, if the human body was the subject of their consultation, one would limit his attention to the hand—another to the foot, and so of all the subordinate members of the human body—while the human face divine, the point where the artist had condensed all his strength and skill, should never undergo any examination whatever.

Mr. Ogilvie has favoured us with several most beautiful specimens of a criticism more enlarged and comprehensive. He considers, in the first place, the space which the author has attempted to fill up; or, in other words, what he has undertaken to accomplish. After this general outline, the question next arises, how far he has been successful—where he has failed, and where he has answered expectation. In this the various characters are considered—their actions and sentiments: how far they quadrate with the main design, where they fall short, and where they transcend the broad outline before given. The audience are put in the first instance, in possession of the standard of admeasurement, and they have a distinct and defined character of the whole work, of which he has undertaken the analysis. Far from fettering down our attention to particular passages, and condemning or approving in spiteful details, we are gratified by a whole-length portrait of the spectacle.

We presume that it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Ogilvie's enlarged plan of criticism meets our warmest approbation. What can be a more rational instruction or amusing entertainment for a polite audience, than to devote an hour to such an occupation. We will venture to say, that many would retire from such a lecture

with more just ideas of the author, and with a clearer comprehension of his merits and defects, than they would derive from a consultation of his pages. They are taught to look with a more enlarged vision, and to pass by with a generous disdain, that little criticism, which, in mean and malignant minds, is usually converted into an engine of torture. In his main criticisms we cordially concur, and we will notice that his strictures on Junius, Marmion, the ballad of Leonora, and on Pope's elegy on the death of an unfortunate lady, have our hearty acquiescence. He has not, in our opinion, been so successful in his analysis on Cato's Soliloquy. For instance, he condemns this passage:

“Or whence this *pleasing hope*, this *fond desire*,
This *longing after immortality*.”

This he considers as tautologous. The ‘pleasing hope’ may be called the positive degree of the mind; the ‘fond desire,’ the comparative, and the ‘longing after,’ the superlative—all indicating different sensations, more vivid in proportion as the prospect of eternity approaches. Mr. Ogilvie considers these lines,

“Or whence this secret *dread*, this inward *horror*
Of falling into naught,”

as terms synonymous. Here the criticism appears to us inaccurate. All of us, for instance, have a natural dread of battle; but what man, in reading an account of an action, ever uttered a scream of horror; it is only in the hour of battle that he can be thus affected. Dread is nothing but fear, of which horror is the climax. Again; Cato says,

“ ’Tis Heaven itself which points out an *hereafter*,
And intimates *eternity* to man;”

which Mr. Ogilvie deems synonymous. ‘Eternity’ undoubtedly comprehends an ‘hereafter;’ but does it thence follow that every hereafter must *ex vi termini* be an “*eternity*?”

Exactly of the same species of criticism, is his censure on this passage:

“The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

Mr. Ogilvie contends, that ‘the crush of worlds’ is ‘the wreck of matter;’ but will he venture to say, the ‘wreck of matter is necessarily the *crush of worlds?*’ This ‘wreck’ is evidently a distinct thing, and the poet to show its extent expands the idea, and comprehends in the ‘wreck’ the dissolution of the universe.

We have been more particular in reprobating these instances, because we think that this criticism savours too much of that compendious nicety, and lacks that comprehensive character that distinguish the other criticisms of this gentleman.

We have cited these examples, because we wish to speak fairly and impartially; because we profess cordially to concur in his plan, and because we would not have the dignity of analytic criticism debased by punctilious and scrupulous niceties. All his other examples are noble specimens; the artist displays the whole architecture at one view, and does not confine our attention to the flaws discernible in a single block of the marble. Even if the criticism were *correct*, it is unworthy of Mr. Ogilvie’s attention in the sweeping range which he takes of the author, and serves to impair its general effect. How much more forcibly may we urge this objection when the criticism is, as in the above instances, incorrect!

The general scope, and characteristics of the author, are objects only worthy of a genius like the orator’s. He has given ample evidence that he is capable of illuminating the brightest passages of the most admired poets, and of bringing out their various beauties in a prouder relief.

In a day like the present, when the *rabies politica* seems to have eaten into the core of private life, it is with cordial satisfaction that we felicitate the public, that there is at least one place blending instruction with amusement, where our political antagonists may repose upon their weapons, and for a season forget that they ever were enemies. Scrupulously has the orator avoided this ground; he is neither a federal or democratic admirer of Walter Scott.

There is scarcely any valuable institution, either literary or charitable in the United States, whose utility he has not illustrated, and whose funds he has not improved. These are some of the strong claims of this gentleman to public patronage, to which

we will add, that his lectures are embellished with the charms of fancy, and enforced with the energy of eloquence. At a time when criticism assumes a character so high and imposing, it becomes especially important that the just principles of this art should be known, illustrated, and more generally defined.

A.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—FRENCH LITERATURE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I MET lately an amusing work, published at Paris in the year 1811, called "Paris, Versailles, et les provinces au 18me siecle;" and as you devote a page occasionally to French literature, I have transcribed two or three anecdotes, which are at your service.

Yours, &c.

D.

MADAME GENLIS, in her delightful little book, *Souvenirs de Felicie*, relates some pleasant anecdotes of the count d'Auterroche, whose youthful heroism, and high-minded sense of honour, remind one of the days of ancient chivalry. Yet this gallant soldier, bred up in camps, was totally ignorant of life, and had hardly an idea of a crime beyond the violation of military duty. One of his men had been in the practice of assuming the dress of a mendicant friar, and of thus defrauding the church of charity intended for its poor. Being detected in this impious sacrilege, the reprobate was thrown into prison. The count, who was at that time a captain in the guards, went, in a great passion, to see him. "Wretch," said he, "do you not know what an unpardonable crime it is to *put off your uniform?*" "Yes, sir," said the soldier; "and therefore I always kept it on *under the frock.*"—"Oh, that is another matter: if this be really the case you shall be liberated immediately!"

M. de Laverdy, comptroller-general, at the first levee he attended after his preferment, was extremely anxious to show his gratitude to the king; and had taken great pains to prepare him-

self to answer, without hesitation, any question that might be put to him in regard to the finances. The king made a full pause before him: "Pray," said his majesty, "are not the fixtures of the comptroller's office *gilded?*" The poor count was bewildered—he had never thought about such a trifling subject; and, with much confusion, acknowledged *he did not know*. This scene was not lost on the courtier next him, who happened to be the Venetian ambassador, and he determined to answer with readiness any question, however frivolous. "Can your excellency tell me," said Louis, "how many members your *council of a hundred* consists of?" "Often," replied the precipitate envoy. The monarch moved on, and seemed thankful for an unembarrassed answer, to whose meaning, like that of his own question, he had never in the smallest degree attended.

"What is the reason," said the old marquis of F—— to his young wife, "that you can't enjoy my company at home, instead of running abroad; ought we not to be *one person?*" "Oh yes," said the lively brunette, "we certainly are so—and I hate *solitude*."

The count de Merle, a man of very little estimation in society, and still less as a man of talents, was, by some unaccountable accident, sent as a minister to Portugal. Being told that at his presentation he must address some flattering compliments to the king, he ordered his secretary to prepare him something for this purpose, and, above all, to make it very short, as his memory, from want of practice, was very treacherous. The adulatory lines were accordingly made as laconic as possible; yet it appeared that the count had not belied his memory, for in the whole journey from Paris to Lisbon, all his efforts to fix them there proved ineffectual. The address, however, being indispensable, necessity reduced him to the expedient of having it written off, in large characters, and sewed in his *hat*. Pleased with this ingenious contrivance, our ambassador boldly presented himself at the audience chamber: but the etiquette of this unpolished court quite dashed his fine prospect; for hardly had he begun, after a profound bow, to open his mouth with, "Sire," &c. when the king, according to custom, courteously desired him to *cover his head*. The ambassador, thinking himself

misunderstood, began again, with "Sire, ——" when the king, who had reasons* to wish a good understanding with France, insisted that the count should not so far demean himself as to remain uncovered. De Merle was forced to submit; but so much chagrined was he at this untoward occurrence, that he could not utter a single word; and the next day wrote home, that nothing could be expected from this savage government. Hostilities followed soon after.

The *sexton* of the imperial church at Berlin, who had great pretensions to clerkship, one day wrote to Frederick the following letter:

"Sire—I have to inform you, 1. That there is a great deficiency of books of psalms for the choir. 2. That there is no wood to warm the church; and 3. Your majesty is informed that the balcony on the river, immediately behind the church, threatens every day to tumble down.

SCHMIDT."

Frederick answered immediately:

"I inform Mr. Schmidt, 1. That they who want to sing may buy books. 2. That they who find themselves cold may get wood. 3. That the balustrade on the river is no concern of his; and, 4. That I want no further correspondence with him."

The pious Mr. D—, engaging a servant the other day, in place of one he had turned off, mentioned, amongst other instructions, that he must attend the *family prayers* every evening. This the poor fellow by no means relished, and, at first, absolutely refused; but at length observed, that as his master would no doubt have an eye to it in the account of wages, he had no great objection to make an experiment, it being perfectly understood that he should at any time have liberty to quit.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF GENERAL GREENE.

Camp on the Pedee, December 29, 1780.

GENERAL —,

Dear Sir—Your letter respecting colonel Drayton overtook me at Philadelphia, and I have been making inquiry after him

ever since I have been in this country; but have not had the pleasure to learn the least intelligence of him. Should I hear of him hereafter, I shall be happy to render him every service in my power.

When I left the northern army I expected to find in this department a thousand difficulties to which I was a stranger in the northern service; but the embarrassments far exceed my utmost apprehension, nor can I find a clue to guide me through the complicated scene of difficulties.

I have but the shadow of an army, without clothing, tents, and provisions, except what is provided by daily collections. It is also without discipline, and so addicted to plundering, that the utmost exertions of the officers cannot restrain the soldiers. Nor are the inhabitants a whit behind them. The whigs and tories pursue one another with the most relentless fury, killing and destroying each other whenever they meet. Indeed a great part of this country is already laid waste, and in the utmost danger of becoming a desert. The great bodies of militia that have been in service this year, employed against the enemy and in quelling the tories, have almost laid waste the country; and so corrupted the principles of the people, that they think of nothing but plundering one another.

There are great parties prevailing in this state, and its policy is much distracted by it, and injures the service not a little.—Nothing can be more pernicious, as it greatly weakens the powers of government, already too feeble to manage a people so rude in their manners and so extensive in their settlements. All seem to be striving to see who shall be the greatest man. —— is at the head of one party and —— of the other. A third order is rising into being called the *Board of War*, and seem to be friends to neither of the others. Colonel ——, formerly dismissed the army for cowardice, is at the head of the board. The Lord knows how I shall manage with all those great and mighty men. I shall endeavour to treat all with civility, and observe a just mean between haughtiness and mean condescension. If this will not procure me their friendship I must go without it.

I had not the pleasure of seeing any of the gentlemen you wrote to, but forwarded your letters on my first arriving in the state.

General Leslie is arrived at Charleston, and is on his way to join lord Cornwallis at Camden. The greater part of our force is at this place; the rest is with general Morgan, on the west side of the Catabaw, near where Broad river forks. His force is about one thousand or twelve hundred men, one half horse and the other foot, part militia and part regular troops, near an equal number of each. What the enemy may attempt I know not; but it is certain we have it not in our power to attempt any thing at all, or at least nothing but some little partisan strokes.

I beg my compliments to the gentlemen of your family, &c.

Camp on the river Pedee, December 31, 1780.

GOVERNOR JEFFERSON.

Sir—Since I wrote your excellency last, I have taken an entire new disposition with the army: one part is with me on this river, about eighty miles from Charlotte, and the other is with general Morgan, on Broad river, on the west side of the Catabaw, about sixty miles from Charlotte. The state of the provisions, as well as many other reasons, rendered this measure necessary.

Lord Cornwallis continues in the neighbourhood of Camden, and general Leslie is arrived at Charleston, and on his way to join his lordship. What they will attempt upon a junction of their force is difficult to tell, nor have I it in my power, for want of hard money, to get the smallest intelligence. I have given your excellency such a full state of this department in my former letters, and of the distress and sufferings of your troops in particular, that I will not pain your humanity by a repetition.

Since my last the Cherokee Indians have committed some depredations upon the frontiers, and the militia have assembled and gone against the lower towns; but with what force I am not able to say.

For the aid of the quartermaster general's department, I have found it necessary to draw on your excellency for one hundred and three thousand eight hundred and four continental dollars, in favour of Mr. Patrick St. Lawrence, which I beg you to give order for the payment of.

I am anxious to hear what measures your assembly are taking respecting the several matters contained in the requisition which I laid before them.

I am, &c.

Camp on the Pedee, December 31, 1780.

GOVERNOR LEE.

Sir—I am favoured with your excellency's letter of the 9th instant, which came to hand but a day or two since.

I hope the assembly will consider the distress that this army is in, and give it as early relief as possible. It is unfortunate for the public that the business of the two great departments in which they are so deeply interested, legislation and the army, cannot be made to coincide better. But the pressing wants of the army cannot admit of the slow deliberation of legislation without being subject to many inconveniences; nor can a legislature with the best intentions always keep pace with the emergencies of war: and thus the common interest suffers from the different principles which influence and govern the two great national concerns. I fear this is the present situation of things. The wants of the army are numerous and pressing, and without speedy relief the public will suffer not a little. My anxiety to avoid it, if possible, I hope will be my apology for being so importunate with your state to comply with my requisition.

Inclosed I send your excellency a copy of an address from the officers of the Maryland line respecting the officers of the state regiment. The merit and long services of those officers entitle them to every consideration from the legislature that justice or policy will warrant, and I hope the feelings of soldiers will apologize for the address of the officers. It is addressed to me; but I conceive it can only be meant through me to the state.

Different walks and different employments in life naturally beget different modes of thinking. The citizen cannot always feel justly for the soldier, nor the soldier for the citizen; but policy as well as generosity should induce each to think charitably of the other.

I foresee the greatest degree of confusion will arise in your line, if the state regiment is continued in service upon its present footing. However prejudicial it may be to the private interest of

the officers to leave the service at this time, I am persuaded their pride and resentments will influence them to such a determination, providing they are reduced to the disagreeable alternative of taking such measures or submitting to the command of the officers of the state regiment. To avoid disagreeable commotions that may arise either from mistake or prejudice, it is often good policy to relax in the exercise of matters of right, when it can be done without injuring the honour or interest of government.

Perhaps this may be one of those cases wherein the state will find it their interest to adopt this policy.

I would beg leave to suggest to your excellency the propriety of drafting the privates in the state regiment into the continental regiments and of recalling the officers. I am confident the public interest will be greatly promoted by the measure. But if this cannot be agreed to, I wish your excellency to satisfy the officers, that it is not the intention of the legislature, as I am persuaded it cannot be, to incorporate the officers of the state regiment into the continental battalions. This will go a great way towards reconciling them to the inconvenience of submitting to their present command.

The regiment is not yet arrived in camp; and I shall endeavour to employ it upon some separate service, until I can know your excellency's pleasure in the matter; which I hope you will communicate as soon as possible, as the longer the affair is suspended the more disagreeable consequences will follow from it.

I am sorry it is not in my power to comply with your excellency's request respecting colonel Luke Marbury, he being a prisoner of war in the northern department. His excellency general Washington would think it a very improper interference, as it would beget jealousy and discontent in all the prisoners remaining in captivity should I exchange colonel Marbury in the way you propose.

Should general Washington think proper to direct what you recommend, I shall most readily agree to any thing that can contribute to the relief of your friends in captivity. But without his approbation I should not think it advisable to venture upon the measure.

General Smallwood is gone to Maryland, to whom I beg leave to refer your excellency for further particulars respecting the state of this department.

I am, with great respect and esteem, &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

(From M'Call's History of Georgia.)

JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE, was the son of sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, of Godalmen, in the county of Surry, lieutenant-colonel of the duke of York's troop of the king's horse-guards, a major-general of the army, and a member of parliament, by Eleanora, his wife, daughter of Richard Wall, of Ragane, in Ireland. He was born in the parish of St. James's, the twenty-first of December, 1698: * his father, and two of his brothers being in the army, he was educated with a view to that profession, which he afterwards embraced. He was appointed an ensign in 1711, and in 1713 performed duty with that rank, at the proclamation of the peace at Utrecht. He was promoted to a captain-lieutenancy of the queen's guards in 1715: he afterwards employed himself in acquiring the

* In 1707, a pamphlet was published in England, entitled *Frances Shaftoe's narrative*, containing an account of her being a servant in sir Theophilus Oglethorpe's family; and with all the illiterate simplicity of her station, states, that the pretended prince of Wales was sir Theophilus's son; that she was sent to France, and barbarously used, to make her turn papist and nun, in order to prevent a discovery, but she made her escape to Switzerland, and from thence returned to England. She says, "Ann Oglethorpe told me that the first pretended prince of Wales died of convulsion fits, at the age of five or six weeks; but her mother had a little son some days older than the prince, and her mother took her little brother James, all in haste, and went to London; that her little brother and the prince were both sick together; and her little brother died, or was lost, but that it was a secret between her mother and queen Mary." It is something extraordinary, if true, that there is no record of Oglethorpe's birth on the parish register, in conformity with a long established custom of Great Britain; and I am indebted to the *Encyclopædia Periodensis*, and the journal of a private gentleman in Georgia, where his birthday was celebrated for the date which I have inserted.

art of war, under the famous prince Eugene, and other eminent commanders. He was patronised by the dukes of Argyle and Marlborough, by whose commendations he acted as secretary and aid-de-camp to the prince, though at an early period of life, and stored up much useful knowledge. It was said that he was offered some preferment in the German service, where he might have acquired the station which his companion, marshal Keith, afterwards obtained: but with a man of his sentiments, the obligations due to his country, and the services it required, were not to be dispensed with.

From the time of prince Eugene's campaigns, the pacific disposition of the powers of Europe, prevented the exercise of Oglethorpe's military talents for a considerable time: at length a field was opened in the western world, where he had an opportunity of displaying them, and giving evidence of the feelings of his heart.

He was appointed colonel of a regiment the twenty-fifth of August, 1737, with the rank of general and commander in chief over all the king's forces in Georgia and Southcarolina. It is said that he commanded the first regular force that was ever stationed in America, and that he was the first general to whom a chief command had been given over two provinces. He was appointed brigadier-general in the British army the thirtieth of March, 1745, and major-general, the thirteenth of September, 1747. He was elected member of parliament for Haslemere, in Surry, in 1722, 1727, 1734, 1741, and 1747; and during that period many regulations in the laws of England, for the benefit of trade, and the public weal generally, were proposed and promoted by him. In 1728, finding a gentleman, to whom he paid a visit in the Fleet prison, loaded with irons, and otherwise barbarously used, he engaged in a philanthropic inquiry into the state of the prisoners and jails in England; where, upon investigation, facts disgraceful to humanity were developed. He moved, in the house of commons, that a committee should be appointed to inquire into the state of the prisoners confined in the jails of Great Britain. A committee was accordingly appointed, and Oglethorpe who was its chairman, reported, in 1729, several resolutions, which induced the house to attempt a redress of many flagrant abuses.

Oglethorpe suggested a project for the consideration of a number of gentlemen, principally members of parliament, who lately had occasion to observe the miserable condition of prisoners confined in jails for debt: moved with compassion for their relief, they judged that if they were settled in some of the new colonies in North America, they might, instead of being a burthen and disgrace, be made beneficial to the nation.

On the fifteenth of July, 1732, he was vested with the functions of governor of Georgia, and in the ten succeeding years he crossed the Atlantic ocean six times, without fee or hope of reward, to forward his laudable design of settling the province. When he returned to England, for the last time, in 1743, he took with him an Indian boy, son of one of the chiefs, who received a pretty liberal education, and returned to Georgia a polished man; and when he went into the Creek nation, considerable expectations were entertained from his influence in planting the seeds of civilization amongst his countrymen; but he soon returned to his native habits.

General Oglethorpe, complimented colonel Noble Jones with his portrait in a neat frame, representing his Indian pupil standing by his side reading: it was lost when Savannah was captured by the British forces in December, 1778.

In 1745, he accompanied the duke of Cumberland into Scotland, which was his last military expedition. On the twenty-ninth of August, 1744, he married Eliza,* daughter of sir Nathan Wright, baronet, an heiress.

* Verses enclosed to a lady in Charleston, soon after Oglethorpe's marriage; who inquired when he would return to America:

“The fairest of Diana’s train,
For whom so many sigh’d in vain,
Has bound him in her silken chain,
From whence he’ll ne’er get loose again.

“The son of *Jove* and *Venus* knew,
Who bravely fought, could nobly woo,
And howsoe’er he dared in fight,
Was forc’d to yield to lovely *Wright*.

“Both charming, graceful, equal, fair,
Love glorying in so bright a pair;
Fortune and Nature both together,
Have left no vacant wish for either.

At the commencement of the American revolution, general Oglethorpe being the senior officer of sir William Howe, and now grown old in military fame without sullying his laurels, had the prior offer of the command of the forces appointed to subdue the colonies. He agreed to accept the appointment on condition the ministry would authorize him to assure the colonies, that justice should be done them. His proposal at once appeared the result of humanity and equity; he declared, that "He knew the people of America well; that they never would be subdued by arms, but that their obedience would ever be secured by doing them justice."† A man with these ideas was not a fit instrument for the designs of the British government: he was, therefore, agreeably to his own request, permitted to remain at home, where he was a quiet spectator of the folly of his country, through a seven years war with the colonies.

General Oglethorpe passed the eve of his life in easy retirement, at the seat of his wife, at Grantham hall, in Essex, where he died the thirtieth of June, 1785, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He had been seventy-four years in the British army, and at his death he was said to have been the oldest officer in the king's service. His moderation, and the simplicity of his whole deportment, his prudence, virtue, delight in doing good, real regard to merit, unaffected simplicity in all his actions, great knowledge and experience, generous care and concern for his fellow creatures, his mercy and benevolence, will admit of but few parallels in the history of human life.

More can be said of general Oglethorpe, than of the subject of any other prince in Europe: he founded the province of Georgia, in

"He, noble, generous, and brave;
She all the virtues wise men crave,
With manly judgment too beside,
As e'er made hero happy bride."

"Help, youths and virgins, help to sing,
The prize which *Hymen* now does bring:
I too my feeble voice will raise;
To name but *Oglethorpe*, is praise."

† *British Annual Register.*

America; he lived to see it flourish, and become of consequence to the commerce of Great Britain; he saw it in a state of resistance, and at length beheld it independent of its mother country; and of great political importance in one quarter of the globe.

POLITICAL STATE OF CANADA.

The picture of the political state of Canada, given by Mr. Heriot, who resided there several years in an official capacity, and has published his "Travels in Canada," will be interesting at the present moment.

PREVIOUS to the year 1660, the influence of law was altogether unknown in Canada. The authority was entirely military: and the will of the governor, or of his lieutenant, was submitted to without ever being questioned. The sole power of bestowing pardon, of inflicting punishment, of distributing rewards, of exacting fines, was vested in him alone. He could imprison without a shadow of delinquency, and cause to be revered as acts of justice all the irregularities of his caprice.

In the year mentioned above, a tribunal, to decide definitively on all law-suits of the colonists, was established in the capital. The *coutume de Paris*, modified by local combinations, formed the code of these laws.

During the first four years after Canada came into possession of the British, it was divided into three military governments. At Quebec, and at Three Rivers, officers of the army became judges in causes civil as well as criminal. These important functions were, at Montreal, committed to the better order of inhabitants. An equal want of legal information appears to have been the lot of all parties: and the commandant of the district, to whom an appeal from their sentences could be made, was no less defective in jurisprudence.

The coast of Labrador was, in 1764, dismembered from Canada, and added to the government of Newfoundland: and Lake Champlain, with all the territory to the southward of the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, was joined to the province of New-york.

The extensive regions to the north, and west of Michilimakinac, in Lake Huron, were left without any jurisdiction. The territory from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, as far as that island, was placed under the authority of one chief.

The laws of the admiralty of England were, at the same time, established there: but these could only have a reference to the subjects of that country, into whose hands the whole of the maritime commerce necessarily flowed. To this improvement, beneficial to the interests of the colony, another of yet greater importance was added. This was the criminal code of England.

Before the introduction of this equitable mode of administering justice, a criminal, real or supposed, could be seized, thrown into confinement, and interrogated, without a knowledge of his crime or of his accuser; without being able to call to his aid, or to the alleviation of his distress, either friends, relatives or counsel.

The Canadians readily conceived, and felt, in a lively manner, the inestimable advantage of a system of jurisdiction too equitable to admit of any of the tyrannical modes of procedure which they had before been accustomed to witness or experience.

These people viewed not, however, with an equal degree of satisfaction the introduction of the civil code of England. They were prompted by habit and prejudice to give a preference to the ancient system under which their property had been protected. The magistrates, and other administrators of justice, found it, therefore, expedient to depart from the letter of the law, and to incline in their decisions, to the maxims which had before prevailed.

By an act, called the Quebec act, passed in the British legislature in 1775, Canada was extended to its ancient limits; and its former system of civil law, the *coutume de Paris*, was restored. The criminal and maritime regulations of England were retained; free exercise of the Roman catholic religion was allowed: and the profession of that faith was declared to be no impediment to the rights of the subject, or to his holding any office under the colonial government. Ecclesiastical dimes, and feudal obligations, resumed their validity.

A council formed by the sovereign might annul these arrangements, and exercise any power except that of imposing taxes.

'This body consisted of the lieutenant-governor, chief justice, secretary of the province, and of twenty other members chosen indifferently from the two nations, and subject only to an oath of fidelity. Each of these received a salary of an hundred pounds sterling a year. The expenses of the civil government of the colony amounted, at that period, to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling a year, exclusive of the governor's salary. The amount of the colonial revenue exceeded not nine thousand pounds sterling.

This plan of vesting in the same individuals the executive and legislative powers was not, by any means, productive of satisfaction. The subjects who had emigrated thither from Great Britain, and who had established themselves in the colony, were displeased to behold a portion of their most valuable privileges withdrawn from their reach: and the Canadians, who had begun to relish the advantages of a free government, and who were encouraged to look forward for the introduction of the English constitution, viewed with concern a barrier interposed to the accomplishment of their expectations. The system was not contemplated with partiality, even on the part of the statesman by whom it was originally framed. But its temporary operation was considered as expedient, on account of the symptoms of discontent which had then appeared in several of the British provinces on the continent of North America.

The country continued to be governed in this mode until 1792. By an act of the thirty-first year of his present majesty's reign, the Quebec bill already mentioned, was repealed, and all the advantages of the British constitution extended to this part of the empire. Agreeably to this law, Quebec was divided into two separate provinces, the one called Upper, the other Lower Canada. A legislative council and an assembly were at the same time constituted to each: and these bodies were empowered, with the assent of the governor, to pass such laws as should not be repugnant to the act to which they owed their political existence. The legislative council of Upper Canada consists of not fewer than seven members; and that of Lower Canada of not fewer than fifteen, subject to be augmented according to the royal pleasure. The members must be natural born subjects, persons naturalized, or such persons as became subjects by the conquest and cession of the

country. By a residence out of their respective provinces for a period of four entire successive years, without leave from his majesty, or for the space of two continued years without leave from the governor, or by taking an oath of allegiance to any foreign power, the seats of any members of the legislative council become vacated. These offices are otherwise held during life. The right of appointing or of removing the speaker of the legislative council is vested in the governor.

His majesty reserves to himself the power of creating, whenever he may think it expedient, dignities or titles in these provinces, descendable to heirs male, who may have the privilege of being summoned, when of age, to a seat in the legislative council. But this, on account of certain incapacities, may be suspended during life, and be resumed by the next lawful heir, on the death of the party who had been so deprived of his privilege.

The governor, by the king's authority, is empowered to call a house of assembly, whose members must be chosen for the counties or circles, by persons possessed of landed property of the clear yearly value of forty shillings sterling or upwards. For the towns the representatives must be elected by voters whose property consists of a dwelling-house and lot of ground in the town, of the yearly value of five pounds sterling or upwards, or who have been resident in the town for twelve months next before the date of the writ of summons, and shall have paid one year's rent for a dwelling or lodging, at the rate of at least ten pounds sterling per annum.

The council and assembly must be convoked once in twelve months: and each legislature continues for a term of four years and no longer, subject, however, if necessary, to be dissolved previous to the expiration of that period.

The king in council may declare his disallowance of any provincial act within two years from the time of its receipt in England: and all bills reserved for his majesty's pleasure, are to have no operation or validity until the royal assent be communicated to the colonial legislature.

A court of civil jurisdiction, composed of the governor with the executive council, for the purpose of hearing and deciding on appeals from the courts of law, was, by the same act, established

in both provinces. From hence a further appeal may be made to the king in council.

The lands in Upper Canada must be granted in free and common socage: and those in the lower province must likewise be bestowed according to the same mode of tenure, if required by the grantee.

The governor of either province, upon being so authorized by his majesty, may with the advice of his council, erect parsonages, and endow them. He may also present incumbents, all of whom must be subject to the ecclesiastical power of the protestant bishop.

The operation of this act of the British legislature was, by proclamation of the lieutenant-governor, declared to take effect in both provinces on the twenty-sixth day of December 1791: and another proclamation was published on the seventh of May in the following year, for the division of the province of Lower Canada into counties, cities and boroughs. On the fourteenth of the same month writs were issued, returnable on the tenth of July. The names of the counties are; Gaspé, Cornwallis, Devon, Hertford, Dorchester, Buckinghamshire, Richelieu, Bedford, Surrey, Kent, Huntingdon, York, Montreal, Effingham, Leinster, Warwick, St. Maurice, Hampshire, Quebec county, Northumberland, Orleans. The cities, Quebec, upper and lower town, Montreal, eastward and westward divisions; boroughs, William Henry or Sorel, and Three Rivers.

An act was passed in 1794 for the division of the province of Lower Canada into three districts, and for augmenting the number of judges; in consequence of which, the courts of judicature at Quebec are now composed of a chief justice and three puisne judges; those of Montreal of a chief justice and three puisne judges; that of Three Rivers, of one judge; and that of Gaspé, of one judge.

The number of *noblesse* born in the province amounted, during the French government, to more than that of all the other colonies. This circumstance originated from several families there having been ennobled by the sovereign, and from several officers of the regiment of Carignan-Salières having remained in the colony after the reduction of their corps. The population thus consisted, in a considerable proportion, of gentlemen who found themselves in

situations by no means affluent. They became, therefore, necessitated to avail themselves of the privilege granted by Louis the fourteenth to persons in their condition; and had recourse, for their support, to the occupation of retailers of merchandise.

The right of the chase and of fishing is here extended to all persons. The taxes, chiefly derived from wine and spirituous liquors, can by no means be considered as burdensome.

The inhabitants of Canada may be divided into four classes—those belonging to the church and to religious orders; the *noblesse* or *seigneurs*; the mercantile body; and the landholders, styled *habitants*.

The Roman catholic clergy of the province are more distinguished by devotion, benevolence, inoffensive conduct, and humility, than they are by learning or genius. They are regular and rigid in the practice of their religious ceremonies, and more devout, with perhaps less bigotry, than the ecclesiastics of any other country where the same religion prevails.

The merchants are of two kinds, the importers and the retailers. The latter receive the merchandise on credit, and being settled in different parts of the province, give produce in return for their goods.

In 1783 an account was taken of the number of inhabitants in the province; it was found to amount to one hundred and thirteen thousand of English and French; exclusive of the loyalists who settled in the upper province, and were in number about ten thousand. The population of Lower Canada may at present be admitted, by moderate computation, to be not less than two hundred and fifty thousand persons; and that of the upper province eighty thousand.

The secular and regular priests in the country exceed not a hundred and eighty: and the number of nuns of different orders may amount to two hundred and fifty. There are upwards of a hundred and twenty churches, and seven convents.

In Lower Canada, acquisition of property of two kinds may be made; the one in the dependance on a *seigneur*; the other from government, in free and common socage. Lands of the last description are divided into *townships*, and each township into lots of two hundred acres each, receding in depth from the front line;

When a person obtains twelve hundred acres, he pays half the expense of the survey, and his proportion of fees: and two-sevenths of the land are reserved for the disposal of government.

The borders of the great river, and those of most of the rivers which disembogue themselves into it, are occupied by *seigneuries* under the regulation of the French laws. The lands at the disposal of government, part of which are conceded, lie retired in the depths, between the rivers Chaudiere, Saint Francis, Yamaska, and Chamblay, extending to the forty-fifth parallel, and are subject to English rights.

The usual conditions adopted in letting farms^s are, that the proprietor should furnish the cattle, and incur the expense of clearing, of making new ditches and fences, and of supplying utensils of husbandry. The produce of every description is afterwards equally divided between him and the farmer. The public charges are, a contribution of labour, or of money, for the repair of roads and bridges, and the payment of the ecclesiastical *dime*, at a twenty-sixth part on wheat, oats, barley, rye, and pease.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MONTAIGNE.

THIS writer has debased the quality of his excellent essays by the grossest egotism. In the very first, entitled “*Par divers Moyens, on arrive à pareille fin,*” the following instance occurs. Remarking on the compassionate disposition of some celebrated princes, he concludes by saying—“*l'un et l'autre de ces deux moyens*” (*d'exciter la pitié*) “*m'emporterait aisement, car j'ai une merveilleuse l'aschete ver la misericorde et mansuetude!*”

In his essay “*De la Tristesse,*” he gives an account of Diodorus the schoolmaster, who died with shame, and then observes, “*Je suis peu en prise a ces violentes passions; Jail l'apprehension naturellement dure: et l'encrouste est espassi, tous les jours, par discours!*”

The following remark on the various abuses of reason is very just.—What will the admirers and worshippers of English com-

mon law, and the sticklers for the despotic doctrines of prescription say to the concluding anathema?

“ They who do her (Reason) most honour, who consult her oftenest, and obey her too, very often, are still guilty of limiting her authority, according to maxims, and rules, and schemes, that chance, or ignorance, or interest, first devised, and that custom sanctifies. CUSTOM, that result of the passions and prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few: that ape of reason, who usurps her seat, exercises her power, and is obeyed by mankind in her stead.

BOLINGBROKE—*Letter to Bathurst.*

Physical man is every where the same, it is only the various operation of moral causes that gives variety to the social or individual character and condition. How happens it, that modern slavery looks quietiy at the despot, on the very spot where Leonidas expired? The answer is easy. Sparta has not changed her climate, but she has lost that government which her liberty could not survive.

CURRAN.

KEEN SARCASM.

Machiavel once declared, that he would rather be sent to Hell after death, than to Paradise; because he should find nothing in Heaven but beggars, poor monks and apostles; but in Hell he should live with popes, cardinals, kings and princes!

“ GROTESQUE.”

Benvenuto Cellini, in describing various designs for the embellishment of silver and steel work, says—“ These foliages (referring to ornaments of the flower kind, worked on metal) have received that name (grotesque) from the moderns, because they are found in certain caverns in Rome, which in ancient days were chambers, baths, studies, halls and other places of the like nature. The curious happened to discover them in these subterranean caverns, which being commonly called grottos, they have thence acquired the name of grotesque. *Nugent's Life of Cellini*, v. 1, p. 114.

Cellini asserts, that he was the person who shot the duke of Bourbon at the siege of Rome, so finely described by Robertson in his *Charles V*, p. 130.

In v. I, p. 156, he states that he got an order from the duke of Mantua, to make a shrine for the relic of the *blood of Christ!* It is said to have been brought to Mantua by Longinus!!—*credula turba sumus.*

The following conceit is remarkable for its oddity.—Ovid, describing a storm, says:

— Tanta vertigine, Pontus
Fervet.—Met.

In other words, the sea has got the *vertigo*.

“ DO HIS BUSINESS,”

t. c. to kill him.—This metaphorical expression is older than many suppose.—*Juvenal*, among the dangers of the town, mentions foot-pads, who, he says,

Interdum, et ferro subitus grassatur, *agit rem.*

I called to see my friend T—— a few days ago, and found him nearly asleep, with Coke Littleton before him. On rousing him he exclaimed, “Don’t censure me—Horace says, “Opere in longo, fas est obrepere somnum”—which he humorously translated, “It is lawful to fall asleep over a big book!”

— ECCENTRICITY.

William Emerson, the great mathematician, was one of the most eccentric characters of the last century. When in company, he always wore a flaxen wig, without a crooked hair. He had one hat, which served him all his life—one coat, which he always wore open—his waistcoat open to the lowest button,—and his shirt close before, and fastened behind at the collar. He disliked riding either on horseback or in a carriage—and once, when the duke of Manchester asked him to take a seat in his coach, he answered, “damn your whim wham, I would rather walk.” He was fond of fishing, and would stand up to his middle in water when engaged in it. When tired with study, he resorted to a neighbouring alehouse, where he drank and talked with any one that would drink and talk with him. He lived to the age of eighty-one. He never advanced a proposition before he had first tried it in practice.

Doctor Johnson appears to have thought it not impossible to succeed in transmuting metals into gold.—“The art, he once observed, might one day be generally known.—*Boswell's Life*, 2d v.

This great man made a strange mistake, when he imagined himself “a good-humoured fellow.” Boswell told him, very properly—“No, sir; you are *good natured*, but not good-humoured: you are irascible. You have not patience with folly and absurdity. I believe you would pardon them, if there were time to deprecate your vengeance; but punishment follows so quick after sentence, that they cannot escape.” *idem.*

Bolingbroke averred that the faint and unsteady exercise of parts on one side, was a crime but one degree inferior to the iniquitous misapplication of them on the other.

The political and literary character of this great writer is well drawn in the following extracts:

Goldsmith says of him, “that with as much ambition—as great abilities—and more acquired knowledge than Cæsar, he wanted only his courage to be successful: but the schemes his head dictated, his heart often refused to execute; and he lost the ability to perform, just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage.”

The second is from Lyttleton's letters.—Bolingbroke has asserted that no one who has a soul can read Tully's orations without feeling at this hour the passions they were designed to move, and the spirit they were designed to raise. Upon this lord Lyttleton remarks—“I suspect the truth of this assertion, as I well know that he would at any time sacrifice a just criticism to a brilliant passage. His character and genius were both intemperate, and when his tongue or his pen were pleased with their subjects, he was borne rapidly on, by the stream of eloquence, not considering or caring whither he went. When his imagination was once kindled, it was an equal chance whether he obscured virtue, or dignified vice. The source of his delusive writings was an headstrong vivid fancy, which practised as great deceits upon himself, as he had ever done upon mankind.” *O.*

The following good maxims, although much older, are not less sensible and concise than any in Rochefoucault or La Bruyere. They are extracted from a miscellaneous work of Elizabeth Grymeston, published in 1604:

The end of a dissolute life is a desperate death.—There was never president to the contrary but in the theefe in the Gospel. In one, lest any should despair—in one alone, lest any should presume.

Let thy will be thy friend, thy minde thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.

Age may gaze at beauties blossoms, but youth climbs the tree and enjoys the fruit.

There be four good mothers have four bad daughters, Truth hath Hatred, Prosperity hath Pride, Security hath Peril, and Familiarity hath Contempt.

Wisdom is that olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

The soul is the greatest thing in the least continent.

No greater comfort than to know much, no less labour than to say little.

Give a lazie clerke a lean fee.

The following merry advice to equestrians, though as old as the time of Geofrey Gambado, may be read for the hundredth time, and always excite a smile:

THE height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the sensation of continually getting forward: whereas the riding a horse of a contrary make, is like swarming the bannisters of a staircase, when, though perhaps, you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

The less he lifts his fore legs, the easier he will move for his rider: and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse be not a gray one) is to be preferred; as in the night, although you may yourself ride against what you please, no one will ride against you.

His nose cannot project too much from his neck; for by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

A horse's ears cannot well be too long. A judicious rider steers his course, by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now-a-days, in a dusky evening, the rider might wander the Lord knows where.

I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me, very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed as much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider be in full possession of his own, what his horse has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman choosing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him; be well satisfied with his method of going; be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a "Wohey;" and, after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see: and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he: and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear? I flatter myself, I have proved as clear as day, that eyes are of little consequence: and as I am, no doubt, the first author that has made it known, my readers, if they lose no time, may mount themselves at Aldridge's, or the Rhedarium, as well, and for half the money they would have done, before I let them into the secret.

Be sure to buy a broken-knee'd horse, whenever he falls in your way. The best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day or another; whereas one that has fallen (and scarified himself pretty much) never will again if he can help it.

Spavins, splints, corns, mallenders, sallenders, &c. &c. being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of these little infirmi-

ties in your stable are always a subject of conversation: and you may, perhaps, now and then want one. It will likewise justify you to your lady, in embellishing your bookcase with Bracken, Gibson, Bartlett, and Griffiths; excellent authors in their way, and extremely useful! for you will have no occasion to send for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourself how to make up a good stout and effectual dose of physic for your wife or servants, in the gooseberry season, and at the fall of the leaf.

I would recommend a long tail, if to be had for love or money. If that is not to be got, buy a horse with a rat tail, if possible; though inferior in point of convenience to the former, there is a *je ne sait quoi* of comicality about it, that inclines us to merriment whenever it makes its appearance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LATIN TRANSLATION OF BLACK EYED SUSAN.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

OBSERVING in your last number the Christmas Verses of Vincent Bourne, I have copied, for your service, his translation of the old song of Black Eyed Susan, which is, in my opinion, one of the happiest productions of modern Latinity. D.

GULIELMUS SUSANNÆ VALEDICENS.

I.

In statione fuit classis, fusisque per auras
Ludere vexillis et fluitare dedit;
Cum navem ascendit Susanna; O dicite, nautæ
Nostræ ubi deliciæ sunt? ubi noster amor?

I.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving to the wind,
When black eyed Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?

Dicite vos animi fortés, sed dicite verum,
Agminibus vestris num Gulielmus inest?

II.

Pendulus in summi Gulielmus vertice mali
Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infrâ
Prœmisit gemitum, nec piger ipse sequi:
Vixque manu tangens funes, et prœpete labens
Descensu, alati fulguris instar, adest.

III.

Sic alto in cœlo tremulis se librât ut alis,
Si sociæ accipiat forsan alauda sonos,
Devolat extemplo; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
In charæ nidum præcipitatur avis.
Basia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
Navarcha optârit maximus esse sua.

IV.

Suave meum, et vitâ Susanna ô charior ipsâ,
Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

III.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain!

Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer illam:
 Gratior ut reditu sit, Gulielmus abit,
 Quò velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
 Cor meum, ut ad boream nautica vergit acus.

V.

Terrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
 Tentabunt dubio solicitare metu:
 In quovis portu, sed noli ô! credere, dicent,
 Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
 Quin ô! quin credas; quodcunque invisero littus,
 Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis et ardor eris.

VI.

Sive Indus gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis Afer,
 Seu mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
 Esse domi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
 Quas ostentet Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
 Quodcunque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo,
 Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, tui.

Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass which still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present whereso'er I go.

VI.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale:
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object which I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

VII.

Nec, mea lux, doleas; patriæ si causa requirat,
Ut procul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo;
Qui tibi, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
Post aliquot menses restituendus ero.
Ne dulces istos contristet fletus ocellus,
Mille avertendo tela, cavebit Amor.

VIII.

Solvere naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus:
Dixit uterque, Vale; et lacrymis simul oscula miscens,
Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
Invita et tardè ad terram Susanna recedit,
Et niveâ repetit, Vive, valeque, manu.

VII.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls which round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TEA AND SAGE, A FABLE, IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

NOTE.—The herb *sage*, so cheap in America and Europe, is scarce and valuable in China, where it is used somewhat as we use the very common plant called tea. So says, at least, the Spanish author; and whether true or not, the fact must be conceded by the reader, or the ground-work of the fable fails.

Though some believe the time gone by
 When plants could talk like you and I;
 Yet, if you please, I can relate
 An instance of quite modern date.

Two herbs encountered once at sea
 (The one was Sage, the other Tea;) And with well bred and courteous greeting,
 Expressed their pleasure at the meeting,
 And joy to see each other well:
 “But,” said the Sage, “friend Tea, pray tell,
 Why from your native clime you come,
 And whither this way do you roam?”
 “The dangerous deep I wander o'er,
 To seek Columbia's distant shore,
 Where, it is said, I much am sought,
 And for the richest prices bought;
 At home I'm held of little worth,
 Because, you know, in all the earth,
 No country has so little taste”—
 “Stop,” said the Sage, “not too much haste,
 First tell, how do they value me?”
 “Most highly; there we must agree.”
 “Alas! my country thinks not so,
 For there, you'll find, I'm held as low,
 As any herb that drinks the dew,
 While all admire and seek for you.
 And still your wonder to increase,
 At their extravagant caprice,

In wines, in furniture, and dress,
 In arts and sciences, no less,
 All that is native is despis'd,
 And all that's foreign highly priz'd:
 In vain the poet wooes his muse,
 His countrymen their praise refuse;
 The painter bids his canvass glow,
 With Nature's forms of joy or wo;
 In vain, obliged to ply his tools
 In copying works of foreign schools.
 The fields of Science and of Taste,
 For want of culture, there, lay waste;
 While Fashion all her plaudits lends
 To praise whatever Europe sends.
 Thus Trumbull's wit, and Barlow's sense,
 To rivalry make no pretence
 With Byron's splenetic abuse,
 And Scott's degraded trifling muse.
 Paine* is forgot, and Wilson dies,
 Without a poet's obsequies.
 In vain the hills majestic rise,
 They please no partial gazer's eyes;
 In vain the graceful streams are roll'd,
 Their beauties in no verse are told.
 In vain, my country, art thou blest,
 With *all* the charms of *all* the rest;
 If we behold in thee alone,
 A country to itself unknown."

VIVIAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LOVE AND JOY.

The design taken from an ancient story.

WHEN o'er the earth celestial Virtue reigned,
 And Pride and Passion were alike restrained;

* The sagacious herb probably intended Paine the *poet*, not the politician.

When mutual Truth could every heart engage,
And Peace and Concord formed the golden age,
Bright rose the form of Joy, and from the sky
She came, with blooming cheek, and sparkling eye.
Her cherub smiles, in cloudless sunshine drest,
Beamed on mankind, and all their labours blest.
Light was her figure, as the buoyant air
That waved her robe, and sported with her hair;
Her fairy limbs, through silken webs displayed,
Danced in the sun, or glittered in the shade.
Young Love beheld—and while in heart subdued,
He gazed, and followed, and with ardor wooed.
His melting sighs, his soft enchanting face,
His tender eloquence, and winning grace,
Allured her smiles, and while the captive sung,
Her heart enraptured on his accents hung.
Their growing years matured their early choice,
And this bright union made the world rejoice.
Where'er they moved the flowers burst forth to view,
The sweet rose budded, and the myrtle grew;
The conscious sun with brighter brilliance rose,
His setting beams still radiant in repose;
All Nature bloomed, and every bird in air,
Sang the blest harmony that triumphed there.

And long they reigned, till sunk in ease, mankind
Lost the bright image of th' All-perfect mind.
The seeds of evil in the heart were shed,
And o'er the earth their baneful poison spread;
The heavenly path of Innocence and Grace,
Man's devious footsteps could no longer trace;
Clouds rolled on clouds, portentous storms arose,
And every blessing brought impending woes.
Then in this hour of terror and despair,
With wings expanded to the opening air,
Joy took her flight, and with averted eyes,
Fled like a passing spirit to the skies.

Her soaring charms the eye of LOVE beheld,
While sighs convulsive through his bosom swelled;
One tear of melting tenderness he shed,
And his light pinions in a moment spread.
Then as he rose transported from the earth,
With songs triumphant, and with smiling mirth,
HOPE, the fair guardian of his infant years,
That moment saw—and guided by her fears,
With arms extended, with affection warm,
Caught to her bosom his ascending form.
His easy youth, she flattered and caressed,
Played with his locks, and lulled him on her breast;
And soon her smile, with heaven-directed beam,
Soothed his young fancy, like a pleasing dream.
Her patient fondness, watched his falling tears,
Charmed his lone hours, and chased his rising fears;
Till with new warmth his throbbing heart would glow,
View his lost Joy, and triumph in his wo.

But while on HOPE, he would delighted gaze,
And bask unclouded in her cheering rays;
While distant prospects opened to his view,
Which thought had kindled, and which fancy drew,
Slowly and sad a sullen form arose,
Which roused his bosom from its blest repose.
Dark was her visage, as the gloom of night,
When not a moon-beam cheers the traveller's sight.
Unceasing frowns her restless mind confess,
While wreaths of cypress round her temples prest;
Her hair disordered, o'er her shoulders hung,
And half-formed accents trembled on her tongue;
In tearful grief, her sunken eye was raised,
And SORROW mourned, while LOVE in terror gazed.
Oh LOVE! 'twas then that fallen man decreed
This fatal bride, thy wandering steps to lead.
Yet HOPE forsook him not, for when the boy
Would turn and weep for his departed Joy;

When he would paint the glowing vision near,
With look so sweet, his gloomy life to cheer,
HOPE whispered soft, and while she still pursued,
Alternate smiles and tears his hours renewed.
When SORROW wounded, HOPE would heal the smart,
And pour her balsam in his bleeding heart.

From the sad union of this fated pair;
One virgin sprung, and she supremely fair.
Her pensive aspect, and benignant mien,
Spoke the soft feeling, and the soul serene,
Which o'er her form, and mild seraphic face,
Shed the pure light of Heaven's inspiring grace.
On her fair head, a mingling wreath was wove,
Of SORROW's cypress, and the flowers of LOVE;
The father's sweetness, and the mother's gloom,
So formed and blended with her native bloom,
That when she smiled, a sad and mournful ray
Beamed from her eye, and chased the smile away.
Her plaintive voice, that o'er the senses stole,
Poured such a tranquil pleasure through the soul,
That all who saw and felt her magic aid,
Called her sweet PITY, and adored the maid.

Yet not the splendid court, where Pleasure's train,
In one unclouded sunshine, seem to reign,
Can tempt the nymph, or prompt the secret sigh,
Or rouse unsought her bosom's sympathy.
On the cold bank of some deserted stream,
Where the pale moon sheds forth her faintest beam,
She loves to sit, and with her lute she tries
To blend the music of her softest sighs;
So pure the strain, that when Misfortune's near,
Adoring angels leave their heaven to hear.
Beloved and loving, she delights to be
The guardian friend, and staff of Misery;
And when she listens to the tale of Wo,
Her tears unchecked, in bitter streams will flow.

Oh! what were man, deserted and forlorn,
A prey to SORROW, and by Passion torn,
If Heaven in mercy, had not promised rest,
And sent sweet PITY to assuage his breast.
Where'er he roams, her spirit never sleeps,
And PITY still is found, where SORROW weeps.

Through the sad world, as SORROW bends her way,
To wound mankind, and lead the heart astray;
With restless power to lacerate and tear
The breast, that LOVE would rescue from Despair,
Kind PITY follows, while she seeks to find
The roughest path that SORROW leaves behind.
O'er faded flowers, and many a rankling thorn,
With bosom throbbing, and with garments torn,
Still, still unwearied, she no danger heeds,
But treads the steps, where gloomy SORROW leads.
And oft she pauses, while her heart bewails
Full many a scene that o'er her power prevails;
Yet long she strives, and can with HOPE sustain
The heaviest yoke of SORROW's wretched train.
There the poor maniac mourns the wreck of mind,
There Death destroys, and leaves the blow behind;
There Slander stings, there Malice points the dart,
And Envy's scorpion rankles in the heart;
There the waste form, just sinking to the grave,
Pleads through the famished eye, "oh! PITY save!"
And not forsaken—while each pang they feel,
Her generous hand can mitigate and heal;
While from the cheek she wipes the bitter tear,
And pours her voice like music on the ear.
Safe on her bosom, may the wearied head
Recline in peace, when every blessing's fled.
There, though the wanderer seek for HOPE in vain,
And find delusion aggravate his pain,
There, may he feel the balm her power bestows.
And rest on PITY, and forget his woes.

Such is thy task, sweet PITY! to assuage
The storms of youth, and sooth the cares of age.

But the blest time is near, when powers unkind,
No more shall triumph o'er the human mind;
When sin and suffering shall be done away,
And clouds no more obscure the face of day;
When with dark SORROW, man no more shall mourn,
From dust she came, to dust she must return.
Then shall meek PITY, doubtful of her birth,
Raise her soft eyes to heaven, then sink to earth,
As from a mortal parent she arose,
Her work fulfilled, shall sleep in soft repose.
But HOPE, fair HOPE, aspiring still to rise,
Shall soar in air, but never reach the skies;
Her radiant spirit, which to earth was given,
Shall melt and vanish at the gate of heaven.
Then once again, the beams of JOY, more bright,
Shall bless the world with renovating light;
Millennial glory, give perfection birth,
And a new Eden blossom on the earth;
While LOVE absolved, shall every cloud destroy,
And live forever with immortal JOY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHEN pleasure beams from Emma's eyes,
Inspiring all with social glee,
I cannot check obtrusive sighs;
Can this be purely Sympathy?

When Pity fills those eyes with tears,
I joy the precious gems to see;
Her sorrow more than mirth endears;
Can this be purely Sympathy?

When trembling chords, touch'd by her hand,
Aid her sweet voice with harmony,
I cannot join the applauding band:
Can this be purely Sympathy?

When but one look, one word's convey'd
With affable regard to me,
Tremors my fainting frame pervade:
Can this be purely Sympathy?

'Tis more—but Hope no gleam bestows,
Nor will Despair e'en set me free;
Death only can relieve my woes:
My tomb alone claim Sympathy.

Yet why do visions still impart,
What waking sure can never be;
When clasping Emma to my heart,
Her bosom beats with Sympathy.

Last night, methought, Oh dream divine!
Emma and I, with bended knee,
Receiv'd a wreath at Virtue's shrine,
Bestow'd by Love and Sympathy.

Leave me, oh leave me, genial pow'rs,
To Emma's gentle bosom flee;
Before her path strew all your flow'rs,
Oh! yield me to my destiny.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

DISSATISFIED, I scarce knew why,
A leaf from off a rose I tore,
And on it wrote, but with a sigh,
That I would never see you more.

A sudden storm propitious blows,
And sure it heaven-directed blew,
Away the wounded rose-leaf goes,
And with it all my anger too.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—NAVAL SONGS.

Sons of the deep! ye spirits brave,
 Whose victories saved a nation's fame;
 From whom the rulers of the wave
 First learn'd the pangs of fear and shame.
 To you the goblet's flowing free,
 To you we fill where'er you roam,
 Whether you brave the stormy sea,
 Or dare the thunderer in his home!

Skilful and bold, by labour nurst,
 By honour taught, by hardship tried;
 In danger and in glory first,
 Your country's hope, her joy, her pride!
 To your loved names, ye gallant few,
 Our souls the song of triumph raise,
 And future years shall swell for you
 The fondly lingering notes of praise.

Long may your flag its lustre shed
 O'er the wild waters of the main;
 Long may the laurel crown your head,
 And never, never, wear a stain!
 To you, with soul-enamouring beam,
 Dear woman's magic eye shall turn;
 Your deeds shall be the sage's theme,
 And o'er the story youth shall burn.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THIS life, boys, at best's but a rough sort of trip,
 And we've nothing but honour to lose;
 So, 'tis better, d'ye see, ere we give up the ship,
 Like Lawrence to finish life's cruise.
 For I fancy we'll all meet at Davy's again
 As jovial as e'er we met here.
 Then what do we value the scoff on the free,
 That from France and from England's self starts?
 They may count us their hulks till they're tir'd, d'ye see,
 And we'll count them as many true hearts,

That can stick to their moorings thro' life's foulest
squalls,

And still face the world as it goes.

So the ninnies we'll baulk who dare think we'll descend .

Our rights on the seas to forego—

We have biscuit and grog for a true-hearted friend,

And a merry three cheers for a foe:

For the world and its great ones may change as they
please,

But a sailor's a sailor, boys, still;

Then let the cold heart in its own baseness freeze,

That thinks we'll be shy on the waves—

Shall we skulk, boys, and hunt out by-ways thro' the seas,

Like cowardly rovers or slaves?

Away with such gabble and nonsense, say I,

While we've Yankee colours to show:

We don't know the count of his ships who's our foe,

And, what is yet more, we don't care;

For ourselves, to the very heart's core, lads, we know;

And so, come foul weather or fair,

I'm for setting top-gallants and booming ahead,

And we'll turn by for none as we go:

Then, huzza! for free trade, and our rights as we be,

'Tis a whim that we like more and more;

And sailors must have out their whims, d'ye see,

Whether fighting or jigging on shore—

So, huzza! for free trade and for colours mast high,

No skulking or quibbling for me:

Whether Bainbridge, or Hull, or Decatur commands,

Rogers, Biddle, or Jones, 'tis all one—

Huzza! and huzza! and huzza! sing all hands,

And yard arm to yard arm's the fun!

Then lubbers stand clear! we have work to do, boys,

For 'tis England's old cross must come down;

And we'll rake, till sly death our hearts' cables shall slip,

The command that our Lawrence has giv'n—

He was dying—says he, "Boys don't give up the ship!"

And the words took his soul off to heav'n!

Brave heart! he is gone to his rest—never mind!
We are here to fight under him still;
So, no more of vain talking, or whining or art—
We've to fight for the rights of the states;
And, with Honour our pilot, with Justice our chart,
Good Humour and Friendship our mates:
They'll find, if we've biscuit and grog for a friend,
We've a merry three cheers for a foe.

X. A.





Walter Scott

Edwin Sc

O. H. Perry Esq.

of the United States Navy.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1814.

NO. III.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF COMMODORE PERRY.

If a man, who has rendered his name illustrious by services to his country, derives any reflected splendor from his ancestry, few have stronger claims on that score than the subject of the present biography. His great ancestor, Edmund Perry, was born in Devonshire, England, and was one of the earliest settlers of the then colony of Massachusetts. He was a public speaker of the society called Friends, and was compelled to quit that colony on account of his religious opinions, and to seek a residence in South Kingston, Rhodeisland. He had three sons, Samuel, James and Benjamin, who inherited the same religious principles with their father. Benjamin, the great grand-father, was born in the year 1673. Freeman, his youngest son, by a second marriage, was born in South Kingston, on the second day of February in 1732, and in 1756 married the daughter of Oliver Hazard, esquire, brother to the honourable George Hazard, lieutenant-governor of the then colony of Rhodeisland. The grand-father, Freeman Perry, was for many years clerk of the court, member of the legislature, judge, &c. in his native state, the duties of which various offices

he discharged with great credit and ability. He died at South Kingston, in October, 1813, in the eighty-second year of his age. Christopher Raymond Perry, the father, was born December 4, 1761. Notwithstanding his youth, at the commencement of the American revolution, he took a very active part, and was often found fighting both by land and sea in the service of his country. He always acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his commanders; the port of danger was with him the port of honour. In October, 1784, he was married to Sarah Alexander, a lady born in Ireland, but of Scotch extraction; descended, on the maternal side, from the Wallaces, so celebrated in the annals of Scotland; a name which Oliver would have borne had it not been changed to Hazard, in consequence of the sudden death of a beloved uncle. This excellent woman has ever devoted herself to the education of her children, and formed their youthful minds to early habits of virtue and religion. So successful has she been in these attempts, that neither the glare of arms, and the pomp and bustle of a military life have been able to seduce the mind of captain Perry from those salutary impressions which he received in early youth. At the age of seven years, he was placed at Mr. Frasier's school in Newport, and under that able and excellent teacher he made considerable progress in his studies. In April 1799, he received a midshipman's warrant, and was attached to the United States' ship General Greene, under the command of his father, with whom he sailed until the reduction of the navy. At this time his father received the following letter from the honourable secretary of the navy:

"Navy Department, April 3, 1801.

" SIR,

" The act providing for the peace establishment of the navy of the United States, has imposed on the president a painful duty. It directs him to select nine gentlemen from amongst the captains of the navy of the United States, and to permit the remaining commanders to retire from public service, with the advance of four months extra pay. I have deemed it a duty, therefore, as early as possible to inform you, that you will be amongst those whose services, however reluctantly, will be dispensed with. You will

transmit to the accountant of the navy a statement of your account, for pay and subsistence, &c. to the twentieth instant, inclusive; on receipt of which it will be adjusted, and the balance due you, including the four months extra pay, will be transmitted to you, or paid to your order. Permit me to assure you, that the president has a just sense of the services rendered by you to your country, and that I am, with sentiments of respect,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ *By order of Henry Dearborn, acting Secretary of the Navy,*

“ S. SMITH.

“ Captain CHR. R. PERRY.”

On the breaking out of the Tripolitan war, Mr. Perry was ordered to join the frigate Adams, commanded by captain Campbell, with whom he sailed for the Mediterranean. This frigate was then lying in the harbour of Newport, and arrived at Gibraltar on the thirteenth of July, 1802. Here they were met by commodore Morris in the Chesapeake, and lieutenant Sterret of the Enterprise. After waiting a month at this place, they proceeded as far as Malaga, with a convoy of merchant ships, and then returned to watch a Tripolitan ship lying at the rock of Gibraltar. Here they lay for ten months watching the Tripolitans, at which time they were joined by commodore Preble, with the Constellation, accompanied by the Newyork, John Adams, and the Enterprise. Commodore Preble here shifted his flag from the Constellation to the Newyork, and ordered the Constellation, then commanded by captain Barron, to the United States. On the seventh of April, Mr. Perry sailed from Gibraltar for the United States, in the frigate Adams, with a convoy of ten sail of merchantmen. They touched at Malaga, Alicant, Barcelona, and after staying a few days at the latter place, proceeded for Leghorn, and thence to Naples. During this cruise, and on his birth-day (at seventeen years of age) he was promoted to an acting lieutenancy. Whilst in the Mediterranean station, lieutenant Perry embraced an opportunity afforded by the indulgence of his commander, of visiting many of the capital cities, and examining many of the curiosities both of Italy and Spain. He had also an opportunity of seeing whatever was worthy of notice in the Italian islands, as well as on the Barbary side. He was

at Tangiers, Ceuta, Algiers, Tunis, Derne, and Tripoli. From Naples the frigate sailed to Stromboli. Lieutenant Perry remained in the Mediterranean until commodore Morris left that station, and with him he returned to the United States. On lieutenant Perry's return to Newport, from this long and fatiguing cruise, he strenuously applied himself to the study of mathematics.

On the fifth of July, 1804, lieutenant Perry was again ordered to the Constellation under his old commander captain Campbell. This frigate was then fitting out at Washington, and destined to join our squadron at Malta, then under the command of commodore Barron. He remained on board the Constellation until he was ordered by captain Campbell as first lieutenant on board of the Nautilus, during the time that captain Evans and captain Dent assumed the command. He was attached to the Nautilus until commodore Rodgers assumed the command of the American squadron, by whom he was ordered on board of his own ship, the Constitution, where he remained until the conclusion of peace with the regency of Tripoli. Afterwards commodore Rodgers shifted his flag to the Essex, retained Mr. Perry with him as the second lieutenant, and with him he returned to the United States.

After this second Mediterranean cruise, lieutenant Perry applied himself with redoubled diligence to the study of mathematics, and to the rudiments of navigation. He had already been conversant with practice: and he was thus enabled to read and to compare what he read with his own experience, and to improve himself both by theoretical and practical knowledge. During the embargo, he was appointed to the command of seventeen gunboats, stationed at the harbour of Newyork, the duties of which he executed with his usual promptitude, industry and perseverance.

In all these incidents we may discover rather a narrative of occurrences, than a description of the character of lieutenant Perry. None of these events have served to throw out his peculiar and distinguishing characteristics. It is time to come to more specific detail, and we shall find an intrepidity which no misfortune could disturb, surpassed only by the modesty with which it is surrounded. In the year 1810, lieutenant Perry super-

seded captain Jones in the command of the United States' schooner Revenge, attached to the squadron commanded by commodore Rodgers. Lieutenant Perry received the orders of his commander to commence a survey, beginning at the westernmost extreme of Gardiner's bay, on a parallel to extend five leagues south of the south side of Long-island, and north, so as to intersect the Connecticut shore; thence as far eastward as to include the whole of Connecticut, as far as the easternmost extremity of Newport, and the harbours adjacent thereto; from which the north and south parallel of the eastern boundary of the chart was to extend so far south that the intersecting east and west parallel, forming the southern margin of the chart, would take in Gay-head and Block-island. He was, by the orders of his commander, first to survey the harbour of Newport, and then to return to Newlondon. In the execution of this duty, the schooner was wrecked on a reef of rocks, called Watch-hill-reef, at the entrance of Fisher's-island sound. By the indefatigable exertions of the officers and crew, almost every thing of value was saved from the wreck, and the life of every person on board was preserved, notwithstanding the heavy swell rendered the approach extremely difficult and hazardous. A court of inquiry was ordered by the commodore, consisting of captain Isaac Hull, and lieutenants Charles Morris and Charles Ludlow; names dear to the memory of Americans. Lieutenant Perry, on his examination before the court, gave a modest and perspicuous detail; but cautiously and modestly concealed his own individual agency in attempting to save the stores and the men. In the examination of the junior officers, this fact is stated, which the court would never have learnt from his own lips: "At sunset the wind changed to the northward, and blew heavy on the reef, when the sea increasing, and the vessel going fast to pieces, it was determined to leave her; and the captain, and such part of the officers as remained on board, landed at Watch-hill—*captain Perry being the last person that left the wreck!*" It seldom happens that an officer is first recommended to the notice and favourable regards of his government by his misfortunes. Such, however, was the case in the present instance, and lieutenant Perry, from that hour, became a favourite in the navy department. He laid the foundation of his future ce-

lebrity in his misfortune. The following letter from the secretary of the navy, to the commodore, sanctions these ideas, and one particular passage appears to be beautifully prophetic.

"*Navy Department, February, 1811.*

"SIR,

" Your letter of the thirty-first ultimo, with the proceedings of the court of inquiry into the loss of the Revenge, has been received.

" Having attentively examined the proceedings of the court, I derive much satisfaction from perceiving that it is unnecessary to institute any further proceedings in the case. With respect to lieutenant Perry, I can only say, that my confidence in him has not been in any degree diminished by his conduct on this occasion. The loss of the Revenge appears to be justly chargeable to the pilot. *This accident will no doubt present to lieutenant Perry considerations that may be useful to him in future command. An officer, just to himself, will not be depressed by defeat or misfortune; but will be stimulated by either cause to greater exertion.*

" The conduct of the officers generally, and of the crew, meets with my approbation, with only one exception, I mean acting lieutenant ——, whose concern for himself appears to have rendered him regardless of his duty as an officer. Such occasions are calculated to excite the most active exertions for general relief, and afford opportunities of displaying a noble disinterestedness. Instead of cheering those under his command, to manly exertions, it grieves me to find that this officer was inflicting unnecessary, perhaps unmerited blows upon them. Furlough him as a midshipman, until further orders from this department.

" If there should be any situation in the squadron, to which you can appoint lieutenant Perry, that may be consistent with his just pretensions, and not interfere with the rights of others, you will appoint him to it; if not, he is to be furloughed, waiting the further orders of this department.

" The officers and crew having perhaps suffered in their private property, may each receive an advance of two months pay to afford them relief. This authority is to be exercised according to your discretion.

" You will cause this letter to be publicly read to lieutenant Perry, his officers and crew.

" The correctness of proceeding on the part of the court of inquiry, is highly approved, and to the members who compose it, you will be pleased to express this approbation.

" I am, sir, yours, &c.

" PAUL HAMILTON.

" Com. RODGERS, *Newlondon.*"

On the breaking out of the present war, lieutenant Perry was appointed to the command of the United States' flotilla, then lying in the harbour of Newport, with the rank of master commandant. This place, however, as has been proved by subsequent events, was not destined for the theatre of active service. To a mind so enterprising and active, a mere nominal command, or, what amounts to the same thing, to an office where a brave man is, for want of opposition, incapable of distinguishing himself, is irksome, and destitute of all attractions. It soon became evident, not only from the declarations made on the floor of congress, but likewise from the movements of general Hull, that the occupation of Canada was our object. It became then a matter of primary importance, to secure the possession of the lakes. Commodore Chauncey was selected for this purpose by the navy department, to whom was intrusted the superintendance and direction of all our military operations on those waters. Captain Perry was by him appointed to the command of the naval forces of the United States on lake Erie. So attached were the men who composed his squadron lying in the harbour of Newport, to their commander, that they cheerfully followed his new fortunes, and accompanied him to lake Erie. At the time that general Dearborn contemplated an attack upon fort George, commodore Perry arrived in the neighbourhood of our army on public business. This fort, it is well known, is situated at the communication between the waters of the lakes Ontario and Erie, and just above the Falls of Niagara. Commodore Perry immediately volunteered his services, which were as promptly accepted by general Dearborn and commodore Chauncey, and the landing of our troops intended for the attack, was by them confided to him. The

result of that action is so well known, that it is conceived unnecessary to occupy the attention of the reader by a more specific detail.

When commodore Perry was appointed to command the United States' squadron on lake Erie, there was no squadron for him to command. The British held the entire and exclusive possession of these waters; and to this officer was confided the important duty of creating a fleet, in the face of a proud and insolent foe. The comimodore had not only to contemplate the day as extremely dubious and distant when he should meet his enemy on fair and honourable terms on the bosom of the lake, but likewise to guard against surprise, and to run the risk of having his navy destroyed on the stocks. He had likewise to apprehend every thing from the inexperience of his own sailors; and, it is hoped that it will not be deemed invidious to assert, from the inexperience of his officers also. The commodore himself had never seen a naval engagement; it is true that he had *studied the theory of naval warfare*; but he had known nothing of active operations. He had never been in an engagement where a single ship was opposed to a single ship; much less could he be presumed capable of calculating all the hazards and casualties where one fleet was opposed to another. This was untried ground, and on which the commodore, so far as regards the knowledge resulting from experience, was almost as much a novice as the most ignorant of his crew. In addition to this formidable mass of obstructions, he had to encounter the genius of captain Barclay, a man who, to an enterprising and active mind, had united the lessons of sober experience: he was conversant with naval science both in theory and in practice: he had served under Nelson; and in the battle of Trafalgar his wound was an evidence of his courage and intrepidity—these were the apparently unequal terms on which commodore Perry was to cope with his gallant competitor.

These difficulties, which in ordinary minds would only excite motives of despair, were, in commodore Perry's, subjects only of active and of persevering energy. His genius seemed to expand beneath the pressure of the foot which was raised for its extermination. To guard against the approach of the heavy vessels

of the enemy, while his own fleet was upon the stocks, he selected a place denominated the harbour of Erie, which, from the shoalness of the water, was incapable of being approached by vessels loaded with heavy ordnance. This bay, by projecting into the main land, rendered the pass defensible, both by armed boats and by the militia, who, on the requisitions of the commodore, were stationed to watch every motion of the enemy. Here, if captain Barclay attempted to enter, he would be compelled to relinquish his maritime superiority—he would be compelled to forego his heavy ships, and to trust his strength in boats, which might be opposed by an equal force on the water, as well as by the militia, who were stationed to prevent his advances. His naval preeminence would now avail him nothing. Under such auspices did commodore Perry commence the hazardous undertaking of building his fleet. Frequently were alarms excited, and probably for nefarious purposes promulgated, that captain Barclay intended an attack, and as often was the vigilance and promptitude of commodore Perry found equal to the emergency. The militia were, by these false alarms, rendered more expert, and his own sailors were, from the same causes, trained, disciplined, and inured to their duty.

These are some, and but faint views of the difficulties which commodore Perry had to surmount. Many minds are found capable of comprehending things in the mass, which cannot, at the same time, bear all the tedious minutiae of detail. Com. Perry, however, was as attentive to the one as to the other. While he was revolving in his mind, and anxiously awaiting for the day when he should meet his opponent on equal terms, he superintended the whole of the preparatory arrangements, and displayed the same persevering zeal as he did in the grander scenes in which he was afterwards called to act.

On the morning of the tenth of September last, commodore Perry's fleet, consisting of the brig Lawrence of twenty guns, the Niagara of twenty, the Caledonia of three, the schooner Ariel of four, the Scorpion of two, the Somers of two guns and two swivels, the sloop Trippe, the schooner Tigress, and the Porcupine, carrying each one gun only, and making in the aggregate fifty-four guns, were lying in Put-in bay. The British fleet, commanded by commodore Barclay, were discovered, consisting of the ship Detroit,

carrying nineteen guns, the Queen Charlotte seventeen, the schooner Lady Prevost thirteen, the brig Hunter ten, the sloop Little Belt three, and the schooner Chippeway one—making a difference of nine guns in favour of the British. Commodore Perry preserving the weather-gage of his antagonist, bore up to the windward, and formed his squadron in line of battle. The enemy commenced firing, and as he mounted long twenty-four, eighteen, and twelve pounders, his fire became destructive. The commodore observing this inequality of fire, and his own ship being the principal sufferer, made the signal for close action. The Lawrence was, in this situation, exposed for upwards of two hours to a fire so destructive and tremendous, until every brace and bowline was shot away, every gun rendered useless, and the greater part of her crew either killed or wounded.

Commodore Perry lay in the Lawrence between the Queen Charlotte and the Detroit, with the schooners Ariel and Scorpion on his weather-bow.

While the battle was thus raging, the gunboats, on which so much depended in such a crisis, and which, from the facility of their management, were capable of such speedy and effectual annoyance of the enemy, did but little or no execution.

This is a broad outline of the action, and of the situation of the respective ships at this critical moment. Commodore Perry finding that no more effective hostility could be done in the Lawrence, hastily left her, in the charge of his brave and gallant lieutenant, Yarnall, and immediately proceeded on board the Niagara, bearing the commodore's flag, on which was inscribed the dying words of the brave Lawrence, "*Don't give up the ship.*" He past the line of the enemy, exposed to the full hazard of their musketry, still standing in the boat, a marked and pointed object, until he was forcibly pulled down by his own men. When he arrived on board of the Niagara, the crew of the Lawrence, the few remaining crew, gave three cheers, on account of the safety of their beloved commander. Commodore Perry said, addressing captain Elliot, "Do you see those infernal gunboats—they have lost us the victory." "No," exclaims his confederate, "do you take command of this ship and I will bring up the boats." This was what commodore Perry so delicately mentions in his letter to the

secretary of the navy, that captain Elliot anticipated his wishes, in bringing up the boats.

A fresh breeze springing up at this moment, commodore Perry availed himself of this favourable opportunity, and plunged through the enemy's line, giving them a raking fire from the right and left. Captain Elliot in the mean time having brought up the gunboats, did vigorous execution, by plying them in different directions, for which kind of naval service they are so admirably adapted. The enemy, over whom victory seemed to hover until this moment, were compelled to strike their flags; and captain Barclay, who was fainting below, from the loss of blood, being carried on deck, agreed that nothing better could be done.

On board the Lawrence twenty-two were killed, and sixty-one wounded. On board the Niagara two were killed, and twenty-five wounded. On board the Caledonia three were wounded; and on board the Ariel two. On board the Trippe and the Scorpion two only were wounded in each: making in the whole one hundred and twenty-three in killed and wounded. The number of the enemy's killed and wounded is not known.

During this sanguinary battle, the Lawrence, after commodore Perry had left her, was compelled to strike her colours, but the British not being able to take possession, the flag was afterwards rehoisted.

Of captain Barclay, who was dangerously wounded, the following account is given in an English paper:

"This is the third time he has suffered in defence of his country: in the ever memorable battle of Trafalgar he was desperately wounded. About four years since, when first lieutenant of a frigate, in an engagement with some enemy's vessels on the coast of France he lost an arm; and in the action on lake Erie (we learn by a private letter from one of the officers of the American squadron given in a Boston paper) he has lost the hand which remained to him; we anxiously hope he will again survive his wounds, and long live to enjoy the gratitude of his country, and the society of his friends. He is on the recovery."

It is interesting, at such seasons as the present, to descend from general to individual instances of heroism, and the following are therefore selected:

"B. Hall was on board the — in the heat of the battle; the last remaining sponge of their long and principal gun, happening to fall into the lake, the gun would have been rendered useless. Hall plunged into the waves and caught it—his comrades seized the end of the sponge and drew him on board, and they poured away again into the enemy."

"James Bird, son of Mr. J. Bird, of Exeter, Newhampshire, was on board the Lawrence, with the gallant Perry, on the glorious tenth of September. The battle raged—many a poor fellow fell around him. Bird did his duty like a hero. Towards the close of the engagement, a canister shot struck him on the shoulder, as he was stooping to his gun. He was instantly covered with blood, and his officer ordered him below. He ventured to disobey, preferring to do his duty while he had life, to abandoning his post. The blood flowed so fast, that another order was issued to go below. He ran down, got a hasty bandage on the wound, came on deck, and, although his left arm was useless, yet he handed cartridges, and performed the utmost service in his power with his right, until the stars and stripes waved gloriously victorious over the foe."

Amidst such scenes it may not be improper to relate the following anecdote, as it serves to show the cool intrepidity of our seamen, and how capable they are of extracting amusement, in such a crisis, from the most frivolous incident. In the place which on board of the Lawrence answered the purposes of a cock-pit, the wounded and the dying lay strewn about in such numbers, that the feet of the surgeon sunk in blood and gore, which had acquired the consistency of mud. There was a dog on board, which it was deemed advisable to leave in the cock-pit, that he might not excite disturbance on deck in the time of action. There he was accordingly left; and at the time of every new discharge of the enemy's guns, he howled most piteously for mercy. As soon as a partial silence succeeded, he growled and barked defiance at the enemy. A shot at length passed through the side of the Lawrence, and opened daylight on that scene of gloom and horror. The dog, immediately thrusting his head through the aperture, vociferously howled for quarters. The strange feats of the terrified animal so diverted the wounded and dying that they burst into loud and intemperate peals of laughter.

In about ten minutes after the commodore had taken possession of the Niagara, the whole British squadron, except two small vessels which endeavoured to make their escape, struck their flags.

In building and equipping his fleet, the commodore had, for the greater part of the time, the assistance of only two officers, namely—lieutenant Turner, and a sailing master by the name of Taylor. When he arrived at lake Erie, the timber with which the vessels were to be built, were then growing on its banks. Sails, rigging, cables, anchors, provisions, and all the munitions of war, were to be transported by land, at a great distance. He had personally to superintend every branch of the building, equipping, and victualling the whole fleet. He was not joined by captain Elliot until he had got the squadron over the bar. In doing this the commodore was compelled to build large scows to float the vessels over the bar, in which there was but six or seven feet of water, and this was done while the enemy were in sight.

By this important victory the whole territory of Michigan was released from British domination. The blow was afterwards followed up by another important victory gained by general Harrison, to whom the gallant commodore tendered his services as an aid, which were promptly accepted.

In this victory there was not an equality of force, for here the British had decidedly the advantage. It was a fair contest of strength and skill, and our countrymen were triumphant. It is honourable to commodore Perry that his enemies join with his friends in the celebration of his gallantry. Commodore Barclay now professes his affection for his former foe, and as a testimony of his esteem, has presented him with a superb case of pistols. In the English parliament commodore Perry's name has been treated with signal respect, and congress have passed the following resolve:

“Resolved, by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That the thanks of congress be, and the same are hereby presented to captain OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, and through him to the officers, petty officers, seamen, marines, and infantry, serving as such, attached to the squadron under his command, for the decisive and glorious

victory gained on lake Erie, on the tenth of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirteen, over a British squadron of superior force."

We have dwelt minutely on this victory, and more in a biographical than in a historical view, because it may be regarded as a moral mirror to display the features and form of Perry in their full and adequate proportions. In the hour of danger we behold with what patient and persevering intrepidity he withstood the fire of a superior force, until opposition from that quarter could then avail him no longer. Mere brute courage, in such instances, flies to desperation for support, and wantonly sacrifices what it is found impossible to preserve. Perry's courage is of quite another character; it is watchful, cool, calculating, collected, ever on the alert to seize on every advantage, every chance and casualty to turn the fortune of the day. Thus when the power of injuring his enemy on board of his own ship is gone, he flies to the other, exposed to the whole sweeping range of the British fire. This is not, properly speaking, constitutional courage—it is something more—it may be called a sentimental courage—it is a mind braced to the emergency of the occasion, with all its faculties awake, luminous and alert.

Now, if we compare this with his provident sagacity, in his building and equipping his fleet in the presence of a bold, adventurous, and gallant enemy, when we had scarcely a stick of timber afloat upon the lake, we shall be enabled to estimate, in part, the character of this officer. We say in part only, for there are still lovelier traits behind. When the season of decisive energy is past, and victory crowns his efforts, his piety succeeds to reign, and the Christian hero, far from arrogating honour to himself, resigns the glory of the action to his Maker. Who does not feel interested in such a spectacle—to behold the youthful conqueror, as it were, upon his knees, in the midst of his laurels, and forgetting his own glory in his sense of gratitude to his God! So true is the remark of the prophetic Burke, "that he who fears his Maker has nothing else to fear."

But we have not yet done—

After the battle, we behold this officer sympathizing with his wounded enemies, relieving their distresses, and with a delicate

humanity, doing all in his power to repair the ravages of war. The following extract of a letter from one of his officers, written shortly after the action, will supersede the necessity of further comment:

" After the action, every thing was done to render the prisoners as comfortable as our own officers and men. The killed were buried with the same honours and respect that were conferred on our own men. The colours of the respective nations, with the swords of the officers, British and American, whose health permitted, attended the funeral. Commodore Perry refused to receive the swords of commodore Barclay and his officers. Here another *engagement* took place; but very different from the one which preceded it—it was a war of politeness and humanity. The British officers refuse to retain their swords, and the magnanimous Perry declines receiving them. They pass repeatedly back and forward between the two commodores. American generosity finally triumphs. The British officers are forced, by his overwhelming kindness and humanity, to retain those very swords which his superior skill and bravery had compelled them to surrender! And as an additional mark of his liberality, the commodore advanced them one thousand dollars on his own account, to defray their expenses in travelling to such places as might be assigned them."

Need it be added, with regard to this youthful hero, that the approbation of his countrymen, the admiration which his heroic actions have excited, makes the character on whom they are so bountifully lavished, more humble. Distrustful of his own merit, he flies from such manifestations of public gratitude, and fearfully receives the homage of admiration. To minds of such a texture, such testimonies of affection are more alarming than the roar of the enemy's cannon. They are unmanned; and so far from conceiving themselves worthy of such regard, they betray the same symptoms of fear and apprehension that the coward does in the season of danger and death. This sensation results from a variety of causes: Their modest sense of their own merits is now compared with those high anticipations and soaring expectations of their characters which their country has indulged. Viewing this nude space, and, to them, frightful disparity—they sink into nothing, and tremble on the reception of

their country's gratitude. This delicacy has a retroactive effect. Their countrymen press such testimonies of affection in proportion as such characters decline them, and entreat their reception. Here begins a new and delicate contest, in which it may, with truth be said, that the victorious party is the victim. To such men little injury is to be anticipated from such indulgences. Vanity finds no place in their bosoms; and the favourable regards of their countrymen will only stimulate them to other and still greater exertions.

The elegant English poet Moore, dates one of his severest satires against this country from the banks of lake Erie, in which we find the following remarkable lines:

“ Oh, if America can yet be great,
If neither chained by choice, nor damned by fate
To the mob-mania which embrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty; can grandly place,
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base;
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above.
She yet can rise, can wreath the attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And *see her poets flash the fires of song,*
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along.
It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven,
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given.”

This passage, splendidly poetic as it is, contains more prophecy than poetry. It was reserved for Perry to fulfil this curious prediction, on the bosom of the very lake on the borders of which the poet was penning his invectives against us; and the bard must, if he is now true to himself, retract his own slanders.

If we descend from this blaze of public lustre into the less splendid but more endearing recesses of private life, we find this gallant officer adorned with the milder virtues. As a son he is dutiful, submissive, and affectionate; as a husband kind; as a friend generous and sincere; as a master humane and indulgent. He has three brothers in the navy, two of whom served as lieutenants on board the United States' frigate President, commanded by

commodore Rodgers; the remaining brother served as a midshipman on board the Lawrence, with commodore Perry, in the battle on lake Erie. He was married on the fifth of May, 1810, to an amiable and accomplished young lady, daughter of the late Dr. Mason, of Newport, and niece to the honourable Christopher Grant Champlin, a former representative in congress from the state of Rhodeisland.

It is a consoling and exhilarating fact to see the characters of the gentleman, the warrior, and the christian united. This concentrated blaze affords an unanswerable proof that all the moral virtues appear more lovely when they harmonize together. They afford decided evidence that the true christian, the true gentleman, and the true soldier, are all but different parts of the same character; and that they all lead to the same glorious result. Characters of this kind look upon themselves as almost inhabitants of another state of existence. They are bound, by their profession, to cast an eye beyond the grave; and their ambition seems altogether absorbed in the consideration how they shall occupy this little term of life in the fulfilment of its appropriate duties.

The military profession, more than any other, serves to bring its disciples to an intimate acquaintance with death. Considering themselves as always on the eve of departure, and that in the hour of battle no exertion of theirs can procrastinate the period, these men are insensible to those terrors which haunt ordinary minds. When this strong principle is fortified, as in the present instance, by a sense of religion, the hero is complete. The extremity of mortal daring, the hour of danger and of death is but an introduction to another and to a more glorious state, which has been long in silence panted after.

A.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Second Thoughts on Instinctive Impulses.—Philadelphia, 1814. pp. 143. 8vo.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IT is so natural to consider you, sir, as the *chairman* of our grand committee of literature, that I hope to be excused for the liberty I take in addressing to you some observations on the merits and defects of a pamphlet lately published in this city, entitled “Second Thoughts on Instinctive Impulses.”

I would not have you to suppose, that in offering my strictures upon this book, I presume to raise myself to an equality with its reputed author. I do not hope to emulate the ingenuity of his thoughts, nor the eloquence of his language; but, as the humble wren will many times perceive what the soaring eagle overlooks; so, without assuming the magisterial character of criticism, I will venture to point out some faults which the exuberance of his genius may have led him to commit.

On the question of *instinctive impulses*, the doctrine of whose existence this pamphlet is intended to illustrate, I shall be happy to break a lance with the author in the fair field of argument at some future and not far distant day. I confess myself at present not fully prepared to encounter so able and well armed a champion. I now propose to confine myself to a slight review of the work considered as an argumentative and metaphysical essay, and viewing it in this light I shall feel myself at liberty to censure all wanderings from the point in question, and all unfair or dangerous reasoning.

To every careful reader the preface is a very interesting part of a book; for, there, a more intimate acquaintance with the writer's mind and intentions may frequently be acquired than in all the subsequent pages.

The characteristics of this preface are modesty and philanthropy. He begins with a profession of his own conscious inability, and calls on the “magnanimous and generous to strengthen what is weak in him—to illustrate what is obscure, and to subvert what is fallacious.” Whether he will think this invitation extends to me, or be more disposed to class me with the “bigotted, preju-

diced, and interested," whose "clamours" he anticipates, I have yet to learn.

He next energetically and eloquently recommends the study of metaphysics, and quotes Dr. Samuel Miller as an auxiliary. In this recommendation I heartily concur; metaphysical disquisitions as forming an exercise for the talents of the scholar are highly interesting, and as leading to the discovery of important truths are highly useful. But when a man of learning undertakes a metaphysical discussion he should lay aside all disingenuous arts of eloquence, and confine himself to the simplicity and candour of a mere logician. He should indulge in no asperities, and disdain all tricks of rhetoric. He should be cool, perspicuous, and methodical; and unite the serene equanimity of Pythagoras to the active research of Cicero. Does the author himself conform to these rules? I think not, and intend to give my reasons.

The preface also contains a strain of pious meditation almost amounting to a prayer, and the subject of the essay is shortly touched upon by introducing a quotation from Paley, in which the existence of innate moral instincts is denied, and by some remarks in answer to Paley.

It appears to me that the whole question whether our good propensities are innate or acquired, is here discussed in the space of a single page as satisfactorily as it can be in a whole library of folios. Our author tells us "the controverted points placed before him prompted an investigation, and being convinced from *self-examination*, that God has inspired man with instinctive impulses to goodness, &c." Here then is disclosed the foundation of his flattering but deceptive theory. No wonder that he was misled since he looked only into his own heart; for he found there (no doubt) strong and irresistible impulses prompting him to virtue, and not being able to recollect any period of his life when his conduct bespoke their absence, he very naturally concluded they had been there from the commencement of his existence. His private history, if he be the gentleman on whom my conjectures rest, would certainly furnish a powerful argument in support of his doctrine. But it is not his biography I have now to investigate. I have to examine the argument of his book alone. For unless he can show, *metaphysically*, that he was born with all the virtues which he now undoubtedly possesses, I shall contend that he has lost his cause.

The book is divided into nine letters:—the first appears to be intended as an attack upon the long received doctrine of original sin. But here, instead of coolness, precision, and logical deductions, we find little else than artifice and declamatory warmth. Mr. L. has recourse to a trick *ad captandum* of the most glaring and most disingenuous kind. He knows that at least one half of his readers will be females, and therefore he endeavours most industriously to prepossess the ladies in his favour. First, in announcing the object of his publication, he declares it to be for the benefit of the fair sex only; next he quotes Milton in their praise; and so continues eulogizing and flattering them to the very end of this letter, calling St. Austin a “denaturalized monster,” because he was deficient in a due regard for the ladies, and accounting for all Calvin’s misdeeds by his being the disciple of a woman-hater.

Now though it is the first art of an orator to win the favour of his audience by a little well-timed flattery, it is the highest pride of a logician to be above the necessity of such an artifice. And however seasonable this display of gallantry might be in a drawing room, I would ask whether it is, in a metaphysical essay, at all logical or fair, or in any degree relevant to the question. I would beg him also candidly to consider, whether such severe animadversions on the characters of those men whose names are now so inseparably connected, in the minds of most christians, with the sanctity of Christianity itself, can be perfectly safe in a work written professedly for the perusal of mothers and daughters. And if not *perfectly* safe, whether they can be in any degree proper, except when absolutely necessary. I much doubt the policy and the benevolence of frequently reminding the young, the unthinking, and the enthusiastic, how vicious and depraved in their lives some of the most distinguished teachers of our religion were. It is undoubtedly a good argument in favour of Christianity with those who read and reason deeply; but is it not a dangerous one for all the rest? Besides which, to attack the truth of a speculative doctrine by showing the crimes committed by two or three among the thousands who profess it, is an *argumentum ad hominem* which a man of learning should disdain to use. It can do him no service, because if it prove any thing, it proves too much. If a man’s bad character falsifies and overturns one of his abstract opinions, it must falsify all. Thus, if the crimes of Calvin and St. Austin

show their belief on the subject of original sin to have been erroneous, all the doctrines of christianity which they cherished in common with Mr. L. may, by the same means, be equally proved to be fallacious. Unless, therefore, it is intended to declare war against Christianity itself, there is not, so far, a word of *reasoning* which affects original sin, or supports instinctive moral impulses.

But here is introduced a long extract from a very pretty sermon of Zollikoffer, in which the dignity of man and his opportunities of improvement are eloquently set forth, and the practice of viewing human nature in the most favourable light is recommended as being best calculated to render us virtuous and happy.

The object of this quotation evidently is to flatter the reader into a belief that he is one of a most amiable and admirable species, and to induce him therefore to conclude that he never could have had so great an inherent defect in his nature as innate depravity would seem to be. That original sin, or, what is the same thing, original propensity to sin, is either a fault or a misfortune in human nature I by no means allow; but of that, hereafter; let us now examine Mr. Zollikoffer's plan of considering our fellow-men as if they were already fellow-angels.

He that regards mankind as Zollikoffer would have him to regard them, that is, forgetting their faults, and remembering only their perfections, will probably be more lavish in his bounty, more enthusiastic in his friendship, and more confident in his esteem, than he that, like most Christian teachers, looks upon himself as "an heir of glory" indeed, but still as "a frail child of dust;" capable of infinite improvement and susceptible of boundless felicity; but, while "in the dark dungeon of the limbs confined," weak and imperfect, open to temptation and prone to vice.

But look a little closer at the effects of that which Zollikoffer calls a "favourable" manner of considering mankind. He that supposes man, by nature and necessity moral, cannot admire virtue as an effort or a victory; he can only faintly approve it as a regular and inevitable instinct, for which the possessor deserves no more credit than for the acuteness of his hearing or the accuracy of his sight. Whilst the slightest indulgence in vice would appear to him a most unnatural and strained endeavour to do evil for which the offender could expect no mercy or forgiveness. How much more philanthropic is it to regard the crimes of men-

as weaknesses calling for compassion, and their virtues as triumphs over a depraved nature meriting the highest commendation here and the brightest rewards hereafter!

But philanthropy is not the only virtue to be cultivated. Our duties in relation to our fellow creatures are beneficence, charity, and justice; in the no less important relation of the creature to the Creator, it is our equally imperious duty to be reverent and grateful, and indefatigably zealous in our endeavours to improve, so as to become more worthy of the great blessings we enjoy, and those still greater that we hope for and anticipate. How then shall we most probably be induced to fulfil these duties? by a vain conceit of our own perfections, and an arrogant presumption that we are already by our nature, without effort, sufficiently pure and virtuous? or by an humble sense of our inherent frailties, and a consciousness of the necessity of ever-watchful exertions, animated by a hope that those exertions will be crowned with the most complete success, and the happiest rewards?

The man who depends on *instinct* alone to expel the vices from his heart, and fill it with virtuous impulses only, is like the idle husbandman who should hope, because his neighbour's well-cultivated field produces in due season the golden harvest and the blooming flower, that therefore his fallow ground, left waste and neglected, would be blest with an equally luxuriant produce. Disappointment soon would teach him that the spontaneous growth of even the most fertile soil is but the worthless herbage, and the noxious weed; and that he must labour with late and early industry to eradicate the brambles, and to plant the flowers.

Thus it is with the human heart; a soil of the most exuberant fertility, fitted to give root to the stately and graceful plants of virtue, and speedily yielding to the attentive cultivator's hand fruits of the most delicious flavour, and flowers of the most resplendent hues; but bearing also in its bosom the latent seeds of briars and thistles, which, if the gardner sleeps, will spring up and grow into baleful vigour, blighting, and impeding, and at last destroying the tender scions of piety that languish in neglect around them.

But it would perhaps be asked, why is this unremitting exertion rendered necessary? Why, since virtue is essential to our happiness, should we not be created with prevailing inclinations towards virtue? I answer, because we are here only in a state of

probation preparatory to an eternal existence in a life of rewards and punishments; and we could not live in a probationary state complete and adequate to its great purposes without pain to prove our patience in supporting it, passions to try our fortitude in regulating them, and evil propensities to exercise our virtue in resisting them.

Were we formed incapable of crime, virtue could not exist, because the absence of vice would not then be a virtue, but a necessity; were we naturally disposed to virtue, the merit of good actions must be but slight, their praise faint, and their reward inconsiderable; if equally inclined to virtue and to vice, accident or indolence might win the brightest palm of merit; it is therefore only when our propensities are absolutely evil that virtue can deserve and gain the crown of endless happiness and glory.

Again: if I am asked why I think this life a probationary one, I answer, because that supposition is, independent of revelation, a satisfactory solution, and perhaps the only possible solution, to all the doubts which must arise in the mind of every man who attempts to reconcile the crimes committed and the misery suffered by his race from the earliest recollections of history to the present hour, with the wisdom and benevolence of God.

This brings us to the end of the first letter, and I cannot think that any thing Mr. L. has yet said will prevent the doctrine of original sin from being still preached from our pulpits. But the attack is continued in "Letter II," and a battery is also opened against faith as distinguished from mere ethical morality.

And here the learned writer brings to aid him a band of chosen auxiliaries, almost equal in number and renown, to the illustrious chiefs who attended Agamemnon at the siege of Troy, or Godfrey in the deliverance of Jerusalem. Among them we find the names of Addison, Hale, Tillotson, Taylor, Hutcheson, and Butler; a formidable array certainly, and sufficient, it should seem, to awe us into the belief of almost any dogma. This method of arguing an abstract question is not very logical or candid. It resembles the ancient English plan of proving a title to lands, when the claimant merely swore that he believed his right was well founded, without explaining how or when he had acquired it, and brought twelve of his neighbours to swear that they believed he spoke the truth; these useful friends were called *compurgators*, and as it was supposed

they would not swear falsely for the claimant's sake, the unfortunate tenant was ousted from his lands, and the right settled in the new possessor. Now, though this may have been regular and proper in the time of the first Edward, I shall, in this age, hope to retain possession both of my property and my opinions, unless dispossessed by a different mode of trial.

The inquiring and high-minded scholar should yield implicitly to reason, but never submit to the authority of names. He should be “nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.” It is well known that the great Napier believed in judicial astrology, Bacon rejected the Copernican system, and Hale was convinced of the power of witchcraft; but we are not bound to follow their errors, nor those of Tillotson and Butler.

The first named of the authors cited on this occasion, the Rev. Mr. Fellows, expresses himself thus:—

“The supposition that we are born sinners, makes God the author of our sins; for as it is by his will that we are born, it must be by his simple fiat that we are constituted sinners, if we came into the world in a state of sin. Thus this absurd doctrine would throw the blame of all our transgressions on our good Creator; let us beware of indulging notions so opposite to the goodness of God.”

This being a fair epitome of almost all the arguments used by those writers who deny original sin, let us give it a few moments attention.

It seems to me the reverend gentleman is guilty of a sort of hypothetical blasphemy, if such can be; and that having puzzled himself in the mazes of his own sophistry, he very charitably wishes to involve his readers in the same perplexity.

God, he says, does not deal justly with us if he allows us to be born in sin. But, I would ask, as it is certain that our Creator might, if he had pleased, have formed us neither capable of sin, nor susceptible of pain at any time during our residence upon earth, and yet has, without injustice, made us at some time of our lives both suffering and sinful, why would it be at all less just if this capacity to suffer and to sin should commence at the beginning of our lives, than if it commences a few years after? The whole term of our earthly career is but as a point compared with the eternity of our future existence, and if the Deity may with justice

permit sin to endanger, and pain to vex us at one part of that point, he surely may at another.

Nor is it necessary to charge the Deity with cruelty; it is true he caused us to be born in sin, or in other words, to be born with innate principles of depravity;—it is true also, that he sends us pestilence and famine, that he gave us poverty, sorrow, hereditary diseases, and those worst foes of our peace and safety—the passions. And if we suppose this tenement of clay our only habitation, and this life the term and limit of our existence, then, indeed, we are lost in hopeless darkness and confusion. But as Christians it is our duty and our privilege to believe that we are here only on our trial preparatory to a future life of rewards and punishments. And holding this belief, we have a clue in the labyrinth, a cheering ray of light upon our path, a foundation on which our virtues and our hopes may repose and strengthen amid the shock or the current of surrounding waves.

Nor is man to be punished, as Mr. Fellows would persuade us, for being of a sinful nature, any more than for the weakness of his talents, or the strength of his passions. But he is to be punished or rewarded accordingly as he has borne misfortunes with impatience or resignation, and prosperity with arrogance or humility, as he has indulged or restrained his passions, and, most of all, as he has yielded to the dictates of his innate depravity, or resisted them.

In the midst of his anathemas against the “fanatics,” as he calls them, who receive the doctrine of original sin, *Mr. L.* introduces an ingenious essay on morality, considered in a comparison with faith; which he sanctifies with the name of Addison. Where the question is between morality and faith, that is, between natural and revealed religion, I should feel myself bound to hand over my pen to the learned clergy, were it not that in the present instance a refutation does not appear difficult.

All arguments intended to show the superiority of mere morality to faith, however ingenious and beautiful in their superstructure must be false and unsound in their foundations, because they are grounded on the impossible and absurd supposition that Christian faith can exist separate and distinct from virtuous conduct. The author’s idea of faith seems to be a mere sectarian,

persecuting zeal, the enthusiasm of a bigot; than which nothing can be more remote from faith, rightly understood.

Permit me, on this subject, to cite a few sentences from a very charming little book called "*a world without souls.*"

"The great end of religion being accomplished in Jesus Christ, every thing in it must have a reference to him, and must be excellent in proportion as it makes him its fountain head and very element: and such is faith. It is that principle in the mind of the Christian that appropriates the merits of Christ to himself. Faith secures the two important ends of humbling man, and elevating God. Of man it records his fall and his punishment; when it looks to God, it reads his *holiness* in his hatred of crime, his *justice* in its chastisement. It ascribes salvation to his *mercy*, it discovers his *wisdom* in the design of redemption, and his *power* in its accomplishment.

"The doctrine which asserts an indissoluble union between faith and works, makes faith valuable; for by embodying it in works, it teaches men to respect the principle in the acts to which it leads, and, in the principle, to honour Him who is the author. It makes faith valuable also in this respect, that it bends it to its second purpose, the advancing the happiness of mankind. God created man to contribute to the happiness of each other; all the principles of Christianity, therefore, and faith among the rest, breathe a spirit of *charity*. No principle of religion then can be good, which does not provide a motive for the performance of our own social duties, and the exercise of our charities. But faith here takes the highest ground when it teaches us the sublime truth 'that Christ died for the sins of man.' How will the remembrance of this fact, if it have its due influence, animate man to the rigid performance of his duties! Christ died to satisfy the demands of justice;—who, then, but will be just? He died to atone for guilt;—who, then, but would be innocent? He died to soften the miseries of man;—who, then, in pity to a race he died to save, in imitation of his conduct, in remembrance of his sufferings, will not climb the steep hill, or tread the rude valley, to search the haunts of misery? Who that lays claim to feeling can resist the simple eloquence of the apostle? 'He gave himself a propitiation for our sins; beloved, if he so loved you, ye ought also to love one another.'

"Faith also makes virtue practicable by giving men a motive to it, without which they make no persevering attempts to be virtuous, and by promising them assistance, without which they would attempt it in vain. We speak not to cherish the fancies of the enthusiast who talks of immediate communion or direct revelation from God; of such intercourse our religion dreams not. But to them who feel their strength to be weakness, their best resolutions the flower that fades, to them we say that the inviolable truth of the high and holy one is pledged to assist them. 'I will give my spirit to those who seek it.'

"Such being the importance of this union of faith with works, it is the wildest of all attempts to sever them. *Faith without works*, is an expression our religion does not assist us to interpret. God has joined them together, and the powers of earth and hell confederate, shall not separate them. Let us not attempt to do it; be it our object to convince the unbeliever that the faith of a Christian is the best principle, because it makes the best man."

When, therefore, the author asks, "what is religion without morality?" he need not wait long for the answer. Religion without morality, is a nonentity, an impossibility, an absurdity. It is like the honour of the gambler, and the modesty of the courtesan, a frequent pretension of hypocrisy that can deceive none but the most simple of the unthinking. Nor can I agree with him, that the pulpit should be used only to inculcate precepts of morality; the true benefit of pulpit oratory is to show the intimate and indissoluble connexion between virtuous conduct and religious faith.

I fear I have already written enough to tire the attention of the most patient reader, and but two of the letters are yet examined. The third, as it is more easy to commend than to censure, shall be shortly passed over. It commences with an ingenious physiological dissertation on the formation of the brain, and the manner in which sensations are conveyed to it. It then accounts for the introduction of error into the world, by the influence of "*chieftains and priests;*" and after some pages of desultory but handsomely written remarks on the capacity and opportunities given to man for the enjoyment of moral and intellectual pleasures, *Mr. L.* very artfully asks, "can it be conceived that man is made naturally partial to wickedness which would mar all these blessings?" This is well done. The writer having won the reader's favour by a dis-

play of physiological learning, and flattered his vanity by an eloquent view of the perfections of human nature, now ingeniously takes it for granted, that an innate proneness to evil would be a blemish in the human character, and urges the reader to acquit himself of the fault by such an answer as the writer himself would dictate.

But I have already said why I think such native depravity would not mar the blessings we possess, and the observations need not be repeated.

He next draws a very persuasive argument from the innocence of very young children, and says that the purity of their characters must proceed from instinct, since it cannot be produced by education; and therefore our primary instincts must be entirely moral. He must indeed be “fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,” who does not feel the claim which those most interesting and endearing objects in creation have upon his affections. But if it is true, that a child is moral by instinct, and becomes depraved by education, then the less care there is bestowed upon him, and the more he is left to himself, the more virtuous he will become. If so, the epithet *spoiled*, hitherto applied to children too much indulged or neglected, should rather be attached to those who are most carefully trained and educated. This may be a pleasing doctrine to the woman who considers her children as troublesome plagues and obstacles to her enjoyment of the pleasures of life; but will the tender, anxious, attentive mother, be easily persuaded that her efforts to improve her children only make them less innocent?

In the same letter he asserts, that “propositions in ethics may be examined with the same exactitude by immutable principles as in mathematics;” and the reason given is, that “in mathematics we appeal to facts which are ascertained by a consciousness of sensations, &c. In like manner in ethics we shall have recourse to similar criteria, and in them we shall find not only the ten commandments, but the whole duty of man.”

I would suggest one difficulty in the way of this theory. In mathematics, precisely similar ideas or sensations are produced in all minds by certain modification of lines and angles; thus all men in the world can see equally well the difference between a hexagon and an octagon; but in ethics, the view of any crime, or any

virtue, will not excite exactly similar sensations in any two minds in the world. Absolute certainty, therefore, which is nothing more than the fixed and immovable accordance of mankind, seems never, in ethics, to be attainable.

I regret that I cannot follow the writer into the regions of belles lettres and philosophy, where he remarks in the subsequent letters, on the theory of the sublime, and the association of ideas; the present essay has necessarily been on subjects, in a discussion of which a mere general reader must feel much less at home than in questions of a more light and classic nature. But the length of my manuscript admonishes me to stop. You shall hear from me again, sir, though not as a theologian.

"Jam satis est; ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
 "Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam."

V.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MILITARY INVENTIONS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL—I send you the following notices of Military Inventions. T.C.

CONGREVE ROCKETS.

I copy the following paper from the Aurora of January 7th, 1813.

In some of the eastern papers, a desire has been expressed to obtain information on the nature of a species of military weapon, which goes by the name of col. Congreve, of the British artillery or engineers' corps, who has introduced them among the military missives of the British army.

A reference to the *American Military Dictionary*, under the words *Rocket* and *Fouette*, would have satisfied that curiosity; but as it would be going out of the *common track* to look for information "any where but in the newspapers," I insert the following observations:

In ordinary festivities, where *feux d' artifice*, or artificial fireworks are employed, the *rocket* holds a considerable place; to give a perfect idea of the *Congreve rockets*, we shall give an account of *rockets* generally, and more at large than is calculated for a *dictionary*, in which, however, the necessary information to make and use them, and their various proportions, are given.

The *rocket* is derived from *Asia*, and it is a constant and powerful weapon in the Asiatic armies; in which they have select corps disciplined to the use of that weapon. The ingenious major James, author of the English Military Dictionary, says the Asiatic rockets are made of iron attached to a bamboo staff, but in this he is mistaken; the case and staff of the rocket of the Hindu armies is made wholly of the *bamboo*, and they are of various dimensions; from one foot to two and a half feet length of barrel; and from half an ounce to six pounds weight of combustible matter.

The *bamboo* is of the *cane* species (*Arundo bamboo*) and there are many varieties; that of which the rockets are made, grow of every size, from an inch to seven or eight inches diameter on the exterior, and the hollow is about *one* third of the diameter; it is knotted like canes, in general, and every knot closes the cavity and forms a partition of from two to three or four inches thick. To prepare the *rocket*, the Hindu cuts down a single *bamboo*, which according to its size or age will make four or five good rockets of unequal dimensions, as the bamboo grows from 20 to 60 feet high—the staff of the rocket is longer in proportion to the size of the head or barrel; they begin by measuring the largest barrel at the butt or lower end, and they cut it to a shoulder at the *knot*, as to leave so much uncut of the length as will leave about a third of the circumference for a staff; they then measure the length of the staff, and cut behind a knot, so that the second barrel shall be attached to the opposite side of the stock, which forms the staff, so that a third only of that length is cut away, and thus two rocket barrels and their staffs are made out of one length, though they are of two different sizes—their barrels are sometimes bored and loaded at the upper end, but more generally at the lower or staff end: of the composition we shall speak presently.

In the wars in India, they are usually directed against cavalry, to which they are terribly destructive. A body of four or five thousand rocket men are detached in companies, to act *en tirailleur*, or like our riflemen; having reached a point within *rocket range*, which is from 800 to 1500 yards horizontal distance, they are provided with a slow match and port fire, and lay the rocket with the barrel on a crotched stick, and at an elevation proportioned to the distance intended, of which they judge by experience only; as

soon as a volley is given, usually concentric and directed against *head quarters* if in view, they discharge their rockets at discretion, but as a standing rule against cavalry in preference to every other object.

The weight of a rocket containing eight to twelve pounds of combustibles, sometimes shod with a sharp iron spike, at the head, of 2 or 3 pounds weight, and sometimes with cross hooks ranging horizontally at not more than two or three feet from the earth, may be conceived; but its destructive power does not cease there; as soon as its volant power has been expended and it reaches the ground, a new effect is produced; the head on the ground forms the flaming centre of a wheel, while the staff playing rapidly round strikes and tears every thing in its way; it is to this part of its power, the skill of the *rocket boys* (as they are called) is principally directed; they count those most skilful who shall send their rockets so exactly, as that they shall expend their volant fire at the instant they strike the ground in front of a squadron or line of cavalry, so that the staff shall, in its whirling, strike the heads or legs of the horses; among whom it produces the necessity of an immediate change of position or certain disorder; of which the Asiatic cavalry always take advantage and improve upon.

The wood of the *bamboo* is tough and difficult to cut with the sharpest axe; and not to be separated by bending.

The rockets used at festivities in European countries, and for army and navy signals, are imitations still more artificial of these; the barrels are made of paper well rolled on a mandril, or of suitable wood, clean bored; and the manner of loading, and the proportion of materials are reduced to a system.

The composition of rockets formerly was 4 lbs. sulphur, 1 lb. charcoal, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. nitre; but the following proportions are now more generally adopted—sulphur 12 ounces, nitre 4 pounds 4 ounces, charcoal (powdered) 2 pounds; to produce stars upon their explosion, various substances are mixed with the combustible materials, as grain powder from the explosion, raw nitre, antimony, steel filings, brass filings, isinglass, and the composition is moistened with spirits of wine, with camphor, with turpentine, with vinegar.

The barrels of rockets are filled, and the substance driven in with a mallet; the weight of which must be proportioned to the weight of the rocket; and the making is even reduced to such exactness as that the number of strokes for each size is laid down. The case of a two pound rocket in its dimensions should be as follows:

Exterior diameter,	- - - - -	2 inches 13-100
Interior,	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Weight of the mallet,	- - - - -	1 pound.
Number of strokes,	- - - - -	31

The case is filled to $4\frac{1}{2}$, the length of the exterior diameter, and a fifth of a diameter more with good clay.

The staffs of rockets, from 50 to 52 diameters of the barrel in length.

Rockets of 3 and 4 inches diameter well made, will ascend 1200 yards, perpendicular height; but the usual height 300 to 500 yards, which is performed in from 5 to 10 seconds.

With thus much of common rockets in view, we may more readily comprehend the nature and intent of the Congreve rockets.

In their principles of construction they differ in nothing from the Asiatic rockets, but in their materials and scientific aid, in their construction; the barrels are made of *iron*, and they are, when thrown, like common rockets, attached to a staff of white ash, or oak.

Their superiority consists in the chemical purity of the materials, and their due proportion to each other; and then in the powerful means used to compress the greatest possible quantity into the smallest compass.

At Woolwich, in England, where the Congreve rockets are constructed, the establishment for making them is arranged under the dimensions of the inventor; the barrels, staffs, and other apparatus are made in numbers of given directions; the composition is mixed in a particular manner and in small quantities in troughs of copper, and wood; thence they are carried to the loading house where the operation of filling is first executed by the hand, and the materials weighed and placed in the barrels; the means contrived for compressing the composition, shows the danger of the operation; as

the workmen who execute it are separated by a strong wall from the loading chamber.

The barrels with the composition being filled, a perpendicular rammer, passing through a groove or tube is placed so as that when lifted by a clever workman in a remote apartment, the point of the rammer shall fall upon and press into the barrel the composition; and this process is continued, under repeated measurement of the amount of the compression, until the required degree is obtained, and so the process is continued, until the barrel is filled; these filled barrels are then covered with paper and laid apart for use, and they are employed by various means.

Some of the rockets made by col. Congreve, weigh 32 pounds, and have a range of 3000 yards. These were used at Boulogne, in September, 1805, under the patronage of the late William Pitt, but without success; the effort was renewed under the direction of lord Moira, their great patron, in October, 1806; about 200 rockets were then fired, and Boulogne was set on fire at the first discharge.

At Copenhagen they were carried into full execution, commensurate with the spirit of the enterprise and the character of the assailants; that beautiful city was conflagrated out of its neutrality, and its hospitals, colleges and churches shared the fate of its arsenals; the ships alone escaped *to be preserved until a peace.*

They were intended to be used at *Antwerp*, to put an end to the naval arsenal there; but the British were ignorant of the topography of the country which they were about to invade, and mistook their way; they resorted to the Congreve rocket, however, at *Flushing*, and by their means, compelled gen. Bonnet to capitulate.

A 32 pound Congreve rocket fired against common earth penetrates nine feet at 1200 yards distance. The following will give a more particular view of the various kinds of Congreve rockets:

<i>Wt.</i>	<i>Nature.</i>	<i>Composition.</i>	<i>Extreme range.</i>	<i>Elevation.</i>
			YARDS.	DEGREES.
42 lb.	Carcass,	Large, 18 lb. of combustible matter, Small, 12 lb.	3500	Not less than 60.
42 lb.	Shell,	5 1-2 inch. 12 lb. spherical,	3500	Do.
32 lb.	Carcass,	Large, 18 lb. Medium, 12 lb. Small, 8 lb.	2000 2500 3000	60 60 to 55 55
32 lb.	Shell,	9 lb. spherical,	3000	50
32 lb.	Case shot which receives an increased velocity from its own charge,	Large, 200 pistol balls, Small, 100 do.	2500 3000	55 50
32 lb.	Explosion rocket,	Containing strong iron cones to burst by fuses,	2500	55
12 lb.	Case shot,	5 to 12 lb. of powder, Large, 72 pistol balls, Small, 42 do.	2500	45

The Congreve rockets are susceptible of application to military uses, in a variety of ways, as like the common rocket by flight with the staff or shaft, for the purposes of *conflagration*, like carcass bombs; to *convey shells* with fuses to burst at any required number of seconds or minutes; to convey canister or spheres of shot or bullets which may be made so as to explode like grape or canister shot, at any required instant.

The rocket carcass of 32 pounds, whose range is 3000 yards, with the same quantity of combustible matter as is contained in the 10 inch spherical carcass; and 2500 yards with the same quantity as the 13 inch spherical carcass.

The 12 pounder rocket case shot, which is so portable that it may be used with the same facility as musketry, has a range nearly *double* that of field artillery, carrying as many musket balls as the 6 pounder spherical case; and it besides proceeds with a velocity which, instead of being retarded, is accelerated in its progress by the charge; and it is said that the *desired velocity* may be

increased by an ascertained method of fixing the charge of bursting powder.

Of this description of rocket it is alleged, that 3000 infantry can carry into action, in any situation where musketry can act, 300 rounds, and ten frames, from each of which 4 rounds may be fired in a minute. They may be also adapted to use for cavalry; four horses will carry 96 rounds and four frames, from which 16 rounds may be fired in a minute—and no horse carrying more than the ordinary burden of a dragoon horse.

The velocity with which it moves through the air is also described to be such, that it is not sensibly affected by the wind, unless it is at right angles with the line of flight, and then so little as to be easily provided against.

Its peculiar applicability for naval uses and bombardment is found in this quality, that it has no recoil even with the largest rockets; so that by this means, mortars hitherto employed for throwing carcasses are now dispensed with, and the largest carcasses may be thrown with the same facility from the smallest boats; being in fact, ammunition without ordnance. A vessel of 300 tons will carry 5000 of them, or more.

A gentleman of Portsea, in England, it is said, has submitted to the British government a shell, that at the immense distance of three miles will explode 20 balls of combustible matter of three inches diameter, and upwards of 1000 musket and pistol balls—these will be scattered on the horizon within a circle whose diameter is 1400 yards. The weight of the shell will be upwards of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.

The president of the United States having transmitted to me by letter, about two ounces of the composition of a CONGREVE ROCKET picked up at Havre de Grace, after the late attack of the English upon that place; I made some experiments on the subject, and found that the specimen sent me had the following properties:

It tasted strongly of saltpetre.

It smelt of sulphur and resin.

It was not reduced to powder by chewing, and was only moderately brittle.

It was of a dirty brownish yellow colour, but somewhat variegated. Charcoal manifestly formed but a very small part of the composition.

It had a groove up the middle, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, blackened by the explosion of gunpowder, with which the groove had manifestly been filled.

It burned with deflagration, emitting smoke, and a sulphureous odour.

The residuum was partly black, partly white.

The black residuum, was manifestly liver of sulphur to the taste; (sulphuret of potash.)

The white fused residuum was alkaline.

Hence I concluded, that it consisted of sulphur, resin and (probably linseed) oil, with a small portion of mealed gunpowder, and highly charged with saltpetre.

I dissolved a given portion in hot water, filtered and extracted the saltpetre. So that I found a composition of similar qualities, might be made as follows:

Take by weight of

Nitre (purified)	$3\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{3}{4}$ parts.
Flour of sulphur	1 part.
Rosin	1 part.
Powdered gunpowder	$\frac{1}{4}$ of a part.

Linseed oil about one gill to a lb. of the composition.

The sulphur and rosin should be slowly melted together, over a charcoal fire or in a sand-bath; taking care that the heat do not set fire to the sulphur, and that the smoke or evaporation is moderate. Melt the rosin first, then add the sulphur. Have ready in a separate vessel, the nitre previously powdered and kept *hot* for an hour, but not melted. Let it be again *very finely* powdered while hot, and when the rosin and sulphur are perfectly melted and fluid, stir in, first the mealed gunpowder, then the powdered nitre *while hot*. When all is well and accurately mixed over the fire, it will be, not fluid, but yet soft enough to put on an uniform appearance when cold. This I say will make a composition hardly distinguishable from the Congreve rocket such as I received. But I think the following composition full as good.

Well purified dried nitre	$4\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.
Flour of sulphur	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Rosin	1

Melt the sulphur and rosin as above directed, then add half a pint of oil of turpentine previously warmed. Then stir in *the hot and finely-powdered* nitre. I think the gunpowder may be spared. The finer the nitre is, the more effectual the composition. Either of these, may be lighted by a common cigar, and will continue burning with a hot, deflagrating, and spreading flame.

Capt. Beath, I believe, has greatly improved the mode of discharging rockets.—T. C.

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GREEK FIRE.

MR. EDITOR,

Having seen in your very respectable paper, a statement of the wonderful effect of the Greek fire, discovered by captain Maguire, an Irish gentleman of great ingenuity, I beg leave to state to you the exact particulars.

About a fortnight since, this gentleman, at the solicitation of several respectable persons, made an experiment, in the river near Chelsea water works, by sinking a bottle that held three pints of a liquid, much resembling in appearance common blacking for boots. To the neck of this bottle was fastened a small fuse, which was lowered over the wall into the river seven feet deep. The explosion was dreadful, and the effect equally so, it having blown up 24 feet of the wall, with large stones at least two hundred weight, that were clamped together with iron. The officers and gentlemen that were present, amongst whom were colonels Wilson and Lowe, general Barker, captains Mullen and Nunn, were positive that a column of not less than seven tons of water was, with the stones, &c. thrown to the height of sixty feet above the level of the river. Another property it possesses still more dreadful, and which no human foresight can prevent, is, that it will float on the surface of the water, as a vast liquid mass of fire; consequently, sending it into harbour with the tide, it will burn all before it.

The master general of the ordnance, with a true wish to encourage genius, has afforded Mr. Maguire every assistance in his power, as it was by his immediate desire, it is said, he came to this country. Was real merit thus countenanced in our own nation, there would not be such emigration of men of abilities to other kingdoms.

London paper.]

M. O'R.

I think there would not be much difficulty in making this composition.—T. C.

TORPEDOES.

The "Newengland Weekly Journal," a newspaper published in this town, in the year 1741, contains in the paper of May 5th, something like Mr. Fulton's plan, for defending the harbour of Newyork, by torpedoes.—*Boston Rep.*

For the information of the public I now advertise, that I, the subscriber, have projected a method for blowing up of shipping with powder under water, and am fully of the mind that engines may be so contrived and managed, by placing them across the channel, that if our enemies should attempt to invade us, they should not be able to pass the channel, but they should come upon one or other of them, so that their shipping and themselves should be destroyed.

An experiment of this nature was tried the 2d day of this instant, April, in the method and manner above proposed with a few pounds of powder, and the experiment was made upon a raft, and as the raft passed over the engine, it set the same on fire and was torn into splinters, that scarce a piece four foot long was to be found, and some of it was cast into the air divers rods, and was seen by a person that was above a mile; and there were near two hundred persons that were eye witnesses, and were of the mind that if a sufficient quantity of powder was in that engine, and a ship had passed over it, it would have set the engine on fire, and been destroyed thereby.

ANDREW PARKER.

Lexington, April 30, 1741.

OUSELEY'S GREEK FIRE.

In addition to the *Shrapnell* shells, and *Congreve* rockets, another new, and as is said, more destructive engine for the demolition of ships, was lately presented to the board of ordnance, by captain *Ouseley* of the foreign depot. This thunder and lightning machine, was exhibited at Woolwich, on the 8th of April, 1809, to a vast number of general officers, officers of artillery and engineers. The experiments were made on a flag-staff, rigged out by several ropes, and representing a mast and rigging. On the first trial, the mast and rigging fell to the ground with an instant crash, involved in flames. The second trial was not so perfect, owing to some irregularity in disposing the materials. The fire on the third trial clung to the mast and rigging, and burnt with the same astonishing fury as at first. The other trials were equally successful in showing the effect of the model of this engine, which is no larger, than a couple of pint decanters united. Captain Ouseley was on the ground, and assisted in the management of it.

Having thus furnished you with notices of inventions to put men to death, I send you one, calculated to preserve their lives.

May, 1809—An experiment exciting an uncommon degree of interest, was tried lately at Woolwich by captain *Manby*, barrack-master at Yarmouth. It is intended to open a communication with vessels stranded on a lee shore, to save their crews in the darkest night. Three requisites were necessary to effect this important object. 1st. To discover precisely where the wrecked vessel was situated, in case the crew were unable to point out her distressing situation by luminous signals. 2d. To lay the piece of artillery with accuracy to the object. 3d. To make the flight of a rope perfectly discernible to those on shore, as well to those for whose safety it was intended. A small mortar firing a paper ball high into the air, at a certain calculated distance, the ball exploded, disengaging a shower of large balls of fire, that kept a luminous fall nearly to the horizon where the vessel was supposed to be seen; and a stand having two perpendiculars in it, was pointed to the object. The stand supposing to have ascertained the direct position of the wrecked vessel, the mortar was to be placed behind it, directed to the line of the two perpendiculars, and the rope regularly

laid on the ground in its front. The mortar being loaded with a shell having three large fuses, or rather rockets in it, which, when fired, carried the rope surrounded with such a blaze of light as could hardly be conceived. The decided approbation this invention met with from all present, marked its peculiar and distinguished merit. Every officer of that scientific corps before whom the experiment was made, for them to report on, warmly congratulated captain Manby; and the officers of the navy expressed their fullest conviction of its great utility, and the benefit that would result from it. Among them were lord Gardiner, lord Newark, Mr. Whitby, master attendant of Woolwich dock-yard, &c. &c. The effect, although in the day, was beyond all description beautiful, and proved the utility of a most important discovery to save shipwrecked mariners in a long stormy night in the winter; a period occupying so great a part of the twenty-four hours in that season of the year.
Edinb. Ann. Reg. for 1809.

T. C.

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SUGAR FROM STARCH.

The interesting experiments of Mr. Kirchoff of St. Petersburgh, proving that starch may be converted into sugar by the action of dilute sulphuric acid, have been eagerly repeated by the most distinguished chemical philosophers in Europe. This singular conversion is produced by boiling 100 parts of starch with 400 of water, and from two to eight parts of strong sulphuric acid, in an unglazed earthen vessel, for a period of from 24 to 36 hours, constantly stirring the mixture during the first hour (after which it becomes more fluid) and carefully maintaining the original quantity of water by adding more as it is wasted. Upon growing cold the mixture must be neutralized with chalk, and clarified by charcoal; filtrated through flannel, and evaporated to the consistence of oil. It must then be again cooled, in order to remove its sulphate of lime, and the clear liquor, if further gently evaporated, will yield about 100 parts of gummy syrup of the specific gravity of 1,295, easily susceptible of vinous fermentation, and when separated from the gum, which in general forms no less than a fifth part of it, capable of being crystallized, and applied to all the common purposes of native sugar. With the rationale of this very

important transmutation we are not yet acquainted. It is plain, however, that the acid still exists undecomposed, and there is reason to believe that the quantity of water is increased. The probability therefore is, that the agency of the acid is exerted in abstracting from the starch a part of its hydrogen and oxygen, in the proportions requisite to form the excess of water and in thus enabling its remaining principles to be in such a way arranged as to induce the extraordinary change effected.

RUM—ARSENIC.

Mr. Sylvester, of Derby, from having ascertained that the amelioration which rum experiences from being kept for some time in its cask, arises from an union of the gallic acid of the wood with the lead, which new rum generally contains, and on which depend its well-known pernicious properties, has been induced to offer this acid as a convenient test for the discovery of lead in cyders, wines, or other liquids, where its presence is suspected. The same gentleman proposes also to detect arsenic, by the green precipitate occasioned by the addition of an acetate of copper, prepared by decomposing sulphate of copper with acetate of lead.* And the presence of corrosive sublimate he recommends to be demonstrated by reducing its mercury to a metallic state upon another metal (by silvering a golden ring for instance with it) by the agency of galvanism. *London Month. Mag. January 1813.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRIALS FOR WITCHCRAFT.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

RUNNING over the columns of a newspaper not long ago, my attention was attracted by the *report* of a *law case*, recently decided in one of the Newyork courts, upon a point involving some curious considerations on the subject of this communication. The case, as

* Better by nitrat of silver, which produces a yellow precipitate.—T. C.
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reported, stood pretty nearly thus:—a man who had rented a house in one of the by-streets of Newyork, came to the landlord a few days after the contract was concluded, and declared his intention to quit the premises; alledging, as a reason, that his whole family had been grievously alarmed by divers strange sights and apparitions, which left no doubt that the common report of its being *haunted* was true. And, inasmuch as he considered a deception practised on him by the silence of the landlord as to these evil reports, refused to pay for any longer period than he had actually inhabited it. The landlord brings his action to recover the whole rent, which would become due upon the completion of the stipulated term, to which, it seems, he has always a right on the premature relinquishment of the tenant. It was decided, however, that he should receive a satisfaction for only the few days of actual occupancy; and this decision of the court appears to have been acquiesced in.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am no lawyer, and therefore I shall not presume to question the legal grounds upon which his honour on the woolsack decided this point. But, really, to my groping reason it does seem most extraordinary, that, in this *enlightened age*, a court of justice should compel an unlucky landlord to make known every *idle rumour* that has a tendency to lessen the value of his property; or that by countenancing a ridiculous popular illusion, it should give a kind of *sanction* to the stigma upon the poor man's property. Be this, however, as it may, I will leave him to get rid of his unpleasant inmates the best way he can; with a hearty wish that some kind exorcist may forthwith transfer them to a residence more fit for their ghostly location.

Surprise at the decision induced me to look into some books on this subject; and it may, perhaps, amuse your readers to hear how far our grave ancestors have been carried by prejudice and credulity.

We may well be proud, indeed, that, in our times, these superstitions have vanished before the light of reason and common sense. Though vulgar curiosity is sometimes, even now-a-days, amused by stories of “Cocklane ghosts,” and though we have occasionally instances of facetious persons who, in attempting to practise on popular terrors, have been obliged to *give up the ghost* by means of silver bullets shot by some ——— rustic; yet such things need

only be made the theme of some Grub-street quill, to meet deserved ridicule and contempt. There was a time, however, when all the ridiculous illusions of ghosts, and hobgoblins, and witchcraft were universal, and polluted even the courts of justice; when such a man as the great sir Matthew Hale was found to condemn a poor wretch to be hanged for a supposed communication with evil spirits. The statute on this subject, passed in the reign of *James the first*, will be a lasting monument of ignorance and infatuation. It is there enacted,

“ 1. That if any person shall use, practise or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit;

“ 2. Or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any wicked or evil spirit, to or for any intent or purpose;

“ 3. Or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his or their grave, or any other place, or the skin, bone, or any other part of any dead person, to be employed in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment;

“ 4. Or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof;

“ Every such person or persons, their aiders, abettors, and counsellors, being thereof convict and attaint, shall suffer *death* as a felon without clergy;—

“ Or if, 1. Any person shall take upon him by witchcraft, enchantment, charm or sorcery, to tell where any treasure of gold or silver may be found in the earth or other secret places;

“ 2. Or where goods, or things lost and stolen should be found or come at;

“ 3. Or shall use any sorcery, to the intent to provoke any person to unlawful love;

“ 4. Or whereby any cattle or goods of any person shall be destroyed, wasted or impaired;

“ 5. Or to hurt and destroy any person in his or her body, though the same be not effected or done;

“ First conviction one year’s imprisonment without bail, and once a quarter to stand two hours in the pillory, and confess his or her fault;

" If after conviction he commits the like offence, and be convict and attaint of such second offence, he shall suffer *death* as a felon without clergy."

Under the sanction of this authority, numberless old women were sacrificed, for the crime of having outlived the usual period of human life. Independently too, of this *legal* murder, the rabble frequently took it into their heads to erect themselves into a jury, and proceed to try the merits of some old beldame, by throwing her, bound hand and foot, into a river. If she swam, no doubt could remain of her supernatural powers. The poor creature was, therefore, obliged to go to the bottom, in order to elude the penalties of the statute.

But the theatre on which this bloody spirit assumed its most terrific form was in Newengland; where an awful warning was exhibited of the extent to which popular infatuation, when unrestrained, may triumph over the dictates of reason and of humanity. An historian of the present day has thus faithfully depicted the gloomy period to which we allude.

" In Great Britain as well as in America, the opinion had long prevailed that, by the aid of malignant spirits, certain persons possessed supernatural powers, which were usually exercised in the mischievous employment of tormenting others; and the criminal code of both countries was disgraced with laws for the punishment of witchcraft. With considerable intervals between them, some few instances had occurred in Newengland of putting this sanguinary law in force; but in the year 1692, this weakness was converted into frenzy; and after exercising successfully its destructive rage on those miserable objects whose wayward dispositions had excited the ill opinion, or whose age and wretchedness ought to have secured them the pity of their neighbours, its baneful activity was extended to persons in every situation of life, and many of the most reputable members of society became its victims.

" The first scene of this distressing tragedy was laid in Salem. The public mind had been prepared for its exhibition by some publications, stating the evidence adduced in former trials for witchcraft, both in old and Newengland, in which full proof was supposed to have been given of the guilt of the accused. Soon after this, some young girls in Boston had accustomed themselves,

to fall into fits, and had affected to be struck dead on the production of certain popular books, such as the *Assembly's Catechism*, and *Cotton's milk for Babes*, while they could read Oxford's jests, or popish and quaker books, with many others, which were deemed profane, without being in any manner affected by them. These pretences, instead of exposing the fraud to instant detection, seem to have promoted the cheat; and they were supposed to be possessed by demons who were utterly confounded at the production of those holy books. ‘ Sometimes,’ says Mr. Hutchinson, ‘ they were deaf, then dumb, then blind; and sometimes, all these disorders together would come upon them. Their tongues would be drawn down their throats, then pulled out upon their chins. Their jaws, necks, shoulders, elbows, and all their joints would appear to be dislocated, and they would make most piteous outcries of burnings, of being cut with knives, beat, &c. and the marks of wounds were afterwards to be seen.’ At length an old Irish woman, not of good character, who had given one of those girls some harsh language, and to whom all this diabolical mischief was attributed, was apprehended by the magistracy; and neither confessing nor denying the fact, was, on the certificate of the physicians that she was *compos mentis*, condemned and executed. An account of the circumstances of this case was published by a Mr. Baxter, with a preface, in which he says, ‘ the evidence is so convincing that he must be a very obdurate sadducee, who will not believe.’

“ Sir William Phipps, the governor, on his arrival from England, brought with him opinions which could not fail to strengthen the popular prejudice, and the lieutenant-governor supported one which was well calculated to render it sanguinary. He maintained that though the devil might appear in the shape of a guilty person, he could never be permitted to assume that of an innocent one. Consequently, when those who affected to perceive the form which tormented them designated any particular person as guilty, the guilt of that person was established, because he could not, if innocent, be personated by an evil spirit.

“ The public mind being thus predisposed, four girls in Salem, complained of being afflicted in the same manner with those in Boston, and the physicians unable to account for the disorder, attributed it to witchcraft, and an old Indian woman in the neigh-

bourhood was fixed on as the witch. These girls were much attended to, and rendered of great importance by the public as well as private notice which was taken of them. Several private fasts were kept at the house of the minister whose daughter one of them was; several more public were kept by the whole village; and at length, a general fast was proclaimed throughout the colony, "to seek to God to rebuke Satan, &c." The effect of these measures, as well as of the compassion expressed for them by all visitors, and the deep interest taken by all in their pretended misfortunes, not only confirmed the girls in an imposture productive of such flattering attentions, but produced other competitors who were ambitious of the same distinction. Several other persons were now bewitched; and not only the old Indian, but two other old women, the one bedridden, and the other subject to melancholy and distraction, were accused as witches. It was necessary to keep up the agitation already excited, by furnishing fresh subjects for astonishment; and in a short time, the accusations extended to persons who were in respectable situations. The manner in which these accusations were received, evidenced such a degree of public credulity, that the impostors seem to have been convinced of their power to assail with impunity, any characters which caprice or malignity might select for their victims. Such was the prevailing infatuation, that in one instance, a child of five years old was charged as an accomplice in these pretended crimes; and if the nearest relatives of the accused manifested either tenderness for their situation, or resentment at the injury done their friends, they drew upon themselves the vengeance of these profligate impostors, and were involved in the dangers from which they were desirous of rescuing those with whom they were most intimately connected. For going out of church when a person of fair fame was believed to be strongly alluded to from the pulpit, a sister was charged as a witch; and for accompanying on her examination a wife who had been apprehended, the husband was involved in the same prosecution, and was condemned and executed. In the presence of the magistrates those flagitious persons, whose testimony supported these charges, affected extreme agony, and attributed to those whom they accused, the power of torturing them by a look and without appearing to approach them. The examinations were all

taken in writing, and several of them are detailed at full length in Mr. Hutchinson's history of Massachusetts. They exhibit a deplorable degree of blind infatuation on one side, and atrocious profligacy on the other, which, if not well attested, could scarcely be supposed to have existed. One of them will be sufficient to convey an idea of the course which was pursued.

"At a court held at Salem, 11th of April, 1692, by the hon. Thomas Danforth, deputy-governor.

"*Question.* John, who hurt you? *Answer.* Goody Procter first, and then goody Cloyse. *Q.* What did she do to you? *A.* She brought the book to me. *Q.* John, tell the truth, who hurts you; have you been hurt? *A.* The first was a gentlewoman I saw. *Q.* Who next? *A.* Goody Cloyse. *Q.* But who hurt you next? *A.* Goody Procter. *Q.* What did she do to you? *A.* She choked me and brought the book. *Q.* How oft did she come to torment you? *A.* A good many times; she and goody Cloyse. *Q.* Do they come to you in the night as well as in the day? *A.* They come most in the day. *Q.* Who? *A.* Goody Cloyse and goody Procter. *Q.* Where did she take hold of you? *A.* Upon my throat, to stop my breath. *Q.* Do you know goody Cloyse and goody Proctor? *A.* Yes; here is goody Cloyse. *Question by Cloyse.* When did I hurt thee? *A.* A great many times. *Cloyse.* Oh, you are a grievous liar. *Q.* What did this goody Cloyse do to you? *A.* She pinched and bit me until the blood came. *Q.* How long since this woman came and hurt you? *A.* Yesterday at meeting. *Q.* At any time before? *A.* Yes, a great many times. *Q.* Mary Walcott, who hurts you? *A.* Goody Cloyse. *Q.* What did she do to you? *A.* She hurt me. *Q.* Did she bring the book? *A.* Yes. *Q.* What were you to do with it? *A.* To touch it and be well. Then the witness fell into a fit. *Q.* Doth she come alone? *A.* Sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with goody Nurse and goody Corey, and a great many I do not know. Then she fell into a fit again. *Q.* Abigail Williams, did you see a company at Mr. Paris's house eat and drink? *A.* Yes, sir; that was their sacrament. *Q.* How many were there? *A.* About forty, and goody Cloyse and goody Good were their deacons. *Q.* What was it? *A.* They said it was our blood, and they had it twice that day. *Q.* Mary Walcott, have you seen a white man? *A.* Yes, sir, a

great many times. Q. What sort of a man was he? A. A fine grave man, and when he came he made all the witches to tremble. Abigail Williams confirmed the same, and said they had such a sight at deacon Ingersoll's. Q. Who was at deacon Ingersoll's then? A. Goody Cloyse, goody Nurse, goody Corey, and goody Good. Then Sarah Cloyse asked for water, and sat down as one seized with a dying fainting fit; and several of the afflicted fell into fits, and some of them cried out, Oh! her spirit is gone to prison to her sister Nurse. Q. Elizabeth Procter, you understand where-of you are charged; viz. to be guilty of sundry acts of witchcraft; what say you to it? speak the truth. And so you that are afflicted, you must speak the truth, as you will answer it before God another day. Mary Walcott, doth this woman hurt you? A. I never saw her so as to be hurt by her. Q. Mary Lewis, does she hurt you? Her mouth was stopped. Q. Ann Putnam, does she hurt you? She could not speak. Q. Abigail Williams, does she hurt you? Her hand was thrust into her mouth. Q. John, does she hurt you? A. This is the woman that came in her shift and choked me. Q. Did she ever bring the book? A. Yes, sir. Q. What to do? A. To write. Q. What, this woman? A. Yes, sir. Q. Are you sure of it? A. Yes sir. Again Abigail Williams and Ann Putnam were spoken to by the court; but neither of them could make any answer, by reason of dumbness, or other fits. Q. What do you say, goody Procter, to those things? A. I take God in heaven to be my witness, that I know nothing of it, no more than the child unborn. Q. Ann Putnam, doth this woman hurt you? A. Yes, sir, a great many times. Then the accused looked upon them, and they fell into fits. Q. She does not bring the book to you, does she? A. Yes, sir, often; and saith she hath made her maid set her hand to it. Q. Abigail Williams, does this woman hurt you? A. Yes, sir, often. Q. Does she bring the book to you? A. Yes. Q. What would she have you to do with it? A. To write in it, and I shall be well. Did not you, said Abigail to the accused, tell me that your maid had written? *Answer Procter.* Dear child, it is not so. There is another judgment, dear child. Then Abigail and Ann had fits. By-and-by they cried out, look you, there is goody Procter upon the beam. By-and-by both of them cried out upon goodman Procter himself, and said, he was a wizzard.

Immediately, many if not all of the bewitched had grievous fits. Q. Ann Putnam, who hurt you? A. Goodman Procter, and his wife too. Afterwards some of the afflicted cried, there is Procter going to take up Mrs. Pope's feet. And her feet were immediately taken up. Q. What do you say goodman Procter, to these things? A. I know not, I am innocent. Abigail Williams cried out, there is goodman Procter going to Mrs. Pope, and immediately said Pope fell into fits. You see the devil will deceive you; the children could see what you was going to do before the woman was hurt. I would advise you to repentance; for the devil is bringing you out. Abigail Williams cried out again, there is goodman Procter going to hurt goody Bibber; and immediately goody Bibber fell into a fit. There was the like of Mary Walcott and divers others. Benjamin Gould gave in his testimony that he had seen goodman Corey and his wife, Procter and his wife, goody Cloyse, goody Nurse, and goody Griggs in his chamber last Thursday night. Elizabeth Hubbard was in a trance during the whole examination. During the examination of Elizabeth Procter, Abigail Williams and Ann Putnam both made offer to strike at said Procter, but when Abigail's hand came near, it opened; whereas it was made up into a fist before, and came down exceeding lightly, as it drew near to said Procter; and at length with open and extended fingers, touched Procter's hood very lightly. Immediately Abigail cried out, her fingers, her fingers, her fingers burned; and Ann Putnam took on most grievously of her husband and sunk down."

"Upon such senseless jargon as this, many persons of sober lives and unblemished characters were committed to prison; and the public prejudices had already pronounced their doom. Against charges of this nature, thus conducted, no defence could possibly be made. To be criminated was to be found guilty. The very grossness of the imposition seemed to secure its success, and the absurdity of the accusation to establish the verity of the charge.

"The consternation became almost universal. It was soon perceived that all attempts to establish innocence must be ineffectual, and the person accused could only hope to obtain safety, by confessing the truth of the charge, and criminating others. The

extent of crime to be introduced by such a state of things may readily be conceived. Every feeling of humanity is shocked when we learn that to save themselves, children accused their parents; in some instances, parents their children; and in one case, sentence of death was pronounced against a husband on the testimony of his wife.

The examination had commenced in February, and the list of commitments had swelled to a lamentable bulk by June, when the new charter having arrived, commissioners of oyer and terminer were appointed for the trial of persons charged with witchcraft. By this court a considerable number were condemned, of whom nineteen, protesting their ignorance, were executed. It is observed by Mr. Hutchinson, that those who were condemned and not executed, had most probably saved themselves by a confession of their guilt.

" Fortunately for those who were still to be tried, the legislature, convened under the new charter, created a regular tribunal for the trial of criminal as well as civil cases, and the court of commissioners rose to sit no more. The first session of the regular court for the trial of criminal cases was to be held in January, and this delay was favourable to reflection and to the recovery of the public reason. Other causes contributed to this event. There remained yet in the various prisons of the colony, a vast number of women, many of whom were of the most reputable families in the towns in which they had resided; and many of the very first rank had been hinted at, and some expressly named by the bewitched and confessing witches. A Mr. Bradstreet, who had been appointed one of the council, and was son to the old governor of that name; but who as a justice of the peace was suspected of not prosecuting with sufficient rigour, was named by the witnesses as a confederate, and found it necessary to abscond. The governor's lady it is said, and the wife of one of the ministers who had favoured this persecution, were among the accused; and a charge was also brought against the secretary of the colony of Connecticut.

" Although the violence of the torrent of prejudice was beginning to abate, yet the grand jury in January, found a true bill against fifty persons, but of those brought to trial, only three were

condemned, and they were not executed. All those who were not tried in January, were discharged by order of the governor, and never, says Mr. Hutchinson, has such a jail delivery been known in Newengland. And never was there given a more melancholy proof of the degree of depravity always to be counted on when the public passions countenance crime."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DUTCH CLEANLINESS AND FEMALE INFLUENCE.

THE cleanliness of the Dutch in their houses is proverbial, and is sometimes curiously contrasted with the neglect of their persons. I have heard of a gentleman, who being introduced into one of their very clean rooms, and having occasion to spit, declared that he saw no place fit for that purpose but the person of the landlord.

Sir William Temple, in his memoirs, during a residence in Holland, relates the following anecdote:

"Dining one day at monsieur Haeft's (at Amsterdam) and having a great cold, I observed every time I spit, a tight handsome wench (that stood in the room with a clean cloth in her hand) was presently down to wipe it up and rub the board clean: somebody at table speaking of my cold, I said the most trouble it gave was to see the poor wench take so much pains about it: Mr. Haeft told me 'twas well I had escaped so, and that if his wife had been at home, though I were an ambassador, she would have turned me out of doors for fouling her house; and laughing at that humour, said, there were two rooms of his house that he never durst come into, and believed they were never open but twice a year to make them clean. I said, I found he was a good patriot, and not only in the interest of his country, but in the customs of the town, where that of the wife's governing, was, I heard, a thing established. He replied, 'twas true, and that all a man could hope for there was to have an easy governess, and that his wife was so. Another of the magistrates at table, who was a graver man, said, monsieur Haeft was pleasant, but the thing was no more so in their town than in any other place that he knew of. Haeft replied

very briskly, it was so, and could not be otherwise, for it had long been the custom; and whoever offered to break it would have banded against him, not only all the women in the town, but all those men too that were governed by their wives, which would make too great a party to be opposed. In the afternoon upon a visit, and occasion of what had been said at monsieur Haeft's, many stories were told of the strange and curious cleanliness so general in that city, and some so extravagant that my sister took them for jest; when the secretary of Amsterdam, that was of the company, desiring her to look out of the window, said, why madam, "there is the house where one of our magistrates going to visit the mistress of it, and knocking at the door a strapping North Holland lass came and opened it: he asked whether her mistress was at home? she said yes, and with that he offered to go in; but the wench, marking his shoes were not very clean, took him by both arms, threw him upon her back, carried him across two rooms, set him down at the bottom of the stairs, pulled off his shoes, put him on a pair of slippers that stood there, and all this without saying a word; but when she had done, told him he might go up to her mistress, who was in her chamber."

The descendants of the Dutch in this country retain the same fondness for scrubbing. It is said, that in Albany they have their firewood piled in heaps with the smooth ends outwards, which are regularly rubbed and kept clean and bright in the same manner as articles of furniture. Many other stories are told whether true or not, of their "strange and curious cleanliness." This rigid cleanliness, however, is not confined to the Dutch, and I am credibly informed, that there are in this city many worthy gentlemen, who, like Mr. Haeft, are rarely if ever admitted into certain apartments, which are opened only to be cleaned.

It is curious to remark in sir Wm. Temples' Dutch story, as well as in other instances, what a close connexion there appears to be between this virtue of cleanliness, and a certain arbitrary power in the wife. Whether this being among the severer virtues, is naturally allied to sternness of temper and love of rule, or whether the love of dominion be not the cause of this extreme cleanliness, I cannot determine; the latter opinion seems to have been adopted by an ingenious author of an Essay upon Whitewashing, written several years ago, in which he ventures to suggest, that the prac-

tice originated in a scheme of the wife to get possession of the house, and to turn the husband out of doors. He observes, that luckily for the rights of man, this practice did not prevail so extensively as formerly, and that the paper-makers had caused a considerable revolution in this matter. However that may be, I rejoice in the belief, that in all the changes of modes, there has been no diminution of female power, and that if their prerogatives have been lessened, their influence has increased.

X.

EVENING SOCIETY.

[THE following communications, which, for the sake of perspicuity, we place together, represent a grievance in our society, of which, we understand, all are disposed to complain, though none will exert themselves to remedy it. It is in truth a sad and unnatural state of things, when the only hours devoted to what is termed social intercourse should be precisely those when we are most occupied, and that in our moments of leisure, we shut ourselves up churlishly and will not admit our acquaintances. We much fear that such habits will render our society very dull and insipid. As the matter stands at present, in the morning a whole family is disturbed to argue the weather with visitors who are running against time, and measuring their conversation by a stop-watch, or else, which is the happier alternative for both parties, we must "speak by the card," as Hamlet says. But let that unhappy wight beware, who, trusting to the usages elsewhere, ventures to ring an evening bell in Philadelphia. Him no smiling footman welcomes—but dark inquisitive looks are upon him to ascertain whether he be of the kindred, or of sufficient intimacy to have admission to the mysteries of the fireside, and instead of meeting the fate of Acteon for looking upon these sanctities, he is more likely to have a reception the very reverse of being turned *into* any thing. An evening visit is, in fact, almost deemed downright housebreaking. "He that by night," says lord Coke, "breaketh and entereth into a mansion-house with intent to commit a felony," is guilty of a high

crime, for which he may be hanged or transported: and grave judges have thereupon declared, that even, "to knock at a door, and upon opening it to rush in with a felonious intent," brings an offender in the way of heavy penalties. From the complaint of our friend Cœlebs, it seems too that a felonious intent is always presumed on these occasions, for no one could be found prowling about after dark, without suspicion of designing to steal an heiress, or purloin some unguarded heart in the parlour. On the whole we would recommend to our friends, young as well as old, to unbend somewhat of this severity—to open their doors even after sunset—and to receive company in the evening without fear or reproach. Having long since abandoned drawing rooms and confined my acquaintance to a few old folks, I cannot speak of things passing, but from what I hear from my grandchildren; but if there be any truth in their complaints, the present age has much cause to lament that the reign of social firesides, snug parties, and petits soupers has been superseded by morning calls, and yawning crowds in the evening.]

From the letter-box.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

HAVE you forgotten the interests of the ladies in the more important concerns of your magazine? Your gallantry I am sure will not suffer you to plead this excuse: but at all events your aid is wanted to redress various grievances which prevail among us. In the first place then, you must know that there is, and has long been a most lamentable deficiency of beaux in our society. What the cause of this calamity is, I know not; but the evil is too palpable. At a tea-party, for example, it often happens that there are twenty ladies assembled, and not more than two or three gentlemen. At a dance the proportion of gentlemen to the ladies is so small, that many unhappy females are absolutely deprived of this favourite amusement, and remain a whole evening without stirring from their seats, whence they have received the name of *wall-flowers*, from the impudent coxcombs. The consequence of this scarcity is, that many of these personages, the men, I mean, feeling their importance, take great airs upon themselves, forsooth, and have adopted habits of carelessness and indifference, that call for immediate

correction. Sometimes they do not make their appearance at a party until towards the end of the evening. Sometimes they collect in heaps in the middle of the room, utterly regardless of the presence of the ladies, and if the weather is cold take care to place themselves exactly in such a situation as to deprive the ladies of all benefit from the fire. Many of them affect not to dance at all, while others do it in such a manner, that it looks like the effect of compulsion. It would be endless to repeat all the enormities that are committed on these occasions.

But, sir, there is another complaint that I have to make of a more extensive application. We have heard that in the times of our mothers, gentlemen visited them frequently, and that their evenings were spent in social and agreeable parties of both sexes. But at present, except at large and formal parties, we never see the gentlemen, unless it be in a morning visit of about five minutes, which is thought to be a necessary return for a dance or a tea-party, and which is paid *annually*. I will acknowledge, to the credit of several of my male visitants, that they are very punctual in the observance of this anniversary, and that I generally see them or their cards (which is the same thing) at my house once a year. As to social evening parties, collected without ceremony or invitation, the custom has long been extinct in Philadelphia. By the way, sir, does not our custom of morning visits occasion a great waste of time by breaking in upon the other occupations of the day, and would it not be better to reserve our visits for the evening, except on particular occasions, and when strangers are to be seen? One advantage would certainly attend such an arrangement; it would accommodate the leisure of those gentlemen whose talents are most desirable in society. But, alas! men of this description seem for the most part to have abandoned society. What wonder if tea-parties are frivolous and tiresome, when men of sense desert them: but give me leave to say, at the same time, whatever these gentlemen may think in their dignified retirement, of female society, they may be assured that they would be benefited by it.

This unsocial, ceremonious manner, which is said to be peculiar to Philadelphia, is the more remarkable, because no persons appear better qualified for social intercourse by education, talents, and manners, than a very large portion of the society in this city.

Why, then, is such an enormous evil permitted to exist? If, sir, you can suggest any remedy, you will oblige a large circle, and among them your humble servant,

NUBILIA.

MR. OLDSHOOL,

I am a bachelor, and fond of the society of the ladies, but I find some difficulty in cultivating it. An inveterate custom has established a formal mode of intercourse by morning visits, to the exclusion of the more convenient and agreeable manner of visiting in the evening without invitation. To break through this usage is an undertaking altogether desperate. A friend of mine assures me that it cannot be done, and that he once made an attempt which had like to have been attended with serious consequences. It seems that he called one evening to visit a family to whose parties he had frequently been invited. A report was soon after spread that he was paying his addresses to the young lady of the house, and at his next visit he found the lady very prettily embarrassed, and the whole family in expectation that he would declare his intentions. Having no designs of this sort, my friend was perplexed at his situation, and has since withdrawn himself from the society of that family, in order to avoid the imputation of courting the daughter.

Pray, sir, use your influence to reform this absurdity in our manners, and in the mean time inform me how often I may visit where there are ladies, and at what hours without being thought to entertain views of marriage. Your's,

CŒLEBS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—ANECDOTE OF LA HARPE AND DORAT.

FROM GRIMM'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“ SINCE so much pains is often taken to amuse the censorious by little pieces of scandal against distinguished characters, it is a delightful task to record the opposite traits of generosity which do honour to letters, and to literary men. M. de la Harpe sometime ago displayed this nobleness of mind on a remarkable occa-

sion. It will be recollect that an unfortunate difference has long subsisted between him and *Dorat*. A few days ago La Harpe received, through the post, a letter signed "a capuchin," in which the writer requests an immediate interview, designating as the place of meeting, a church belonging to one of the most remote convents of Paris. The author of *Melanie* and of *Varwick*, we may be sure could feel no great disposition to give the rendezvous to a capuchin; notwithstanding that he himself had thrown out to one* a similar invitation, hardly six months before, and that too on the enemy's coast: He concluded, at first, therefore, to take no notice of it. But having received a second letter more pressing than the former, couched in terms which precluded all suspicion of foul play, his curiosity was excited, and he determined to grant the request of his mysterious correspondent. The parties accordingly met, when our pretended monk explained his secret by stating, that he was private secretary to *Dorat*, from whom he had recently experienced the greatest injustice, and that he was determined to exact the severest retribution. "I have here," said he, drawing from under his frock a large bundle of manuscripts, "the means of punishing most effectually our common enemy. Your assistance will be necessary in the prosecution of my design, and it is for that purpose I have taken the liberty to trouble you." The pacquet, amongst numberless half-sketched satires against the members of the academy, particularly La Harpe, contained a voluminous correspondence between Dorat and a married woman, with whom he kept up an intercourse on terms of more than platonic familiarity. Out of this correspondence the honourable secretary thought that an exceedingly witty, pleasant, scandalous romance might be worked up to amuse the town and ruin the reputation of Dorat. The profits of the publication were to be divided equally; and some of the originals were to be privately conveyed to the unsuspecting husband.—It would be difficult to conceive the indignation with which the generous La Harpe received this infamous proposal;—he upbraided the wretch with his perfidy, and left him with the utmost abhorrence. But upon coolly reflecting on the matter he thought that enough had not been done, and that some mercenary scribbler might be found

* To the Courier of Europe.

who would readily seize so favourable an opportunity of gratifying the malevolence of the public. He therefore instantly despatched a note to the capuchin, apologizing for his warmth at their first meeting, and saying how happy he should now be to cooperate with him in his design. The device succeeded, and the manuscripts carefully wrapt up, were received according to request. Without opening the pacquet, La Harpe immediately enclosed it to Dorat, with an explanation of the circumstances by which it had come to his hands. The enthusiastic gratitude of Dorat may be readily imagined—all literary animosities were forgotten, and he hastened to throw himself at the feet of a man whom he had so often reviled in the pages of Freron; and Mr. De la Harpe ever afterwards tried to speak ill of Mr. Dorat in a tone of infinitely more mildness. After such traits, who will dare to accuse men of letters of not being good Christians.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—NAVAL SONGS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE author of the enclosed song of **TOM JUNK**, would willingly denominate it “A Naval Song, somewhat after the manner of the celebrated Dibden,” but is fearful of being considered presumptuous. As it is, however, he submits it to the critical decision of the editor, from a reliance that, should it meet the approbation of that gentleman, he will honour it, as an effusion of a native, perhaps unfledged, muse, with an insertion in his elegant miscellany.

EDGAR.

SONG.—TOM JUNK.

Air—“ Thy Blue Waves O’Caron.”

“ THE wave of old Ocean’s the field for the brave,”
D’ye see, Jack, thus says the old song as it goes;
And some how or other, if one meets a grave,
Why it comes in the shape of our country’s foes.
And to die in the cause of mankind, and our own,
Is the pride and the joy of a true-hearted tar;
While the cherub of light sweetly sings his renown,
Which flies to the land of his home from afar.”

'Twas thus as we swung in our hammocks one night,
Tom JUNK to his messmates so gallantly spake;
We heard him with joy, and our bosoms beat light,
In the hope that we stood in the enemy's wake.
Next day was the battle—our foes they were bold,
But American sailors to conquer were sworn;
And though fiercely the tide of the conflict was roll'd,
The wreath from the brow of Britannia was torn.

In the midst of the fight, when the scuppers ran blood,
Bold TOM, like a lion, the contest maintained;
At his gun, undismay'd and collected, he stood,
While the bullets on deck, like a wild tempest rain'd.
He stood at his gun, with a soul so serene
That he jested and laugh'd to his messmates around;
But the moment that victory lighted the scene,
He fell, like the oak, in full majesty crown'd.

He fell—but the soul of the sailor was strong:
His eyes to the flag of Columbia rose,
And he smil'd to his friends, as it floated along
From the top of the conquer'd, but proudest of foes.
He smil'd, but the cheek of the hero grew pale—
Huzza! and his eyes were no longer so bright;
His soul on the pinions of glory set sail,
And Victory bore him aloft in our sight.

On viewing the Naval Procession at Newyork, September 15, 1813.

WHERE slowly moves the warrior's laurel'd bier
In all the pomp of wo—its sad array;
Why Nature there refuse the tribute tear,
Which still to Worth, to Genius she will pay?

Why Sympathy did'st sleep within thy coral cell,
As passed Columbia's fallen hero by:
And no fond looks his deeds of valour tell,
Nor chrystal tear-drop fill the trembling eye!

Such were not Nature in that losty hour,
When *patriots* feel the *hero* gone from earth;
The soul enchanted by a bolder power,
Gives to each passion yet a nobler birth.

A sacred fire burns in every vein,
O'er every limb—through every nerve it steals;
Thrills through the heart with unresisted reign,
Refines the spirit that sublimely feels!

Upward is raised the soul expressing eye,
Flash'd with its generous, its exulting *fire*;
Follows the hero to his kindred sky,
And hears the requiem of celestial choir!

The solemn scene less eloquent of woes,
Tells of heroic worth, of deeds in arms;
A kindling joy through every life pulse glows—
Passion is clad in more than mortal charms.

And as he pauses 'bove the array of earth,
The soul is busied in its proud employ;
'Tis there it feels—it owns immortal birth—
The hallowed scene is redolent of joy!

But onward—follow to the silent grave,
Where the cold clods with solemn music blend;
Oh! Nature *there* her tender tribute gave,
And wept the Christian—father, and the friend.

The sterner warrior melts with willing wo,
Nor shames to feel the kindred pulse of earth;
A small fond relic that we still may know,
How the celestial was of mortal birth

Each loftier passion left its wonted throne,
And from the trembling soul a moment fled;
Dear Sensibility then claims her own—
He who in victory *Pity* captive lead!

The pæns swell with solemn musings fraught,
 Nor raised the heart, nor tranquilliz'd the soul—
 Back to the world that fleeting form it brought;
 Of him endeared by Virtue's soft control.

Columbia long for such a son shall mourn,
 The stranger oft shall pause upon his grave;
 And many a hand shall decorate his urn,
 And love to stay where sleeps the fallen brave.

The patriot here his votive wreath shall twine,
 Long shall he glory in the warrior's name—
 The name of LAWRENCE purity enshrine,
 Who fought for freedom, hallowed is by fame!

LORENZO.

—
NAVAL SONG.

HAIL to the heroes from Ocean returning,
 Welcome their off'ring at Liberty's shrine;
 Proud gallant warriors, with ardour still burning,
 For Columbia to conquer—'tis *her* they entwine.
 Their own native vales for danger forsaking,
 Still for Columbia bright laurels to gain;
 Guardians of freedom, to glory yet waking,
 Dauntless in deeds—ye are guarded by Fame!
 List to the pæan now loudly it swells,
 Dear is the land where Liberty dwells!

Yet are the laurels of victory blooming,
 Columbia thy arm is destin'd to save—
 Bright in thy glory, thy star is illumining,
 Shores where thy glory is borne on each wave!
 Hail to the heroes, thy rights still maintaining
 Against haughty Albion, so proud on the sea;
 (Already the star of her glory is waning)
 Columbia they live, and they conquer for *thee*!
 List to the pæan, now loudly it swells,
 Dear is the land where Liberty dwells!

AUSTIN.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM PENN.

We copy the following detached passages from "Clarkson's Memoirs of the Life of William Penn," a work recently published in England, and reprinted in this city. They are selected as peculiarly calculated to interest the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, who will be gratified by anecdotes of the distinguished founder, and a representation of the early state of the province.

IT may be proper to give here an anecdote of the modesty of William Penn, as it relates to the charter. On the day when it was signed he wrote to several of his friends to inform them of it, and among others to R. Turner, one of the persons mentioned to have been admitted as a partner in the purchase of East New-jersey. He says in this letter, that after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in council, his country was on that day confirmed to him under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name which the king gave it in honour of his father. It was his own intention to have had it called New Wales; but the under secretary, who was a Welshman, opposed it. He then suggested Sylvania, on account of its woods, but they would still add Penn to it. He offered the under secretary twenty guineas to give up his prejudices, and to consent to change the name; for he feared lest it should be looked upon as vanity in him, and not as a respect in the king, as it truly was, to his father, whom he often mentioned with great praise. Finding that all would not do, he went to the king himself to get the name of Penn struck out, or another substituted; but the king said it was passed, and that he would take the naming of it upon himself.

His next movement was to Upland, in order to call the first general assembly. This was a memorable event, and to be distinguished by some marked circumstance. He determined therefore to change the name of the place. Turning round to his friend Pearson, one of his own society, who had accompanied him in the ship *Welcome*, he said, "Providence has brought us here safe. Thou hast been the companion of my perils. What wilt thou that I should call this place?" Pearson said, "Chester, in remembrance of the city from whence he came." William Penn replied, that it should be called Chester; and that, when he divided the

land into counties, he would call one of them by the same name also.

The time now arrived when he was to confirm his great treaty with the Indians. His religious principles, which led him to the practice of the most scrupulous morality, did not permit him to look upon the king's patent or legal possession according to the laws of England, as sufficient to establish his right to the country, without purchasing it by fair and open bargain of the natives, to whom only it properly belonged. He had instructed commissioners, who had arrived in America before him, to buy it of the latter, and to make with them at the same time a treaty of eternal friendship. This the commissioners had done; and this was the time when, by mutual agreement between him and the Indian chiefs, it was to be publicly ratified. He proceeded, therefore, accompanied by his friends, consisting of men, women, and young persons of both sexes, to Coaquannoc, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands. On his arrival there he found the sachems and their tribes assembling. They were seen in the woods as far as the eye could carry, and looked frightful both on account of their number and their arms. The quakers are reported to have been but a handful in comparison, and these without any weapon —so that dismay and terror had come upon them, had they not confided in the righteousness of their cause.

It is much to be regretted, when we have accounts of minor treaties between William Penn and the Indians, that in no historian I can find an account of this, though so many mention it, and though all concur in considering it as the most glorious of any in the annals of the world. There are, however, relations in Indian speeches, and traditions in quaker families descended from those who were present on the occasion, from which we may learn something concerning it. It appears that, though the parties were to assemble at Coaquannoc, the treaty was made a little higher up, at Shackamaxon. Upon this Kensington now stands, the houses of which may be considered as the suburbs of Philadelphia. There was at Shackamaxon an elm tree of a prodigious size. To this the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his

usual clothes. He had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halberd, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash* round his waist, which was made of silk net-work, and which was of no larger apparent dimensions than an officer's military sash, and much like it except in colour. On his right hand was colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, and on his left his friend Pearson before mentioned; after whom followed a train of quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the sachems, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations and according to Scripture language, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief, who had a right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves round their chiefs in the form of a half-moon upon the ground. The chief sachem then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began. The Great Spirit, he said, who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for

* This sash is now in the possession of Thomas Kett, esq. of Seething-hall, near Norwich.

their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ: neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.

That William Penn must have done and said a great deal more on this interesting occasion than has now been represented, there can be no doubt. What I have advanced may be depended upon; but I am not warranted in going further. It is also to be regretted, that the speeches of the Indians on this memorable day have not come down to us. It is only known that they solemnly pledged themselves, according to their country manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure.—Thus ended this famous treaty, of which more has been said in the way of praise than of any other ever transmitted to posterity.

Having now fairly purchased the land of the natives, he ordered a regular survey of it. This was performed by Thomas Holme,

who had come out as surveyor-general of the province. During the survey he pitched upon Coaquannoc as the most noble and commodious place for his new city. It was situated between the rivers Schuylkill and Delaware, and therefore bounded by them on two sides, and on a third by their confluence. The junction of two such rivers and both of them navigable, the great width and depth of the latter so admirably calculated for commerce, the existence of a stratum of brick-earth on the spot, immense quarries of building stone in the neighbourhood—these and other circumstances determined him in the choice of it. It happened, however, that it was then in the possession of the Swedes; but the latter, on application being made to them, cheerfully exchanged it for land in another quarter.

Having now determined upon the site, and afterwards upon the plan of the city, he instructed Thomas Holme to make a map of it, in which the streets were to be laid out as they were to be afterwards built. There were to be two large streets, the one fronting the Delaware on the east, and the other the Schuylkill on the west, of a mile in length. A third, to be called High-street, of one hundred feet broad, was to run directly through the middle of the city so as to communicate with the streets now mentioned at right angles; that is, it was to run through the middle from river to river, or from east to west. A fourth of the same breadth to be called Broad-street, was to run through the middle also, but to intersect High-street at right angles, or to run from north to south. Eight streets, fifty feet wide, were to be built parallel to High-street, that is, from river to river; and twenty, of the like width, parallel to Broad-street, that is, to cross the former from side to side. The streets running from east to west were to be named according to their numerical order, such as First, Second and Third street, and those from north to south according to the woods of the country, such as Vine, Spruce, Pine, Sassafras, Cedar, and others. There was to be, however, a square of ten acres in the middle of the city, each corner of which was to be reserved for public offices. There was to be also in each quarter of it a square of eight acres, to be used by the citizens in like manner as Moorfields in London. The city having been thus planned, he gave it a name, which he had long reserved for it, namely, Philadelphia, in token of that principle of *brotherly love*, upon which he

had come to these parts; which he had shown to Dutch, Swedes, Indians, and others alike; and which he wished might forever characterize his new dominions.

After a tedious passage of nearly three months he arrived in the river Delaware on the last day of November, 1699. Just about this time a most horrible distemper, called then the Yellow Fever, had ceased. This distemper had been very fatal in several of the Westindia islands some years before. Thomas Story witnessed its rise and progress there. He says in his Journal, that "while he was in Philadelphia six, seven, and eight a day were taken off for several weeks together." In describing the effect it had upon the minds of those who beheld its progress, he speaks thus: "Great was the majesty and the hand of the Lord. Great was the fear that fell upon all flesh. I saw no lofty nor airy countenance, nor heard any vain jesting to move men to laughter; nor witty repartee to raise mirth; nor extravagant feasting to excite the lusts and desires of the flesh above measure: but every face gathered paleness, and many hearts were humbled, and countenances fallen and sunk, as of those who waited every moment to be summoned to the bar, and numbered to the grave."

I have been induced to make this digression on this particular subject, because the yellow fever has generally been considered as having originally sprung, and this of late years, from Africa, and as having been imported from thence to our Westindies, and afterwards from thence to America. But the foregoing account falsifies such an idea, and fixes it to its proper latitudes. It may not be unimportant, in the future consideration of this distemper, to view it as one of long standing, and as belonging to those climates where its awful visitations have been so severely felt.

In looking over the Journals of the Proceedings of this Session of the legislature [1700] we are furnished with certain facts trifling in themselves, but which yet, as matters of curiosity, may be worth noticing. It appears, first, that but very few members absented themselves during the whole session. They used to meet twice a day for the despatch of business, namely, at eight in the morning and three in the afternoon. They were called together by the ringing of a bell. Any member who was half an hour behind the time was fined ten pence. Every member had an al-

lowance of three pence per mile for travelling charges, and six shillings a day for his attendance in assembly. The speaker's daily allowance was ten shillings. Aurelius Hoskins had twenty pounds for his attendance as clerk.

In 1709 William Penn submitted to a painful act for the sake of justice. His pecuniary embarrassments were such as to oblige him to mortgage his province of Pennsylvania for 6,600*l.* The money was advanced him by his friends, but principally by those who were of his own religious society.

In 1712 he made up his mind to part with his province to government; for which he asked the sum of 20,000*l.* Queen Anne referred his demand to the lords commissioners of trade and plantations, who were to report to the lords commissioners of the treasury. An agreement was made in consequence for 12,000*l.*; but the bad and dangerous state of his health during this year prevented the execution of it. He was seized at distant times with three several fits, said to be apoplectic, the latter of which was so severe that it was with difficulty that he survived it. It so shattered his understanding and memory, that he was left scarcely fit to manage at times the most trifling of his private concerns.

I may observe here, that a statue of him was erected at the seat of the late lord Le Despencer, near High Wycomb. On the alienation of the estate the pedestal was suffered to decay. The statue, valued then only as old lead, was purchased by a neighbouring plumber, from whom one of the proprietor's grandsons procuring it, presented it to the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. No dependence, however, is to be placed on this, as any likeness of the person it professed to represent.

I shall conclude by stating, that when the statue of William Penn, already mentioned to have been erected to his memory at the seat of the late lord Le Despencer, was removed to Philadelphia, the citizens received it with joy. They restored the pedestal, and, at the expense of many hundred pounds, put it up, and inclosed it by a proper railing on the lawn on the south side of the Pennsylvania Hospital, where it now stands as a monument of their gratitude, and, through their zeal on the occasion, as emblematical of that of the whole province.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ADVERSARIA, OR, EVENING RECREATIONS, NO. X.

Come my best friends, my books.—*Corvley.*

Some of my readers will recollect the sarcastic manner in which Dr. Johnson ridiculed the invectives and refuted the arguments, which Mr. Hanway produced against the use of tea. The Dr. very candidly apprized our *eight-day traveller*, that he could expect little justice from his critic, a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, as he called himself, who, for twenty years, had diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant, whose kettle had scarcely time to cool, who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning.

Boileau wrote a poem on a DESK; Phillips has paid the tribute of his homage to the exhilarating influence of CYDER, the sticks of the FAN have been polished by the fancy of Gay; a lock of HAIR has been immortalized by one of the most splendid efforts which English poetry can boast; Dyer did not disdain to sing of FLEECE; the melancholy Cowper reclined upon a SOFA and accomplished a TASK, for which he might draw upon posterity for all that a moralist and a poet has a right to demand; Pindar has sung the direful woes occasioned by the untimely appearance of a LOUSE, and the muse of Southeby, the poet laureat, of the prince regent, in HIS REPUBLICAN days, held communion with a pig “ while his nose was being bored.”*

But I know of no writer who has condescended to investigate the pleasures and describe the glories of the tea table. Hither when twilight gray has warned the husbandman to allow the teeming soil a short interval of repose, we all repair to seek solace from the labours of the day. Here the young and the old, the fair and deformed, assemble in divan—not to eat or drink—but to have a sociable cup of tea. Ye gods who preside over Malmsey and Madeira! hide your diminished heads, before the resplendent lustre which brightens the countenances of those who surround the tea-table. What though we are inspired by your influence with

* See the “Annual Anthology.”

language and sentiments, which, like electricity, communicate a flame wherever they touch: though ye give life to the mere “ clod of the valley,” and open the clinched hand of the miser:—yet ye are the revealers of secrets and light the torch of discord in the human breast. Gout and dropsy, palsey and premature old age, attend thy footsteps. The smiles of the maiden never welcome thy approach, and the *lowering brow* of the wife throws a gloom over thy happiest moments. At thy revels, thy Thracian disciples, involved in smoke, and deafened by contention, give Care to the winds and laugh at the precepts of Prudence. They vociferate with frantic gestures and blood-shot eyes,

Hang up philosophy:—

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Upset a watch, or turn a gamester's luck,
It helps not.

SHAKSPEARE.

But come thou, mild divinity of tea! come with courteous Urbanity and silver-tongued Civility, loquacious Conversation, and vivacious Chat. Bring Charity, that covereth many sins, and Hospitality with her hand open. The herald of a busy world has brought his evening report. The rude north wind whistles through the streets; but my embers are bright and the hearth is swept. Let Napoleon fight, Austria declare, and England combine; far gentler themes employ thy votaries. In the curling volumes, which ascend from thy consecrated urn, we see the Queen of Smiles on wanton wing, and the powers of Mirth and Love.

Teach me, ye nine! to sing of tea,
Of grateful green, of black bohea:
Hark! the water softly singing,
How again it bubbles o'er;
Quickly, John, the kettle bring in,
Water in the teapot pour.

The bread and butter thinly slice,
Oh spread it delicately nice:
Let the toast be crisp and crumpling,
The rolls as doughy as a dumpling.

Then eating, sipping, snuffing up the stream;
We chat; and 'midst a motley chaos seem
Of cups and saucers, butter, bread, and cream.

IRRESOLUTION.—Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated character of Aliger, in the Rambler, has, in his usual strong and forcible manner, delineated the foolish and wretched situation of a man, who, as Charron expresses it, has not “un train de vie certain,” a certain and appropriate designation of his time and talents. Seneca, the French epigrammatist, has treated the same subject in a more lively, and not less expressive manner, in some verses, which are written with such peculiar delicacy and vivacity, as almost to defy translation. He entitles them.

L'IRRESOLU.

Pendant que Luc delibre
 Sur ce qu'il doit devenir,
 Et s'il est bon de se faire
 Homme d'église ou d'affaire
 Avocat ou mousquetaire,
 Plus vite qu'un souvenir,
 Le temps a l'aile légere
 Part, pour ne plus revenir
 Ses beaux jours vont s'embrunir,
 Et la vieillesse commence.
 Auparavant qu'il commencé.
 Il seroit temps de finir,
 Flottant dans l'incertitude,
 Luc reste insensiblement,
 Inutile également
 Pour la guerre, pour l'étude,
 Le monde et le solitude.
 Quant à moi, je prévois bien
 Que cherchant trop à se connaître,
 Ce qu'il peut et ce qu'il veut être,
 Enfin Luc ne sera rien.

Destouches has written a play with the same title, in which the victim of procrastination is drawn as vacillating between two females, each of which he wishes to wed. He at last makes a choice, but as the curtain falls, he is heard saying aside, that he believes it would have been better if he had married the other lady:

J'aurais mieux fait, je crois, dépouser Célimène.

While I have the volume in my hand, I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing a lesson from the profound moralist, which deserves the deep regard of every man, whose footsteps are entangled in the mazes of variety and whose mind is distracted by the demons of indecision. "I have ever thought those happy," says Johnson, "that have been fixed from the first dawn of thought to some state of life, by the choice of one whose authority may preclude caprice, and whose influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of consulting the genius is of little use, unless we can tell how that genius is to be known. If it is only to be discovered by experiment, life will be lost before the resolution can be fixed. If any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be easily discerned.—At least, if to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius, men appear not less frequently mistaken with regard to themselves than to others, and therefore no one has much reason to complain, that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he should have had either more honour or more happiness, by being abandoned to the choice of his own fancy."

LITERARY AMBITION.—"That we must never despair," is the title of one of the chapters of a work ON THE PLEASURES OF STUDY, which was written in the Latin idiom, by Ringelbergius, a German scholar of the fifteenth century. It is but little known among men of letters, but its singular merits ought to rescue it from oblivion. In the chapter which I have mentioned, he exhorts us, though we should fall headlong a thousand times in our ascent, we must begin again, every time more ardently, and fly to the summit with renewed vigour! Let no one be dejected if he be not conscious of any great advancement at first. The merchant thinks himself happy, if, after a ten years' voyage, after a thousand dangers, he at last improves his fortune; and shall we, like poor-spirited creatures, exclaims our author, give up all hopes after the first onset? Whatever the mind has commanded itself to do, that it may do. *Quodcumque imperavit animus obtinuit.** Riches must

* The sentence which precedes this does not convey an adequate idea of the terseness and energy of the original: but its force is fully displayed in the language of an English writer;

Speak the commanding words, I WILL, and it is done.

have no charms, compared with the pleasures of literature. Poverty is favourable to the success of all literary pursuits. I mean not to throw contempt on money in general, but on that exorbitant wealth, which allures the mind from study.

The student must be desirous of praise. It is a promising presage of success to be roused by approbation when one shall have done well, and to be grieved and incited to higher efforts, on finding himself blamed or excelled by another. He who aspires at the summit must be passionately fond of glory.

Thus have the first qualities, indispensably necessary in a youth devoted to study, been mentioned. He must aim at the highest points; he must love labour; he must never despair; he must despise money; he must be greedy of praise. It remains that we prescribe the methods. There are, then, three gradations in the modes of study; hearing, teaching, writing. It is a good and easy method to hear, it is better and easier to teach, and the best and easiest of all to write. Lectures are dull, because it is tedious to confine the liberty of thought to the voice of the speaker. But when we teach or write, the very exercise itself precludes the tedium.

I had intended to close the volume with the translation of this extract, but I cannot resist the temptation to make another: such is the enthusiasm of admiration, and the powers of genius are so bewitching!

“ How mean, how timid, how abject must be that spirit which can sit down contented with mediocrity! As for myself, all that is within me is on fire. I had rather, he proceeds, in his nervous manner, be torn in a thousand pieces, than relax my resolution of reaching the sublimest heights of virtue and knowledge. I am of opinion, that nothing is so arduous, nothing so admirable in human affairs, which may not be attained by the industry of man. We are descended from heaven: thither let us go, whence we derive our origin. Let nothing satisfy us lower than the summit of all excellence. The summit then I point out as the proper scope of the student. But labour must be loved, and the pleasures of luxury despised. Shall we submit to be extinguished forever, without honour, without remembrance, ἀνδῶδες οὐδεν *ιπιδεδεγμένος*, without having done any thing like men?”

Such are the qualities required, such is the ambition recommended by this eloquent German, and from my own short experience of the pleasures and pains of study, I hesitate not to give my feeble applause to his exhortation. Let the student be animated by the laurels of fame, which never decay, and spring forward with elastic bound, to the Olympic prize. Let not his industry be remitted by lassitude, or his ambition be daunted by a temporary disappointment. Let him gaze on the lustre which brightens the names of Shakspere, and Milton, and Dryden, and Johnson, to whom perennial honours are decreed by the admiration and gratitude of men. Let him consider that eloquence can force the reluctant wonder of the world, and make even monarchs tremble. This is the glorious triumph of knowledge, and the brilliant reward of industry.

NEW READING OF SHAKSPEARE. Within a few years past, I have remarked a new sect that has arisen, consisting of what are called wits. I first discovered it by hearing Mrs. Prattle's name often mentioned, with such marks of satisfaction, that I could not but ask who she was. I was quickly answered by an exclamation from one of the company, "Oh! why don't you know? She's a wit." And so other ladies, as well as gentlemen, have been objects of my fond wonder and admiration on their being dubbed as wits by the world.

Hearing these wits so much talked of, and seeing their society sought with so much sedulity, I became anxious for their acquaintance. In this I had no sooner succeeded, than I became eager to deserve that enviable character for myself. It appears that the first requisite of a wit is to read Shakspere, and to be deeply versed in all the arts of annotations, analogies, various readings, &c. In order, therefore, to put my claims to the test, I submit to the world of wits, a critic upon an admired passage of that author, of which I may say, *without vanity*—for wits have none—as Dr. Johnson says of one of Warburton's, that it makes it difficult to determine whether Shakspere or myself possess the greater genius.

It is from the Merchant of Venice:

The man that has no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as **EREBUS**.

As, in adjusting the colons and commas of a passage, it seems to have been the custom from the time of Julius Scaliger down to that of the *poreblind* Isaac Reed, to animadver on the sentiment, I must be permitted to pause here for an instant whilst I record my perfect acquiescence in this opinion. I say with the poet, let no such man be trusted. Let his unhallowed feet never pollute the soft down of a Turkey carpet: ne'er may the sociable sofa receive his lassitudinous limbs, overpowered by the assiduity of cogitation or relaxed by the oppression of ennui: ne'er may his discordant ears be saluted by the sounds of china and porcelain, or his eyes be regaled with hot rolls and muffins. Afar from the sweet sounds of numb-keyed pianos and cracked harps, attuned to the querulous notes of “When pensive I thought of my love,” may all such incorrigible brutes be driven to

brown groves;
Whose shadow the *dismissed bachelor* loves,
Being lass-lorn.

To return to my subject: I can assure the gentle reader that I had read this celebrated passage more than an hundred times before I could attain to the right reading of the last line: for it is plain to every person of common sense, that the passage as it now stands, is utterly unintelligible. The word spelt *Erebus* at the end of it, must have been the blunder of some ignorant player, who was transcribing his part for the stage,* or of some negligent Irish printer who thought the mispelling of words a matter of no great consequence.

What I am most surprized at is, that neither the fine-spun ingenuity of Warburton, nor the wide-exploring comprehensiveness of Johnson, nor the acuteness of Steevens, nor the good sense of Farmer, nor the over-kind industry of Malone, nor the piercing eye of the American editor, has at all attended to this passage. They have passed it over in total silence: no doubt from a belief that its obscurity baffled conjecture and defied research.

* This remark is equally novel and ingenious.—*Print. Dev.*

But, animated by the ambition which I have already stated, I summoned all the powers of perseverance to my aid, and resolved that the hidden meaning should not escape my scrutiny. At first I thought the author intended to say, *as dark as ary* (vulgar idiom for *any*) Buss; meaning a kiss in the dark; particularly as he goes on to say, “let no such *man* be trusted.” In this conjecture I shall, no doubt, be supported by all those good old ladies, who believe that the men are wicked and designing creatures, and very properly warn their daughters that if they gratify them with a kiss, they will soon proceed to “stratagems” of a deeper, and “spoils” of a more serious kind.

But the true reading is,

. *dark as A REBUS!*

How it stands in the first quarto I cannot say, seeing that it was never inspected for this purpose by me; but I may be permitted to exult in having discovered a reading which relieves doubt, must satisfy conjecture, and establish the truth.

The author alludes to those pretty puzzles in the magazines, for they are often too dark for my comprehension. It would be unwise to reply that rebusses were unknown in that day. Whoever will peruse *The righte merrie and veracious hystorie of Thomas Tryp. Armo. Anno 1563. Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete nere to Saynt Dunstans churche by Tho. Marsh. 4to. folios 182:* and also that rare and valuable book (a single copy of which was purchased lately for five guineas, by that curious collector of all old books, whether good, bad, or indifferent, Joseph Ritson) entitled, *WITS RECREATIONS OR THE PHÆNIX NEST. Built up with the most rare and refinede workes of noblemen, worthy knights, gallant gentlemen, masters of arts, and brave schollers. Full of varietie, excellent invention, and singular delight. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, gentleman. Imprinted, 1593, at the Angel in Ivie lane, and also the Cow and Garter, by R. Royston, printer.* I say—whoever will consult these books, if he should be so fortunate as to find them, will see that I am right, and that my title to a seat among the Philadelphia wits, is good.

ON NOSES. The nose has been a frequent subject of ridicule long before the time of Sterne's Slaukenburgius. *Ammianus* has

an epigram in Greek, which may be conveyed to the American reader in the following lines:

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases,
(So long his nose is, and his arms so short;)
Nor ever cries, "God bless me," when he sneezes;
He cannot hear so distant a report.

Among the anonymous Greek epigrams, is one which describes the nose of a person that supplied him with all the comforts and conveniences of life. It is too absurd to be worth the trouble of putting into metre. The epigrammatist avers that "the nose of Castor is a spade when he digs, a trumpet when he snores, an anchor at sea, a plough in the field," &c. with a multitude of other extravagancies. In another epigram, written by no less considerable a personage than the emperor Trajan, and with nearly an equal regard to probability, we find that one of his courtiers was proprietor of a nose which might easily be converted into a sun-dial. It runs thus:

Let Dick some summer's day expose,
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

Another was happy enough to wear a nose, which, in case of fire, might be applied to the purpose of a ladder, down which the family might descend from their chambers into the street:

When Timothy's house was on fire t'other night,
The wretched old man almost died with the fright;
For ropes and for water he bawl'd till half mad,
For no water was near, and no ropes to be had:
The fire still grew hotter and Tim grew still madder,
Till he thought of Tom's nose, and it serv'd for a ladder.

Long and short noses will ever have their most violent partisans in the Roman and the negro. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* The epigram which gave occasion to this note has

helped sir Thomas Browne with one of the most amusing chapters in his “Vulgar Errors,”—that on saluting a person who sneezes. He proves it to be of the oldest origin, from Apuleus, in his story of the fuller’s wife; from Pliny, in that problem, *cur sternutantes salutantur*; and there are reports that Tiberius, the emperor, otherwise a very sour man, would perform this rite most punctually unto others, and expect it in return. Petronius Arbiter, who was proconsul of Bythinia, in the time of Nero, mentions it in these words: “*Gyton collectione spiritus plenus, ter continuo ita sternutavit, at gravatum concuteret, ad quem motum Emolphus conversas, salvare Gytona jubet.*” Cœlius Rhodoginus has an example of this among the Greeks, more ancient than these—that is—in the time of Cyrus the younger. While they were consulting about their retreat, one of the soldiers sneezed, and from the noise which he made, he was called Jupiter Soter. The epigram runs thus, in English:

Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe,
His hand too little is his nose to gripe;
He sneezing calls not Jove; for why? he hears
Himself not sneeze, the sound’s so far from’s ears.

Now the ground of this ancient custom, sayeth the learned Dr. Browne, was probably the opinion the ancients held of sternutation, which they generally conceived to be a good sign or bad, and so upon this motion, accordingly used a salve or Σετον, as a gratulation for the one, and a deprecation from the other. “Of sneezing, sayeth Aristotle, they honour it as somewhat sacred.” He then continues to show in what cases sneezing is a good or bad sign, how much of a man’s future successes or misfortunes depend on the hand which he sneezes; what battles have been lost, owing to the general’s sneezing in his left hand, &c. See Browne’s Vulgar Errors, lib. 4, cap. 9, for more of these interesting particulars.

Baltimore. 

J. E. H.

LAW SONG—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHATEVER refinements we may boast of in Pennsylvania within the last thirty or forty years, it is not generally thought that the manners of the people have within that period become more grave and orderly. Yet there are many circumstances which would induce us to think that this was actually the case. If for instance, we compare the proceedings of the legislative and executive departments of government, and their official intercourse with each other in former times, with those of the present day, we shall find in the latter, generally speaking, much more decorum, gravity, and dignity. The police of the towns is infinitely improved within the same period. The proceedings at elections are much less turbulent and disorderly. The habits of deep drinking and frequenting taverns, which prevailed too much formerly, are now exploded among men of character. We have also heard many stories of frolics and pleasant adventures among the first men of the period to which we refer, that would not be tolerated at the present time. What should we think, for instance, of the following circumstance which actually occurred at a county court:

A gentleman of the bar of considerable humour, having occasion to cite the law, contained in the ensuing verses, *after dinner*, when all the bar and the judges were in a merry mood, instead of reading, resolved to sing them, which he did, to a ludicrous tune. The verses are as follow, and are to be found in Burrow's settlement cases.

"A woman having a settlement,
Married a man with none;
The question was, he being dead,
If that she had was gone?

Quoth sir John Pratt, her settlement
Suspended did remain,
Living the husband, but since dead,
It doth revive again.

Chorus of Judges.

Living the husband, but since dead,
It doth revive again."

The humour of the scene was irresistible. Before the witty *cantor formularum* had finished, the court, the jury, and the bystanders all joined in the song, and the chorus was repeated with great glee.

He gained his cause.

X.

SELECTED POETRY.

STANZAS—FROM CHILDE HAROLD.

“*Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!*”

1.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,
 Too soon return'd to Earth!
 Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.

2.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them not:
 It is enough for me to prove
 That what I lov'd and long must love
 Like common earth can rot;
 To me there needs no stone to tell
 'Tis nothing that I lov'd so well.

3.

Yet did I love thee to the last
 As fervently as thou,
 Who did'st not change through all the past,
 And can'st not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow:
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

4.

The better days of life were ours;
 The worst can be but mine:
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers
 Shall never more be thine.
 The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep;
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have pass'd away:
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

5.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
 Must fall the earliest prey,
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
 The leaves must drop away:
 And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 Than see it pluck'd to-day;
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

6.

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade;
 The night that follow'd such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade:
 Thy day without a cloud hath past,
 And thou wert lovely to the last;
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
 As stars that shoot along the sky
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

7.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed,
To gaze—how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

8.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Philadelphia, on the twenty-eighth of January, 1814, in the fifty-third year of her age, Mrs. MARGARET M. CRAIG, widow of the late John Craig, esquire.

In recording the death of this accomplished and admirable woman, we know not how to reconcile the expression of our sensibility for her loss, and the enthusiastic veneration which her virtues had inspired, with the sobriety of ordinary eulogium. There is a sanctity around recent sorrow on which the voice of praise is only intrusive, and to which even the consolations of friendship are unwelcome and unavailing. But the tide of grief—such is the dispensation of Providence—must ebb with Nature; and the moment has at length arrived, when private affection may mingle its regrets with domestic grief, and when, averting the mind from the gloomy contemplation of the future, it is permitted to look back

with a sad and melancholy satisfaction on the qualities of that distinguished being whom we have lost forever.

Mrs. Craig was a native of Ireland, and after passing her early years in that country, resided in England with her uncle, whom she afterwards accompanied to the Westindies, where she became the wife of the late John Craig, esquire, and settled at Philadelphia towards the close of the revolution. There are among us many still living who remember the attention which her first arrival excited among our society, and how much were celebrated and admired, the beauty, the accomplishments, and the captivating manners of this lovely stranger. Of that society she long continued to form the delight and the ornament, till infirmity and sorrow withdrew her at last into retirement. She had been, from her earliest youth, of a most delicate frame, which the progress of time, and the loss of many of those to whom her heart was most firmly united, conspired to enfeeble, till, for many years, she had become an habitual invalid, almost exiled from her friends by constant and painful sickness. Yet, even during this seclusion, in the short intervals which suffering permitted her to devote to society, she exhibited all the elegance and fascination which had given so much lustre to her earlier years. For some time past, indeed, her health seemed gradually improving; and it was in the midst of anticipations of long and happy union, and of schemes of future enjoyment, that it pleased heaven to call her from the bosom of her family.

Of the desolation which this sudden calamity has carried to the hearts of that family—of the dreary prostration of all their hopes, and affections, and happiness, they best can judge, who, after watching, with an anxious eye, by the couch of one who was most loved and cherished, retire to a hasty dream of better health and happiness for the morrow, and wake to the cruel annihilation of them all.

For never yet did the tomb close upon a more pure and estimable woman. Our personal attachments have, we are persuaded, no share in misguiding our deliberate conviction, that there has been rarely in any age or country, a being who combined so many distinguished excellencies—so consummately endowed with high qualities—whose life was so perfectly pure and beneficent—and

who was so exempt from all the frailties which impair the dignity of human virtue.

The qualities by which she first attracted admiration were those accomplishments of mind and person, deemed most ornamental to her sex. The vigorous understanding which nature had bestowed on her, was adorned with all the improvements which the most finished education could supply. A profound and various knowledge in most branches of useful or elegant instruction—a familiar acquaintance with the language and literature of France and Italy—a wide range of reading and observation, united with long experience of the world—disciplined by a masculine judgment, and animated by a copious fund of natural eloquence, rendered her one of the most instructive and delightful companions. These solid qualities of the mind were accompanied by embellishments to which the most indifferent could not be insensible—by great personal beauty—by all the graces which polished society demands and communicates; and, above all, by a peculiar and fascinating sweetness of manners, so simple, so touching, so sincere, as to win the admiration of all who approached her. Her affability was not the mere companion of elegant manners, nor of that desire-to please, which, in the world, sometimes supplies the place of the real goodness which it imitates. With her it was the result of perfect benevolence. Her kindnesses, profuse as they were, came directly from the heart: nor was it possible to mistake, for the ordinary courtesies of society, the warm and generous benevolence by which she sought to promote the happiness of others.

This natural and habitual spirit of beneficence formed the most prominent and distinguishing part of her character. To do good to others, to promote the happiness of her fellow creatures, seemed to be the destiny, as it was the occupation of her life. With this benevolent purpose no selfish consideration was ever suffered for a moment to interfere, and any sacrifice of her own personal comfort or convenience was made instantly, cheerfully, and zealously, if it could possibly contribute to the enjoyments of those around her. Animated by such a spirit, she employed, with a generous profusion, the ample means which fortune had placed at her disposal, in the relief of the unhappy—with no ostentatious munificence, no in-

discriminate and misdirected bounty—with no compromise of mere pecuniary assistance, for the feelings of charity. Her discerning mind knew how to seek meritorious distress, and her affectionate heart could double the value of her assistance, by counsel to the embarrassed, by consolation to the afflicted, by tenderness to the sick, by every gentle and soothing art that can alleviate sorrow. There was, indeed, a peculiar delicacy in her mild and unobtrusive charity. To every project of public bounty she contributed with an ample liberality; but it was her more welcome duty, alone and unperceived, to lift the humblest latch of suffering poverty; to smooth, by kindness, the pillow of misfortune, and retire from the effusion of its gratitude. From this course of generous charity, neither the occasional deceptions to which the prompt benevolence of her temper, and her seclusion sometimes exposed her, nor the rarer instances of ingratitude, could ever divert her. Slow to believe in the misconduct of others, and seeing the world as it was reflected from her own pure heart, her experience, instead of hardening her against the misfortunes of others, only made her more ready to pardon their faults: to err, if such an estimable purpose be, indeed, an error, on the safer side of humanity—and it was her happiness to preserve through life, the same freshness of feeling, the same youthful and glowing confidence which, in the spring of our years, gives so delightful an elasticity to our sentiments, but which too often fades and falls before our maturer experience.

Long and continued sickness, though it withdrew her from the gayer scenes of the world, abated none of her zeal for the welfare of others. She seemed rather, as her hold on life became feebler, to cling with a firmer grasp on that which alone had rendered it desirable in her eyes—the power of benefitting her fellow creatures; and that delicate being, whose sufferings would have chained a more selfish spirit, might be seen, even in the midst of sickness, exerting her feeble powers, and scarcely able to sustain herself whilst she administered comfort to others. The very last time she had strength to leave her home, was to visit the sick bed of a poor dependant woman. The extent of this beneficence was not known even to her immediate kindred, till the cruel tidings of her death brought, from every quarter, some wretched being, some

widow, some orphan, who came to renew over the bier of their benefactress—the grateful tears they had lately shed for her kindness.

It was this high and holy spirit of self-devotion which gave a loftiness to her feelings far above the tone of ordinary humanity. Feeble in health, and absorbed, as she seemed to be, in the gentler duties of her sex, she possessed a commanding firmness and energy of mind, which, when the occasion required, revealed itself in the highest efforts of masculine intrepidity. There was no peril capable of dismaying the lofty calmness of her mind; no personal fears had power to alarm her. We have seen this infirm and suffering woman in situations which might have shaken the sternest courage, display an heroic disregard of danger, such as real life can scarcely parallel, nor imagination surpass. We remember her when a dreadful accident placed her on the brink of almost inevitable destruction, when there seemed no prospect but of instant death, in its most appalling form. At that moment the only terror which had power to reach her heart, was the thought of being hurried from the world before she had provided for the many helpless beings who had been accustomed to share her bounty. Yet this, which in others would be an honourable and sublime effort of courage, is the picture of her habitual benevolence. Even in her last moments there was still the same anxiety, lest her illness should disquiet her friends; and often was her physician urged from her bedside to go and console those who, she believed, needed still more than herself, his attention.

To the fulness and perfection of this exalted being, something might seem wanting if we forebore to mention her piety. Religion has never yet appeared to our eyes more lovely than in her life and character. The principles of our faith she had known and examined, and believed with the deepest solemnity of conviction; her daily conduct was an habitual practice of its duties. Of the salutary influence of both over our present happiness and our future hopes, her life was a signal and consolatory example. Her benevolence was constantly repaid by the enthusiastic gratitude of the many whom it relieved; and over the darkest hours of sickness and sorrow, such as few have felt, her religious confidence diffu-

sed a holy calm, and a tranquil resignation, which this life alone could never supply. She who had suffered much, and who had survived so many objects of her early affection, looked to the future for consolation and happiness: the purity of her heart could anticipate that future without fearfulness; and in her character a high and fervent aspiration towards heaven was blended with a lowly meekness of temper, which prosperity could not seduce nor misfortune subdue; and which approached nearer, than it has ever been our lot to see it, to the perfect goodness of the great model of christianity.

Such—so gifted in intellect—so accomplished in acquirements—so endowed with all that was estimable in her own sex, or distinguished in ours—such lived and died this exalted woman. As her active virtues extended beyond the limits usually assigned to female usefulness, so too did the general admiration of her character. On no former occasion has the loss of any lady caused, throughout our society, a more deep and sad impression; nor could any tomb be surrounded by a wider circle of sincere and enthusiastic friends.

But it is time to pause. They who did not know the full and varied excellence of this admirable woman, might mistake, for the common eulogium of departed worth, this grateful memorial of our veneration; nor might it befit the memory of the most retiring and unostentatious of human beings, to dwell with too much fondness on her virtues. But we owe it equally to ourselves, and to society, not to decline too far the expression of our sorrow, which no one, surely, who knew her, will deem excessive; and it may not be an unavailing consolation to those who, in the land of her nativity, still cherish her remembrance, to know how many there are who once loved her goodness, who venerated her virtues, and who will cease but with their lives to deplore their misery in losing her.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To the memory of lieutenant Nathaniel Sherman, of the city of Newyork, adjutant 6th regiment United States' Infantry, who died at Sackett's Harbour (during the expedition against York) of a fever, occasioned by excessive fatigue on the march of that regiment from Plattsburg. It is due to the merits of this promising young officer, to say, that his extreme mortification at being unable to proceed with his regiment, was the cause of a relapse in the disorder, which suddenly terminated his existence.

LAMENTED youth, accept the tear
That falls unbidden on thy bier,
And dews the lonely urn;
Ah! but for war's destructive power,
You still had cheer'd the social hour
Of those who now must mourn.

Yet not where Battle's vengeful storms,
The face of genial day deforms,
Death's sable curtain drew;
But had that been thy honoured part,
Thy dauntless breast had met the dart,
First of the daring few.

Yes, Glory's call had urged thee on
Where'er a deathless name was won,
Thy gleaming sword to bear;
And where Fame opes her temple wide
Had cheerful pour'd the crimson tide,
To grave thy mem'ry there.

But cold Disease assail'd thy breast,
Her icy hand thy temples prest,
And chain'd the tow'ring mind;
And there amid the din of war,
From home and soothing Friendship far,
Thy martial soul resign'd.

Ah! who shall paint the mother's grief,
Or bring to those fond souls relief,

Who kindred fetters wear!
 None, none—they lov'd the youth too well—
 Their bleeding hearts alone can tell,
 How deep their sorrows are.

A.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A VERY imperfect copy of the following tribute was published in an early number of the Port Folio, under the signature of Atticus. Finding it has become popular, I, in conformity with Swift's advice, avow myself its author; and, having retouched and enlarged this tributary verse to my lamented friend, I entreat you will do me the honour to insert it *auctior et emendatior* in your elegant miscellany.

J. D.

BURKE'S GARDEN GRAVE—AN ODE.

BY MR. DAVIS.

JOHN DALY BURKE, an Irishman by birth, but an American by adoption, fell in a duel with a French gentleman on the banks of the Appamattox, and was buried in the garden of his faithful friend, the worthy general Jones; a spot which Rousseau would have coveted for the place of his interment, beyond the sepulchres of kings. Burke's History of Virginia has "placed a nation's fame amid the stars;" and his songs are often warbled by our southern ladies in bower and in hall.

I CLIMB'D the high hills of the dark Appamattox,
 The stream roll'd in silence the wild woods among;
 All was still—save the dash of the wave from the white rocks,
 Where the sea-fowl indulg'd in his tremulous song.
 On my right, where the poplars in fair clusters gleaming,
 Half embosom the sky-piercing turrets of Jones,
 The sun's liquid rays upon Daly's tomb streaming,
 Mark'd the spot where the bard had found rest for his bones.

Accurs'd be the hand, with resentment prevailing,
 That pointed the weapon compelling thy fall;
 That brought from their bowers the Muses bewailing
 Thy body convuls'd with the murderous ball.

On the river's stain'd margin, there Clio was seen,
 With Terpsichore mourning thy fine spirit fled;
 Thalia no longer retain'd her gay mien,
 But hid in Melpomene's bosom her head.

Yet sweet is the spot, hung with clustering roses,
 Where Erin's lov'd minstrel is gone to his rest;
 For the sun's parting beam on his green grave reposes,
 And the wren, sweetly plaintive, builds there her soft nest.
 And oft shall the damsels, with bosoms high swelling,
 Whose voices, in concert, his soothing lays sing,
 Dejected—repair to the bard's narrow dwelling,
 And deck the rais'd turf with the garlands of spring.

TO THE EVENING STAR.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Hail fairy orb! thy pallid ray
 Shall guide me on my lonely way;
 To trace those scenes where late I rov'd,
 In converse with the friends I lov'd.
 Then bright each hill and dale appear'd
 And thy mild beams the vision cheer'd,
 But now thy languid smiles betray,
 Like mine, that they are far away,
 Whose presence cast o'er Nature's face,
 A warmer glow, a sweeter grace.
 Hail to thy bland prelusive light,
 Thou smiling harbinger of night;
 I greet thee, for thy friendly aid,
 When last through fairy scenes we stray'd;
 While pensive twilight cast its vail
 O'er winding path, through hill and dale;
 Till thou, above the mountain top,
 Beam'd like the cheering star of hope.

SYDNEY.

Bedford Springs.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Historical Register of the United States, from the declaration of war in 1812, to 1st January 1814, parts 1 and 2; 2 vols. octavo. Washington city—published by the editor, T. H. Palmer. Printed by G. Palmer, Philadelphia.

THESE are very useful volumes, and we hope that the author will receive such encouragement as may induce him to continue them regularly. Such works are very much wanted in this country, where our state papers are generally lost in the mass of matter which fills the daily papers. Mr. Palmer promises to supply this deficiency, and judging from the diligence and impartiality exhibited in the commencement of the work, his readers will not be disappointed. Of such a compilation the official documents are by far the most interesting portion, and we will therefore take the liberty of suggesting, that by devoting so large a space in the historical part of the work to battles and incidents which the state papers themselves describe so minutely, the same events are described twice. He would perhaps save himself much labour, and give room for more of the official particulars, if the historical part were not more minute than was necessary to preserve a uniform narration, and if the documents were left to speak for themselves. If the author is successful in his work, we should recommend a continuation of his labours by publishing a complete collection of American state papers, both foreign and domestic, since, for instance, the year 1804 or 5—a collection very much wanted, and as far as we know, not to be obtained at present.

MR. GEORGE SHAW, of Annapolis, has issued proposals for printing by subscription a new work, entitled, "The Office and Duty of a Justice of the Peace." Illustrated by a variety of useful precedents, by J. E. HALL, esq. counsellor at law, and professor of rhetoric and belles letters in the university of Maryland.

The want of a guide in the execution of the highly important duties of a magistrate has long been felt. At the instance of several intelligent gentlemen in the commission, and members of the bar, the present editor has been induced to undertake the task of supplying such a work. He has adopted the judicious plan of Dr.

Burn's *Justice of the Peace* as a model. In this work it will be recollect, the crime is first defined; the decisions of courts of justice are next collected, interspersed with such statutory regulations as have been established by parliament; and the section is concluded with such precedents as the particular subject requires. So in the present work, the editor, after defining the crime, and collecting a few leading cases from the best authorities, has added such provisions as were to be found in the acts of congress and the laws of Maryland.

It is expected that the work will be comprised in an octavo volume of six or seven hundred pages. The price shall not exceed five dollars. It will be put to press when there is a sufficient subscription to pay the expense of publication. Gentlemen who wish to have the book may address the publisher. Those who purchase a number of copies for the purpose of selling again, will be allowed a liberal discount.

January 21, 1814.

Dr. DRAKE, the author of the work announced below, has already distinguished himself by a smaller treatise on the same subject, which contains much acute and interesting observation, and is an abundant pledge of his competency for the more laborious undertaking now projected.

PROSPECTUS of a new work to be entitled, "Statistical View or Picture of Cincinnati and its Environs." Illustrated with engravings. With an appendix containing a register of observations on the late earthquakes. By DANIEL DRAKE, corresponding member of the Medical Lyceum and Linnæan society, of Philadelphia.

The principal object of this work is to furnish those persons desirous of knowing the comparative advantages of different sections of the western country, with a body of facts and observations respecting Cincinnati and its vicinity. They are chiefly derived from personal observation, and have therefore all the accuracy which the attention of the author has enabled him to give them. The plan of the work, will not be novel; being modelled after that of the pictures and statistical accounts of several of our Atlantic cities. It will embrace, however, more extensive illustrations of

the *natural* productions and advantages of the town and adjacent country, than are to be found in those works, which, relating to populous and improved situations, are chiefly designed to exhibit a view of their improvements.

The following are the principal heads under which the matter will be arranged:

Geographical and Historical Introduction—Position of the Town—Topography—Geology—Botany—Climate—Plan—Antiquities—Population—Buildings—Fuel—Manufactures—Markets—Commerce—Banks—United States' Offices—Printing Offices—Professions—Religion—Education and Literature—Municipal Government—Diseases—Medicinal Springs—Relations with the Surrounding Country—Projected Improvements and Future Prospects.

The appendix will exhibit a chronological table of all the earthquakes experienced in Cincinnati during the late memorable series, with remarks upon the state of the atmosphere at the time, and historical notices of preceding shocks.

The advantages of a reference to a *faithful* work of this kind, with whatever ability it may be executed, it is thought will be considerable to those wishing to emigrate from the Atlantic states. To the people, whose section of country it exhibits in a correct, but very favourable light, it must, by promoting emigration, be a still greater benefit.

CONDITIONS.—1. The work will be published by Browne and Looker, Cincinnati, Ohio, early the ensuing year.

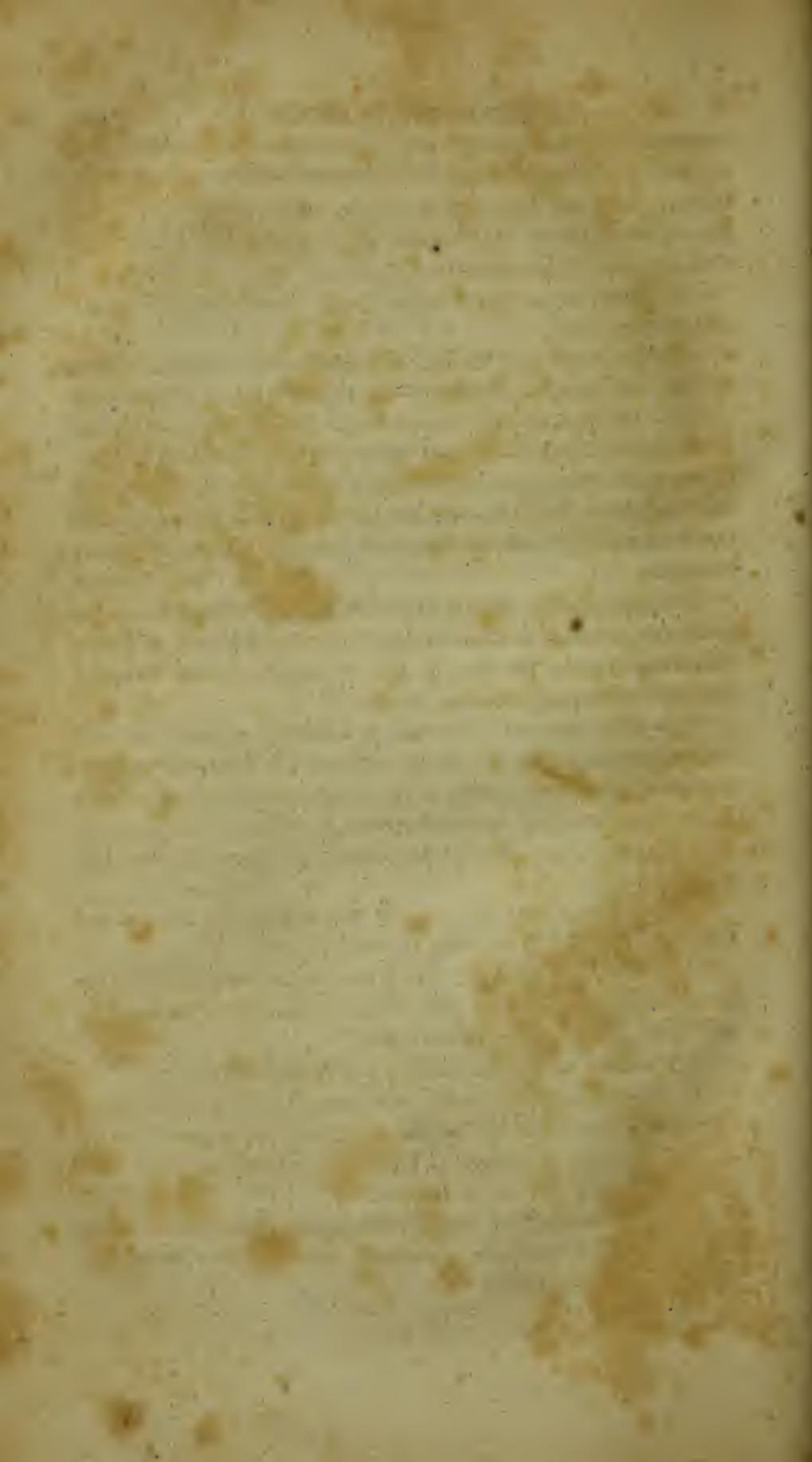
2. It will be illustrated with a plan of the town, a map of the surrounding country, and a geometrical comparison of the temperature of the eastern and western states.

3. It will be comprised in about 200 duodecimo pages.

4. The price, neatly bound and lettered, will be one dollar to subscribers; the object in circulating subscription papers is to secure a sufficient patronage to defray the expense of publication, without which it will not be undertaken.

5. Gentlemen holding subscription papers, shall receive a copy for every eight subscribers obtained, provided they become responsible for the payment.

September, 1815.











THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.,

COWPER.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1814.

NO. IV.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WITH the last number of the Port Folio, for March 1814, terminated the superintendance of the editor, under whose care it has been published for more than two years.

In taking leave of a work which has been the source of some agreeable occupation to himself, and, perhaps, not altogether useless to others, it seems fit to add a few words in relation to its past management and its future prospects.

The motive which originally tempted him to share in the literary labours of Mr. Dennis, was the hope of retrieving the fortunes and soothing the afflictions of that estimable man, the excellent qualities of whose heart and understanding endeared every association with him. The melancholy close of his life disappointed all these favourite illusions, and destroyed at once that union which was to have lightened and recompensed their mutual exertions. It devolved at the same time on the survivor a duty neither anticipated nor desired, but which a regard to the interests of others forbade him suddenly to abandon. He therefore continued his superintendance, for which, in the absence of more important qualifications, he felt that he was not gifted with the requisite industry; but finding in it a pleasing amusement for his

leisure, he forbore to relinquish it till now, when other cares and occupations claim his attention.

It would be difficult for the severest spirit of criticism to pass a harsher judgment on those parts of the work for which the editor is personally responsible, than is anticipated and felt by himself. His own contributions were, in fact, so wholly occasional and desultory, that he is scarcely permitted to feel a paternal solicitude for the fate of these volumes, nor any claim to exult at the little success which may await them.

The object to which his own exertions were chiefly directed and limited—that which gave to those exertions their principal value in his estimation, was to render this journal an American work—the depository of our national feelings, the record of our literary advancement—a volume which might vindicate fearlessly the national character, and by cherishing an attachment to the admirable institutions of the country, render its literature at all times auxiliary to its patriotism—the most high and honourable destiny of letters.

He would however be deficient in taste as well as gratitude, if he forbore to express in a tone of more confident applause, his thanks for the assistance of many correspondents whose contributions have enriched this work, and formed valuable and permanent additions to our literature.

With the month of May commences a brighter æra in the history of the Port Folio. The labours of these distinguished scholars will continue as heretofore, and their zeal will then be animated and directed by the new editor, a gentleman to whose talents, taste, and acquirements, the public have often rendered a very distinguished homage, and whose various studies and untiring industry cannot fail to open new sources of amusement and instruction. The editor rejoices that the literary bark, which he has thus too feebly and carelessly guided, should begin a new career under far better auspices: and as he perceives it in imagination gradually receding from his view, he gives all that remains for him to offer, his sincerest wishes for favouring gales and a more prosperous course.

Σ.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE MARQUIS DE VALADY.

THE French revolution is without a parallel in history for magnitude or duration. It still convulses the world, and by its widespread influence has so varied, perplexed, and unhinged the old order of things, as to give little hope of its speedy termination during the life of Napoleon. Every particular that can tend to develop the causes, or explain the secret movements of this astonishing event; every fugitive paper or unpublished sentiment, emanating from those who acted a conspicuous part in it, should be preserved. They may assist the historian who, at a period sufficiently remote for its true and impartial record, shall give to posterity a relation of its origin and progress.

A spirit of inquiry regarding man's natural and political rights had manifested itself among the philosophers of France in the latter part of the reign of Louis the fifteenth, which was very much increased by the success of the American revolution. The bosoms even of many of the high nobility were warmed by the pure flame that glowed in the hearts of our fathers, and which these true republicans knew so well how to regulate and maintain, and transmit to their sons, confined within rational limits. *Our* liberty was rather a boon to be preserved than acquired. The object of the American war was not to overthrow the charters of the colonial governments, or to introduce novel and ungenial immunities, foreign to our habits and to our wants, but to protect those rights which had ever been enjoyed by our ancestors since they settled on this side of the Atlantic.

Not so the French. To make room for fanciful and untried doctrines, they crumbled their ancient fabric into dust, and were glad, after years of misery, to shelter themselves from the general wreck, under the usurped sceptre of a military despot, who has long since convinced them that the remedy applied to the venial disorders of the old court, is a thousand-fold worse than the disease.

It is inconceivable that men, possessed of rank and affluence, should have been the prime movers of this great commotion! But

such was the fact; and the subject of the following memoir is a notable instance of the irrational desire of man to seek variety even in the turbulence of faction, and at the risk of life and fortune; both which he might have enjoyed in a very enviable state, had a simple and very attainable reform of abuses taken place of the total overthrow which his own and his friends' enthusiasm engendered.

Godfroi Yzarn, marquis de Valady, was born on his father's estate, in the province of Auvergne, about the year 1765. Being an only child and heir to a fortune of fourteen thousand dollars a year (seventy thousand livres tournois) and descended from one of the most ancient families of his province, he was educated with the greatest care, and in a manner every way suitable to his birth and fortune.

His father had long been intimately connected with the marquis de Vaudreuil, a distinguished officer in the French navy; and who was second in command when count de Grasse blockaded Cornwallis at Yorktown; and succeeded to the chief command when that admiral was defeated on the twelfth of April, 1782, by lord Rodney. The marquis de Vaudreuil brought those French ships, that escaped capture, to rest at Boston, and took a zealous part in our struggle for independence.

Young Valady no doubt heard frequently from his father, through the marquis de Vaudreuil's correspondence, of the efforts and successes of the Americans, of the cause for which they fought, and of their courage in defence of their rights. These topics moreover were become fashionable in France, and no doubt, in connection with the studies of de Valady, many of which had reference to the bright days of ancient Greece and Rome, tended very much to nourish that abhorrence of oppression and love of strict justice and equal rights, which seems to have possessed his mind from his earliest youth.

Shortly after the peace of 1783, the marquis de Vaudreuil returned to France, where he concluded with de Valady's father a contract of marriage between the young marquis and mademoiselle de Vaudreuil, the eldest daughter of the admiral.

De Valady was not yet nineteen years old, and the affianced lady scarcely fifteen. The match had been made, as was usual among the higher classes in France, without consulting the younger

party They had indeed never seen each other, and when de Valady was informed of his father's engagement, his mind, replete with high notions of independence, could not easily be brought to listen to the degradation of parting with the privilege of selecting for himself on so important an occasion. The contract was made; his father had passed his word; and already disgusted at his son's resistance to some injunctions of minor consequence, he plainly told him that he must submit or leave his house. He chose to obey; and had not the engagement been forced upon him in a way so derogatory to his rights and offensive to his proud spirit, and which he could never forget or forgive, his heart must have inclined of its own accord towards his future bride. She possessed attractions indeed of the most exalted kind. I knew her personally, when she was the admiration of the whole province of *Languedoc*, in which her father's castle was situate. Of a commanding form, exquisitely fine countenance, in which the gentleness of her soul was pictured in roseate health: her mind elegantly accomplished, and uniting in short every thing that the most fastidious suitor could hope to meet with.

Yet such is the repulsive effect of arbitrary command on a mind enamoured of freedom, that de Valady, after leading this beautiful woman to the altar, never consummated his marriage; nor could her kindest efforts reconcile him to her society. He saw in this union an unjustifiable constraint put upon him by his father, and his hatred of oppression was not to be conquered even by the unrivalled charms of mademoiselle de Vaudreuil. It imperatively silenced in his breast all those emotions of love with which she invariably inspired every other beholder. So much did this compulsory marriage prey upon his spirits, that he resolved, almost immediately after it took place, to forsake her altogether. He accordingly left the castle of Vaudreuil without notice, and joined his regiment in the French guards stationed at Paris. Here he became acquainted with St. John de Crevecœur, Brissot de Warville, and many of those who were shortly destined to shine as the champions of French liberty.

The rage for political speculation which now seized upon him, totally unfitted him for his military duties, and fancying that England would afford him a practical enjoyment of all the sublime

theories that occupied his mind, he left Paris without leave from his commander and very scantily provided with funds, to visit that celebrated island. His father and the Vaudreuil family were some months before they knew what had become of him, when a friend informed them that he had been seen in London; and as his conduct had been exceedingly irregular, to say the least, in quitting his regiment as he did, they hastened to take measures to screen him from punishment, and to press his return. But no entreaties could draw him from his “dear England, the only spot in Europe where liberty dwelt.”

The venerable marchioness de Vaudreuil, who still lives an emigrant in London, and a victim to the effects of the fatal revolution that soon followed, undertook, in the year 1786, to visit England herself, on purpose to bring home her truant son. His extreme youth, she thought, might plead his excuse both for his dereliction of military and conjugal duties. It was impossible, she said to her husband, that a well-born Frenchman, without grievances of any kind, could seriously desert from his fortune and his wife; and, however inconvenient to her, she would by her personal exertions endeavour to restore him to his country.

She did so; and arriving in London found the young enthusiast in a proper mood to listen to her proposals. He had spent every shilling of his money, and was then subsisting upon the proceeds of a small library that he had bought soon after his arrival. Liberty and its delights would soon have vanished, *even in his dear England*, without a plentiful purse. This he knew, and after some hesitation consented to accompany his mother-in-law back to France. The interest of his family obtained his pardon of the minister of war, and he again joined his regiment at Paris; but with his wife, incomparably beautiful, virtuous, and mild as she was, he would never associate.

The next year, 1787, I became intimately acquainted with him, and during a month’s stay at Paris, had daily proofs of his ungovernable ardency in the cause of the reformation then commencing. The *notables* were in session at that time, deliberating upon the deranged state of affairs. A considerable degree of dissatisfaction pervaded the nation even at that early period, and seemed to portend some violent change, unless soothed by sacrifices on the part

of the privileged orders. Very many of the higher nobility and clergy recommended a tax on themselves of two or three hundred millions of livres per annum, which could have been raised by submitting to a participation in the burdens usually borne by the third estate—an amount that would have relieved the necessities of government at once, and have averted all the horrors of the revolution. The avarice, however, of the majority of these two orders, refused this just contribution, and they were ruined. De Valady laboured exceedingly to effect this object; but seeing himself foiled, and perceiving no immediate prospect of amelioration in the bulk of the nation, his residence in France became too irksome to endure, and being determined to put himself beyond the interposition of his watchful relations, he resolved on a voyage to America. For this purpose he passed over to England; from whence, in the latter end of 1787, he wrote to me thus:

“ I am here on my way to America, where I mean to delve the earth, or teach the pure principles of republicanism to the youth of your country for a subsistence, rather than to live in France a witness to the miseries of its people, and be behoden to any of my proud connexions, who constitute a part of the oppressors of that country; and being all of them the enemies of liberty, I shall ever consider them as enemies to myself.”

These “enemies,” as the marquis called them, were not unmindful of his movements, and discovering his intention to sail for America, despatched letters of credit for him to Boston and elsewhere. I received one myself from his respectable father-in-law, admiral de Vaudreuil, who, although extremely offended at his eccentricities, requested to have all his wants amply supplied. Harsh and ungrateful with these affectionate relatives, because they would not adopt his political sentiments, de Valady exercised that stern intolerance towards them and his other opponents, that we see in common use, *at the present time*, among our high-toned champions of freedom: he claimed an exclusive right to his own opinions, while he refused to allow in those who differed from him, an honest expression of doubt or dissent.

After having engaged his passage, and when upon the point of embarking, he heard of the commotions that broke out in Holland; and an extension of liberty being the pretext of the chiefs of that

insurrection, our young marquis resolved to defer his visit to this country, and, landing his effects, returned to Paris to equip himself for a campaign with the Dutch patriots. But the duke of Brunswick had been beforehand with him. This prince, as is very well known, settled the government in Holland in a few weeks, and dispersed or subdued all the insurgent leaders. It is remarkable that even at that early period, de Valady relinquished his own title of nobility; and his letter to me, upon the disappointment of his hopes on this occasion, is signed "Godfroi Yzarn Valady, but no marquis any more."

His father and all his relations, except one, despairing now of his return to those habits and conversation, which they thought became his birth and station as an officer in the French guards, withdrew from him all pecuniary support, which indeed he had seemed for a while willing to forego. But harassed as he was with high and vehement feelings upon the political state of the country, his mind was in too feverish a condition to supply by its exertions his daily wants. His purse was again empty, and he knew not where to look for succour. These conjoined vexations destroyed his hopes and his health.

At this juncture the only relation who still noticed him, came to his relief. This was M. de Castelnau, who resided at Geneva as minister from the French court. He invited de Valady to pass a few months at his house—a proposal that he gladly embraced.

In that pleasant climate, and among its interesting republican inhabitants, he quickly recovered his health and spirits; and with them revived his passion for liberty. At Geneva he intrigued with the exiled patriots from Holland, and entered into an engagement to take up arms in their cause as soon as circumstances should permit them to unfurl their standard again.

"So long," he writes me at this period, "so long as the breath of freedom agitates this part of the world, you need not look for me in America. I will not indulge myself with a sight of that promised land, until I have deserved the delightful tranquillity enjoyed there—a tranquillity that must one day reign over the whole world; not, however, without the previous destruction of that fatal and wicked order of beings called kings; whose characters and actions are a compound of caprice, vanity, ambition, and avarice. In

the vigour of youth as I am, it is my duty and it is my aim to aid in conquering a lasting peace, which can be made durable only by the universal establishment of the laws of freedom; and this conquest will insure every kind of happiness to future generations. Yes, Liberty!

“ Millions of unborn souls in time may see
Their dooms reversed, and owe their joys to thee.”

Vis. of Col.

If France in February, 1788 (the date of the above letter) contained among her high nobility men inspired with such republican sentiments as these, can we be surprised at the volcanic fire that soon after burst from the third estate.

M. de Valady saw in the course of this and the succeeding year, a field open itself sufficiently large for the wildest of his speculations. This third estate had already attained the supremacy, constituted themselves a national assembly, and raised a ferment throughout the nation. The ten regiments of guards, to one of which he was still attached, joined the popular party—a defection that weakened and discouraged the court in the proportion that it emboldened and assisted the agitators of the day, and in which no doubt the marquis was eminently instrumental. Every thing and every body was in commotion. The period, so ardently desired, had at length arrived that was to regenerate the world, and in the language of these self-styled philosophers and friends of the people, wipe away every political and moral vice, and in their stead implant the immutable doctrines of *perfectibility*!

Undoubtedly there were many very sincere patriots amongst these reformers; and our young marquis must ever claim from me, who knew him well, a belief that he laboured from that time forward with unbounded zeal, though with small experience, for what he honestly thought was for the good of his country. To work then he went in aiding to abolish all the salutary restraints of existing laws, and substituting therefor a heap of heterogeneity, so loose, so discordant, that the body politic was all but dissolved. The community hung together by terror and by temporary laws, made for the moment, and often to suit events that were long since passed, and offended against no law when they occurred.

The well-meaning, in times of disorder, are usually sacrificed to the designing. Of this truth de Valady and his friends were soon convinced by woful experience. "Men of all countries and of all ages," says an actor in the scenes of those times, "who shall one day read the history of the misfortunes of France, will only have to change the names, and those subordinate circumstances which are varied by time, place, and accident, and they will read the history of their fathers, of their descendants, or perhaps of their own era."

Blood began to flow; party rage increased; power changed hands, the most violent always rising to the head of the government, till at length the good king *Louis* was brought to the scaffold. De Valady was systematically opposed to royalty, and he was a member of the national convention that condemned that worthy prince. I believe, I hope he did not vote for decapitation. He belonged to the *Girondin* party, and it is known that they were in favour of an appeal to the people.

Scarcely had the martyred king been destroyed, when the club of the *Cordelieres*, headed by Robespierre, Marat, and other monsters, conspired against the *Girondins*, who held the supreme command. With a body of two or three thousand men, organised for the purpose, they determined to supplant the real republicans of which de Valady was now one of the most conspicuous. Threatened daily from the gallery and in the streets, the marquis and his friends had long since armed themselves with daggers and pistols, which they constantly took with them to the hall of the convention, and at night slept from home in concealed places. The *Mountain*, or *ultra revolutionists*, thus denominated by the dominant party, soon drove *Roland*, the chief of the *Girondins*, from his office of minister of interior relations, compelled these to declare war against Austria, obliged their friend *Dumourier* to retire from the command of the army, and sat about maturing their plan for bringing the head of de Valady and twenty-two of his associates to the block.

A list of their names was handed into the convention by the municipality of Paris (who was secretly governed by Robespierre) accompanied by a petition, on the second of June, 1793, asking for their arrest and trial. The galleries were filled early in the morning of this memorable day by the vilest of the populace, placed

there by the factious deputies, and instructed to interrupt every attempt at defence on the part of the accused. The *Girondins*, consisting of de Valady, Brissot, Lanjuinal, Verginaud, Louvet, Barbaroux, and others, were not unmindful of their danger. The denounced members had dined together the day before for the last time. Many schemes were proposed at this dinner to evade the pending blow; but relying upon their own good intentions and the virtue of the Parisians, they separated without having concerted any general plan of defence. In the morning of the second they were at their posts. Suddenly the hall was surrounded by a numerous band of armed militiamen, who escorted the bearers of the petition. The galleries applauded; the crowd without clamoured; the sovereign people would be obeyed. Barbaroux, one of the accused, and a man of great personal courage, spurned at their threats, and fought his way to the tribunal; but in a moment twenty hands tore him from it. Lanjuinal, another of the denounced, sprang forward to occupy his place, when Legendre with brutal ferocity beat him to the ground. He arose undaunted, however, and obliged the assembly to listen to him. With a firm yet serene voice, he exclaimed that "the ancients, when they prepared a sacrifice, crowned their victims with flowers and garlands; and you, more cruel, you assault with disgraceful blows; you outrage the victim that makes no effort to escape your knife." These eloquent words produced a momentary silence. The convention hesitated. Not so the crowd without. Their threats, their force increased, till at length their clamours induced some of the deputies to propose that the whole legislative body should march out and reason with the sovereign people. It was so decreed. The president at their head leaves the hall, arrives in front of a triple row of bayonets, and reads with a timid voice the resolve that had just passed. "Return!" cries the commanding general, *Henriot*, "return to thy post. Darest thou give orders to the insurgent people? The people wills that the traitors should be given up; give them or go back." Then turning to his troops, "cannoneers!" he exclaims, "to your guns! Citizens, to arms!" Cannon, charged with grape, are pointed against the convention; muskets are levelled at many of the deputies. They fly. They seek a passage by two other outlets, and twice they are repulsed. Marat appears at the head of a hundred

ruffians, ready to perpetrate any massacre at his signal. "I order you," he calls out to the members, "I order you, in the name of the people, to go in, to deliberate, and obey." The convention returns to its hall. *Couthon* rises, and with insulting irony exclaims, "Well, my colleagues, you have now convinced yourselves that the convention is perfectly free. The horror of the people is only declared against faithless mandatories; but as for us, we are still environed with all their respect, with all their affection. What wait we for? Let us obey at once the calls of our conscience and their wishes. I propose that Lanjuinais, Barbaroux, Brissot, de Valady, &c. (here follow upwards of twenty names of the most eminent Girondins) be put in arrest at their respective homes."

Couthon's proposition was decreed.

During this extraordinary scene de Valady sustained, with republican energy, the cause of himself and friends. He retired, in obedience to the decree, and in despair at perceiving that all his sublimated notions of government were idle or impracticable, he resolved on flight. The royalists had yielded to the constituents; the constituents to the republicans; and the republicans to the anarchists. The persecutions of each faction reacted upon the other, and the death or exile of the vanquished party was the never-failing catastrophe of the revolutionary tragedies of those unhappy times.

He passed through the gates of Paris in disguise, and bent his course towards Normandy. At Caen, a large town in that province, he met with Salle, Guadet, Barbaroux, Pethion, Buzot, and Louvet; the only surviving members of the proscribed: Brissot and all the others having been tried and executed. Baron Wimpffen, the defender of *Thionville*, had the command in these districts, and had assembled an army of seventeen or eighteen thousand men, all well-disposed towards the fugitives, who sat about arranging some uniform plan of operations. It was settled in consequence that the deputies should disperse into the neighbouring departments, and organize a force sufficiently strong to overset the new and sanguinary rulers at Paris. They departed accordingly; but the jacobins had already anticipated them, by extending the affiliations of their celebrated club into every city, town, and hamlet. The agents of this diabolical association had scattered universal corruption

amongst the populace. Millions upon millions of assignats were squandered at this important crisis; and the minds of the peasantry, inflamed already with the high hopes of their new-born liberty, were easily seduced by the prodigality and promises of their new rulers.

De Valady and his friends found all ears shut against them, and were glad to escape back to Caen, where the armed force under general Wimpffen had repelled as yet the efforts of the jacobins. The town-house was appropriated for their residence, and the municipality treated them with kindness and respect. Louvet, who had joined them again here, has published an account of his adventures after this period, and as de Valady kept him company, I can follow my friend more circumstantially than heretofore. During their stay in this city, they were frequently visited by that celebrated heroine, Charlotte Corday. Of her projects they knew nothing; but she inspired them all with the warmest interest. Louvet describes her as a young woman, stout, well made, with an open air and modest behaviour. She always came attended by a servant, and conversed with the deputies in the public gallery. Her true motive, he thinks, was to become acquainted with himself and friends, whom she considered as the founders of the republic for which she was going to devote herself. In her face, which was at once that of a fine and pretty woman, and in her whole carriage there was a mixture of gentleness and dignity, which indicated her heavenly mind. She never mentioned her design to any one of the seven deputies whom she visited. She called on them the day previous to her departure for Paris, when the dignified firmness of her mien, and the fire of her eye, tempered by modesty, attracted the attention of all. What a pity that a woman with so much beauty and such a soul, should have sacrificed herself for the monster Marat, who was doomed to die in a few days a victim to a disease that his infamous debaucheries had made incurable.

More than a dozen deputies were now assembled at Caen, in which place their dangers increased daily. The jacobins were every where triumphant, and dared at last to agitate this hitherto secure asylum. The administrators of the department ordered the decree of outlawry to be posted against the very walls of the house they inhabited. The people sold themselves for assignats; the

clubs became noisy; more than two hundred thousand scaffolds were erected in devoted France; and every thing announced to the deputies the necessity of their departure.

Three battalions of Bretons, who had been against the Vendéans and were still faithful to the proscribed, had remained at Caen. They were to set off for Brest and its neighbourhood the day after the publication of this fatal decree. De Valady, with Pethion and the others, procured suitable arms and dresses, and joined these volunteers. The representatives of the people, the former illustrious mayor of Paris, and men of high birth and polished education, now entered upon a soldier's life on foot and in the ranks. With their new *comrades* they marched, sang, eat brown bread, drank cyder, and exhibited all that *insoucience* in distress, which belongs to a Frenchman's heart alone.

In this manner they traversed the country for several days, when defection began to show itself amongst the battalions, and obliged de Valady and his friends to quit them, and to seek refuge under new disguises in the vicinity of Dol. Here he remained a month, while Pethion, Barbaroux, and all the others bent their course in detached parties towards the seacoast. A few weeks before they designed to embark for Philadelphia. It was then in their power, since Honfleur, close by Caen, offered them the means; but now they were watched and hunted by those who then protected them.

Towards the latter end of September de Valady was obliged to remove from his hiding place, and in company with an unhappy friend, not a deputy, though pursued by the reigning tyrants, resolved to get to Bourdeaux if possible by water. They had one hundred miles to travel to reach the sea. Time pressed; the inquisitors were numerous. A description of his person, along with those of his proscribed companions, was in the hand of every municipal and every naval officer. It required no small share of presence of mind to evade the searching eye and prying questions of the jealous watchmen scattered over his route; and many were his adventures and hairbreadth escapes ere he and his friend reached the retreat of Pethion, to which he had been directed by a confidential messenger sent to him for that purpose.

On his arrival he had the happiness of meeting not only Pethion, but Barbaroux, Louvet, and seven or eight others, whom Pethion

had assembled, to embark with him in a vessel, owned by two worthy merchants, who had consented to give them a passage to Bourdeaux. The very next night the ship's boat was to receive them on board at a retired beach, four miles from Brest. At twelve o'clock they repaired to the strand. No boat was in waiting for them. They listened two hours for the cheering sound of oars. All was silence. If daylight found them on the shore they were lost; and their party was too numerous to expect safety in retreat. The owners of the vessel were with them. They proposed to hire a fishing-smack to take them off. A man consented to go; but the tide was low. In two hours more, however, they were embarked in his boat. When the sun rose they were traversing the capacious harbour of Brest, and their vessel was not in sight. In this state of extreme anxiety, afraid to land, yet in danger of perishing at sea, they resolved to penetrate to the ocean, where it was possible their ship might be waiting. Towards noon they doubled the last point of land, and saw a vessel laying off and on. They approached. It was the one they sought for. They ascended her sides, and in a moment were in the little cabin. The captain, who was a faithful Scotsman, explained the cause of his delay perfectly to their satisfaction. He left port in the night with a convoy, and as his vessel sailed fast, he had contrived to let it pass ahead, so that he might take in his passengers in safety, for which purpose he had returned. The convoy sailed later than was expected, and prevented his sending his boat to the beach. The fugitives took leave of their good friends, the merchants, who recommended them warmly to the captain, and all sails were spread to overtake the convoy.

Meantime the grand fleet of twenty-two sail of the line and fifteen frigates, hove in sight. They had left Brest two days before, and darkened the horizon. It was necessary to pass through this formidable armament, and it seemed impossible that some of the deputies should not be recognised by its officers, if they saw fit to visit their vessel. They were aware of their danger, and were prepared with a remedy. De Valady and the rest lay at full length on the cabin floor, with their pistols cocked, determined to perish by their own hands rather than be taken alive. It was enjoined on each captain in the public service to keep a sharp look out for them. The honest Scot was on deck, with his trumpet in his hand, ready

to deny their being on board. Four hundred livres, distributed amongst the crew, insured their discretion. They arrived in the midst of the fleet, and not a question was asked. The next day they perceived the frigate with which their vessel left Brest, bearing down upon them. As soon as she came within hail, they received from a speaking trumpet the alarming interrogation, " whence came you?" " From Brest," answered the captain with firmness. This produced the ominous remark of " you are a long way astern." To which the captain replied, " we have made as much haste as we could." " Your vessel is a very bad sailer then," was retorted not very civilly. In answer to this nothing was said. At length the thundering question came, "*have you any passengers aboard?*" The hearty Scot made the air ring with a bold " no!" On this the frigate's boat was hoisted out. It was now a critical moment for the persecuted de Valady and his colleagues. They threw overboard such papers as could involve their friends on shore, cocked their pistols, placed them in their mouths, and waited the event. The boat's arrival required not these melancholy preparations: it came merely to fetch a hawser for the frigate to take their vessel in tow, till it came up with the merchant-fleet; and it was not one of the least whimsical adventures of this voyage, remarks Louvet, to see themselves thus protected by a vessel which was particularly prepared for their destruction.

In another day they sailed up the Garonne, passed the guardships in a boat, and landed at Bec-D'ambez. They took leave of the good Scotsman, for whom they made up a purse of four hundred dollars, which they begged him to accept. This sum they clubbed among themselves, and after it was paid the richest of them had not forty dollars left. But they were in the loyal department of Gironde, and could want for nothing as they fondly imagined. Security, comfort, and friends were to be found here, although they should have forsaken every other part of France. Alas! de Valady, the arts of thy persecutors had again preceded thee. The syren tongue of flattery had silenced the well meaning; the terror of the guillotine had subdued the brave, and a plentiful distribution of assignats had corrupted the weak and indifferent.— Bourdeaux, with the whole department, acknowledged the sway of the convention. The arms and the intrigues of the *Maratists*

were every where triumphant. Strangers had become objects of suspicion, and the guillotine was in activity in every town. The *Girondin* party, as particularly obnoxious to the ruling members, were sought for with eagerness, and the fugitives were in danger at every step they took. This spot, then, which they encountered so many dangers to reach, and which they were ready to kiss as the land of deliverance, was still more unsafe than that they had left. But there was no time to deliberate, and in their haste to find a retreat, were upon the point of losing themselves by the indiscretion of one of their party.

Guadet, who was an inhabitant of this part of the country, had a relation living in the neighbourhood; but his house was shut and no one at home. With the impetuosity of a Gascon he flew to the inn of the village, and had the unaccountable folly of naming himself. He was the representative from this very district, and his name was known to every one. The information spread in every direction. Meantime the key of the house was procured, and into it all the deputies retired. Two days were spent in constant anxiety, at the end of which the approach of an armed force was announced, which obliged them to dislodge. Scarcely were they seated in a small boat that they found on the Garonne, which flowed about a mile from the house, when, in the dead of night, more than four hundred men attacked it with artillery. These brave revolutionists carried the deserted citadel by storm; and so proud were they of their victory, that their commander transmitted a pompous account of it to the convention, in which he said that "such was the activity of the *sansculottes*, who had surrounded the house, that after penetrating into it, they had found—the beds of the proscribed warm!"

Whilst these furious patriots were searching, and no doubt plundering the house, de Valady and his companions had passed the Dordogne, and reached the road leading to St. Emillion; but being soon traced by the party who had driven them from their last abode, and actually pursued by fifty horsemen, they turned from the great road and fled to some stone quarries, which they found unoccupied by workmen, as it was on a Sunday. Here they lay concealed till night-fall, when a peasant, in whom they had ventured to confide and sent out among the farmers to obtain pro-

visions and shelter, returned to inform them that no person would receive them: "Not a person," he said, "had the courage to open their doors." And this was their Gironde! the department that had hitherto supported their politics, and whose representatives were so unanimously of their sentiment, that Brissot and his party derived the name of *Girondins* from siding with them. Poor Guadet was confounded. How many times had he protested, that every good and generous sentiment, if banished from all the rest of France, would take refuge in Gironde! Yet here almost all his relations, and all those he thought his friends, proved false and cruel.

What was to be done? It became unsafe to proceed any longer in company. De Valady's friend was still with him, and these two, together with Barbaroux and Louvet, separated from Pethion, Buzot and the rest. This expedient, temporary and hopeless, only protracted the vengeance of the *Mountain*, whose triumphs and influence were as rapid as increasing.

Their hearts were full at parting. Adversity softens the mind, and disposes it to warm and lasting attachments. They embraced and bade each other farewell. Barbaroux, who was skilled in mineralogy, proposed to pass himself for a professor of that science, whilst de Valady and his friends were merchants, travelling with him, to engage the working of any mines that he might discover. This fiction was soon given up; for even in those days of confusion and distress, when all ranks seemed prostrated to an equality, it was too absurd to suppose that merchants would be traversing the country for minerals, on foot and in the middle of the night. They rambled they knew not where for four hours. Guadet was no longer with them, and totally unacquainted with the country, they soon lost their way. About twelve at night they came to a village. The parsonage-house was before them. Barbaroux ventured to knock at the door. In a few moments the clergyman opened it himself. "We are travellers," said they, "and have lost our way." "Confess," replied the worthy man, "that you are good people, suffering persecution, and as such accept the accommodations of my house for twenty-four hours; would I could welcome more frequently and for a longer term, some of the innocent victims of unjust pursuit!"

De Valady and his companions were both astonished and affected by this reception. It demanded entire confidence, and it obtained it. The good man shed tears of joy as he rushed into their arms. He introduced these dangerous guests into his house, and permitted them to remain there five days; at the expiration of which de Valady received the farewell of his friend. This gentleman had accompanied him from Normandy, and thinking now that he could reach the house of a relation who lived near Perigueux, and who would, as he thought, give a secure shelter to de Valady and himself, he departed. The next day, alas! he was arrested and sacrificed.

It began to be whispered shortly that strangers were concealed in the parson's house. Their honest host warned them of their danger, and lamented the necessity that obliged him to part from them. He sought the whole day for a new lodging. Nothing offered better than a hay-loft belonging to a farmer, whose house was the abode of no less than sixteen people. Two of these, however, the clergyman could trust. They alone were present when, in the silence of night, our unhappy friends changed the comfortable beds of the parsonage for the disagreeable heat of a mow, composed of new hay, and in a state of fermentation. In this hay each man made himself a hole, where he remained buried the whole day. The loft was full to suffocation; one single window admitted air, and the weather was unusually sultry for the season. They had been a day in this close confinement, when their two confidants were sent suddenly at a distance, without being able, as they afterwards learnt, to inform them of their absence. Two more days passed away in extreme anxiety. For forty-eight hours poor de Valady and his companions had been deprived of all nourishment. The coarse fare and small wine, which they had occasionally picked up, was now no longer served to them. The extreme lassitude, dreadful head-ach, frequent faintings, burning thirst, and general agony experienced in this long interval of fasting, is indescribable. Their courage failed them. With depressed spirits and destitute of hope, Barbaroux and Louvet confessed that they had not fortitude to bear with life, and were resolved that *that* hour should be their last. Whilst de Valady, poor de Valady! acknowledged to them that he dared not die. And these were the

persecutors of the good king Louis! these the instruments of his dethronement if not of his death! as an unwarrantable ardency of mind had driven them to abet the extreme measures of their political friends. Did not a pang of remorse touch their hearts for this diabolical agency at this solitary moment? Alas! yes. Abandoned by the people, and left to sad and lonely reflection, the guilt of their revolutionary career drove them to despair—arming the one with the weapons of destruction, and palsying the soul of him who wished to die, but dreaded the moment of death.

Without consolation, without a prospect of relief, Barbaroux and Louvet grasped their pistols, and looking at each other, expressed by a languid smile and in profound silence the horrid meaning of this act. Their hands were pressed together with convulsive fury; the moment of despondence was come; the signal of death was on the point of being given, when de Valady, attentive to their motions, cried, “Barbaroux! you have yet a mother! Louvet! think on your incomparable wife!” Like a talisman these words converted their rage into tenderness; their weapons dropped from their hands; their enfeebled bodies bent towards each other; they mingled their tears together.

From this life-restoring calm they were suddenly roused by the sound of heavy thunder. It was past ten at night, and all the people of the farm-house were presumed to be asleep. The lightning still flashed; the thunder was retiring, when voices were heard speaking in whispers below. Soon after a man came up the ladder. It was one of their confidents. They asked him for food. “Talk not of food,” said he roughly, “but descend this moment.” His altered tone persuaded them that they were betrayed. De Valady’s mortal anxiety at the idea of death, preyed afresh upon his broken spirits as he heard Barbaroux whisper to Louvet “that they should not take him alive.” These two unhappy men had again recourse to their pistols. Unable to follow their example, yet imagining the fatal hour arrived, he faintly said to them, “alas! then we must die;” and taking them by the hand, he added, “O, my friends! are you going to leave me?” At no moment in their wanderings, says Louvet, did death seem so near as on this dreadful night.

The man repeated his orders for them to descend. "Citizen," said Louvet, "we are far from desiring to involve you in any trouble, yet do not think to draw us into a snare. We certainly will not go down until the parson or some of his family appears, or you frankly tell us what you want."

The people in the farm-house had heard them in the hay-loft, and had hinted their suspicions. The good parson, ever on the watch, was anxious for their removal; yet he hesitated. The man, to whom the barn belonged, became uneasy. Their lives and their all were at stake. Timid and vexed at the delay and danger, they had taken upon themselves to dislodge the fugitives. A kinsman of the parson was sent for, and arrived before they would trust themselves below. The storm continued. The thunder had indeed ceased; but the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew cold from the south. After suffocating with heat for three extreme warm days, they were driven from the hay-loft at the very moment it became desirable. Their friend placed them in a small wood, and there left them benumbed and wet.

A little before day the worthy clergyman came to them himself, and offered them for one night, at all hazards, the shelter of his house. This they had the courage to refuse, as it would endanger him; but he assured them that his cock-loft would conceal them until the next night, and that in case of alarm a rope should be contrived for their escape. They hastened to this retreat before dawn, and while there, received a message from Gaudet, who had knocked at many doors supposed to be inhabited by *friends*, and had found them all shut against him, except only one; and this was inhabited by a woman. Madam Bouquet was his sister-in-law. Generous, compassionate, and intrepid, as all those about her were cowardly, selfish, and inhuman; threatened by most of her connexions, and suspected by the municipalities, she dared to receive her wandering brother; to construct a safe retreat for him thirty feet under ground, and to invite to its shelter all his proscribed friends. Sure agents were despatched to hunt out Pethion and his party, as well as de Valady and his friends. They were conducted under cover of the night, at different times, to this subterranean abode. For more than a month she secreted them, fed them, nursed them, and paid for these humane services the

forfeit of her life. She was dragged to the guillotine with her husband, poor Guadet, and his aged father.

Lodged in this dismal hole all day, these unhappy exiles ventured above ground at night. As provisions were scarce, they never breakfasted. A dish of soup, made with pulse, formed the whole of their dinner. At supper they fared somewhat better, and now and then feasted upon a morsel of beef, or a dish of poultry from the yard; this excellent woman often depriving herself of food that more might be left for her distinguished guests. She was in the midst of them like a mother surrounded by her children, for whom she was sacrificing herself.

Scarcely had a few weeks' rest been enjoyed by them, when the clamour of her relations, and intimations of the magistrates, reached the ears even of the deputies, and made them resolve to leave this sanctuary, if it were only to save their noble benefactress. They left her in the deepest affliction. She wept, she bemoaned the cruel necessity which forced her to forego the happiness of serving them. "Cruel men," said she, speaking of her relations when she took leave of them, "cruel men! if any one of you——." She could not finish the sentence; but her presentiment was too well founded: not only one, but all save one were soon to perish.

At one o'clock in the morning de Valady sat out with Guadet, Louvet, and another. He left them at a short distance from the house, to turn off towards an estate belonging to a relation, and where he meant to try to gain admittance. "What a look!" says Louvet, "did he give us when we quitted him. Never shall I lose the sad remembrance of it: he had death in his eyes."

Whether he was received by his relation or not I am uninformed. For some five or six weeks he must have concealed himself in that neighbourhood, since about the end of that time he determined on taking the road to Paris, with a view no doubt of concealing himself within the walls of that vast city; when arriving near Perrigueux, under a well contrived disguise, he became suspected, was arrested, interrogated, examined, identified, and conducted to Roux Fazillac, and from the prison of that town to the scaffold.

Thus perished this ardent votary of liberty. No doubt many of his dreams of *perfectability* had vanished before this sad catastrophe; and the ruin of himself and friends, with the total discordance of the body politic, must have made him sigh for the good old times of the monarchy, when, if all was not consummate happiness, as great a share of contentment was allotted to his country as to any other under the sun.

S. B.

CRITICISM--FOR THE PORT FOLIO.CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

The Bride of Abydos, a Turkish Tale—By Lord Byron.—Philadelphia, 1814.
pp. 72. 24mo.

THE author of the present beautiful little tale, has been for sometime past a favourite of the public, and is ever welcomed with shouts of gratulation and tears of pity. We admire the vigorous sallies of genius with which his writings abound, while we are irresistibly led to commiserate the unhappy state of the author's mind, darkened as it is by the cheerless gloom of infidelity. His felicity resides altogether in the past, and as he casts his desponding eyes upon the future, he dwells with a melancholy complacency on the dismal clouds by which he is surrounded, dashes aside with scorn the light of revelation, and rejects the resplendent beams. To see a young man with an understanding so vigorous and alert, in the midst of his hereditary dignity, resigning himself to the cheerless gloom of infidelity, is a spectacle painfully interesting. If the page reflect the character of the author in its true proportion, we may be enabled to solve this enigma.

Lord Byron appears from this evidence, to be a young man of keen and exquisite sensibility, capable of forming the strongest attachments. On these subjects, his sentiments are breathed with unusual energy, and with an intenseness of feeling. When he recounts his joys that are past, his constitutional sensibility presents them so fresh and so beautiful, memory loses its proper function, the wheels of time roll backward, and transport him to the hour

of actual enjoyment. It is a species of moral painting so descriptive, that the figure starts from the canvass, lives, looks, and breathes with the soul, which the author's own affections inspire. When the bard awakens from this reverie to the dreadful realities of the present state, the vision melts away, and leaves him disconsolate, forlorn, and more dejected, from the intensity of memory's enjoyment. The lyre which so recently resounded with his raptures, now utters no accents but those of dejection and despair. Not content with this, and hurried on by the phrenzy of the same ungovernable feelings, he seems to take a spiteful joy in aggravating the glooms of the future. With a sullen satisfaction he rejects the consoling truths offered by revelation, and lifts his murmuring voice against the majesty of Heaven. Such is the character of this writer: he plunges alternately, like the pencil of Carravagio, from noon-day to the glooms of night, and hoards his pleasures with no other view than to make his pains more excruciating. Destitute of that happy balance of the affections —his feelings form his creed, and because he cannot share the blessings he desires, renounces those which Providence has offered to his hands.

The fact which gave to the mind of this author this strange and melancholy bias, was, it seems, early love. The object of his affections was snatched away by the hand of death, and the desponding lover fled to the dark and comfortless shade of infidelity for relief.

The present volume, however, is not tinctured with any of these peculiarities: it has all that depth of sensibility which distinguishes the other works of this writer, without the infidelity. The story is shortly this:

Selim, the hero of the tale, while living with Giaffir, a Turkish pacha, with whom he passes as his natural son, falls in love with his daughter Zulcika. These two lovers meet in a cave by midnight, where Selim explains the mystery of his birth. It appears that he was the son of the brother of the pacha, who treacherously poisoned his father. The son still remaining under the care of his unnatural uncle, the reputed offspring of a stolen embrace, disdaining the soft and luxurious life he led, places himself at the head of a band of robbers. As the pacha had destined his daughter in marriage to a man averse to her wishes, Selim, after making this dis-

closure of his character, implores her to unite her destiny with his. While she is wavering between her abhorrence of her father's harsh commands, her love for Selim and her detestation of his profession, they are both surprised by the guards of the pacha. Selim is slain before his band can arrive to his assistance, and Zuleika dies of a broken heart.

The author does not seem to have constructed his fable with much care, for it appears from the following beautiful lines, that he considered Zuleika as the lover, and not the sister of Selim. This young man had been reproached by the pacha with being born of a slave, who knowing as he did his father and his murderer, is now meditating vengeance against the assassin. This will account for his insensibility to the fond and innocent advances of Zuleika.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water,
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;

But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his pacha's turbaned band

Mixt in the game of mimic slaughter;
Careering cleave the folded felt
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt—
Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd
Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud—

He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter.

No word from Selim's bosom broke—
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke—

Still gaz'd he through the lattice grate,
Pale—mute—and mournfully sedate.—

To him Zuleika's eye was turned,

But little from his aspect learned;

Equal her grief—yet not the same,

Her heart confessed a gentler flame—

But yet that heart alarmed or weak,

She knew not why, forbade to speak—

Yet speak she must—but when essay—

“ How strange he thus should turn away!

“ Not thus we e'er before have met,

“ Not thus shall be our parting yet.”—

Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed—
She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,
And sprinkled all it's odours o'er
The pictured roof and marble floor—
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addrest,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too—
“ What sullen yet? it must not be—
“ Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!”
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
“ He loved them once—may touch them yet,
“ If offered by Zuleika's hand.”
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed—
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet—
“ This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul bears;
It says to-night he will prolong,
For Selim's ear his sweetest song—
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his altered lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

“ What—not receive my foolish flower?—
Nay then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
Oh, Selim dear!—Oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it I thou hat'st or fearest?
Come lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine—and songs must fail,
Even from my fabled nightingale.
I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn—
Too well I know he loves thee not,
But is Zuleika's love forgot?

Ah! deem I right? the pacha's plan—
This kinsman bey of Carasman
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine—
If so—I swear by Mecca's shrine,
If shrines, that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step, admit her vow—
Without thy free consent, command—
The Sultan should not have my hand!
Thankst thou that I could bear to part
With thee—and learn to halve my heart?
Ah! were I severed from thy side,
Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
Years have not seen—Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee—
Even Azrael from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft—and fly it must—
That parts all else—shall doom forever
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt—
He raised the maid from where she knelt—
His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt—
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.—
As the stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows—
When it rushes revealed
In the light of its billows,—
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it—
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A warhorse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound;
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
And all, before repressed, betrayed.
" Now thou art mine, forever mine,
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;—
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
Yes, fondly, wisely, hast thou done,
That vow hath saved more heads than one:—

But blemish not thou—thy simplest tress
 Claims more from me than tenderness;
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,
 For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar.

This morning clouds upon me lowered,
 Reproaches on my head were showered;
 And Giaffir almost called me coward!
 Now I have motive to be brave,
 The son of his neglected slave:
 Nay, start not—'twas the term he gave—
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt:
His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
 Perchance I am, at least shall be;
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us as now.
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 Holds not a Musselim's control;
 Was he not bred in Egripo?
 A viler race let Israel show!
 But let that pass—to none be told
 Our oath—the rest shall time unfold;
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey,
 I've partizans for peril's day;
 Think not I am what I appear,
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near.”

“ Think not thou art what thou appearest!
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed;
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest,
 But now thou'ret from thyself estranged.
 My love thou surely knew'st before,
 It ne'er was less nor can be more.
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
 And hate the night I know not why,
 Save that we meet not but by day—
 With thee to live, with thee to die,
 I dare not to my hope deny:
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
 Like this—and this—no more than this;

For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame,
What fever in thy veins is flushing?
My own hath nearly caught the same,
At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
To sooth thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty;
Do all but close thy dying eye,
For that I could not live to try;
To these alone my thoughts aspire—
More can I do? or thou require?
But, Selim, thou must answer why
We need so much of mystery?
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
Beyond my weaker sense extends—
I meant that Giaffir should have heard
The very vow I plighted thee;
His wrath would not revoke my word—
But surely he would leave me free;
Can this fond wish seem strange in me
To be what I have ever been?
What other hath Zuleika seen
From simple childhood's earliest hour?
What other can she seek to see
Than thee, companion of her bower,
The partner of her infancy?
These cherished thoughts with life begun,
Say, why must I no more avow?
What change is wrought to make me shun
The truth—my pride—and thine till now?
To meet the gaze of strangers' eyes
Our law, our creed, our God denies;
Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
No—happier made by that decree,
He left me all in leaving thee.
Deep were my anguish, thus compelled
To wed with one I ne'er beheld—
This—therefore should I not reveal?
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?

I know the pacha's haughty mood
 To thee hath never boded good;
 And he so oftens storms at nought,
 Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here,
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,
 My father leaves the mimic war;
 I tremble now to meet his eye—
 Say, Selim, can't thou tell me why?"

After this can we avoid feeling some surprize to find Zuleika in the second canto expressing so much astonishment when she is informed by Selim that he is not what he appeared to be, her brother!

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
 God! am I left alone on earth?—
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
 That saw my solitary birth!
 Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
 My sinking heart foreboded ill;
 But know *me* all I was before,
 Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
 Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
 If thou hast cause for vengeance—see!
 My breast is offered—take thy fill!
 Far better with the dead to be
 Than live thus nothing now to thee—
 Perhaps far worse—for now I know
 Why Giasfir always seemed thy foe;
 And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
 For whom thou wert contemned—reviled—
 If not thy sister—would'st thou save
 My life—Oh! bid me be thy slave!"

The description of the person of Zuleika is thus beautifully delineated:

Fair—as the first that fell of womankind—
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whos^t image then was stamp'd upon her mind—
 But once beguiled—and evermore beguiling;

Dazzling—as that, oh! too transcendent vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on earth revived in Heaven—
Soft—as the memory of buried love—
Pure—as the prayer which childhood wafts above—
Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved—how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone—
The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the music breathing from her face!
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!
Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast—
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giasfir felt
His purpose half within him melt;
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel—
Affection chained her to that heart—
Ambition tore the links apart.

The modest and silent sorrow with which she receives her sire's command, to marry a man to whom her heart is averse, is thus expressed:

In silence bowed the virgin's head—
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped—
What could such be but maiden fears?

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry—
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot—
 Or if remembered, marked it not—
 Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed,
 Resigned his gem-adorn'd Chibouque,
 And mounting feately for the mead,
 With Maugrabee and Mamaluke—
 His way amid his Delis took,
 To witness many an active deed
 With sabre keen—or blunt jereed.
 The Kislar only and his Moors
 Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

The following character of freedom possesses too much poetical beauty to be passed over in silence.

" Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
 His captive, though with dread resigning,
 My thralldom for a season broke;
 On promise to return before
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
 'Tis vain—my tongue cannot impart
 My almost drunkenness of heart,
 When first this liberated eye
 Surveyed Earth—Ocean—Sun and Sky!
 As if my spirit pierced them through,
 And all their inmost wonders knew—
 One word alone can paint to thee
 That more than feeling—I was free!
 E'en for thy presence ceased to pine—
 The world—nay—Heaven itself was mine!

If the reader, from the above specimens, is interested in the fate of these unhappy lovers, he will not censure the length of our concluding extract.

Zuleika—mute and motionless,
 Stood like that statue of distress—
 When, her last hope forever gone,
 The mother hardened into stone;

All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobe!—
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply—
Beneath the garden's wicket porch!
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
“ Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!”
Far—wide through every thicket spread
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand:—
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving,
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim’s grave!
Dauntless he stood—“ ’Tis come—soon past—
One kiss, Zuleika—’tis my last;
 But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal—see the flash—
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash—
 No matter—yet one effort more.”
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept,
 His pistol’s echo rang on high:
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
 Despair benumbed her breast and eye!
“ They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, ’tis but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father’s scimitar,
Thou ne’er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika!—sweet! retire—
 Yet stay within—here linger safe,
 At thee his rage will only chafe.—
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance:
Fear’st thou for him?—may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!—
No—though by him that poison poured—
No—though again he call me coward!—
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
 No—as each crest save *his* may feel?

One bound he made, and gained the sand—
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band—
A gasping head, a quivering trunk;
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes:
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave;—
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—
Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water!

Escaped from shot—unharmed by steel,
Or scarcely grazed it's force to feel—
Had Selim won—though thus beset—
To where the strand and billows met—
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause—that fatal gaze he took—
Hath doomed his death—or fixed his chain—
Sad proof—in peril and in pain
How late will lover's hope remain!—
His back was to the dashing spray—
Behind but close—his comrades lay—
When at the instant, hissed the hall,
“So may the foes of Giaffir fall!”
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang?
Too nearly—deadly aimed to err—
‘Tis thine—Abdallah's murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate—
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling,

If aught his lips essayed to groan
The rushing billows choked the tone!—

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away—
Few trophies of the fight are there—
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent—but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear—
And fragments of each shivered brand—
Steps stamped—and dashed into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be marked—nor far remote
A broken torch—an oarless boat—
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep—
There lies a white Capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain—
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep
Go—seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay—
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow—
That hand—whose motion is not life—
Yet feebly seems to menace strife—
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levelled with the wave—
What recks it? though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robbed the meaner worm!
The only heart—the only eye—
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
And mourned above his turban-stone—
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale—

Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destin'd lord is come too late—
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!—
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear!
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate—
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall—and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill—
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Sufficed to kill—
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still—
 Peace to thy broken heart—and virgin grave!
 Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst,
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first!
 Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence—shame—pride—hate—revenge—remorse!
 And, oh! that pang where more than madness lies—
 The worm that will not sleep—and never dies—
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light—
 That winds around, and tears the quiv'ring heart—
 Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
 Wo to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
 Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head—
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
 By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled—
 Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief—
 Thy pride of heart—thy bride for Osman's bed--
 She—whom thy sultan had but seen to wed—
 Thy daughter's dead!
 Hope of thine age—thy twilight's lonely beam—
 The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream—
 What quenched its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!
 Within the place of thousand tombs
 That shine beneath, while dark above
 The sad but living cypress glooms
 And withers not, though branch and leaf

Are stamped with an eternal grief;
Like early unrequited love!
One spot exists—which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove.—
A single rose is shedding there
It's lonely lustre, meek and pale,
It looks as planted by Despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears:
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour
And buds unsheltered by a bower,
Nor droops—though spring refuse her shower
Nor woos the summer beam.—
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen—but not remote—
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the Bulbul—but his throat,
Though mourful, pours not such a strain;
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day-blush bursts from high—
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame,)
That note so piercing and profound

Will shape and syllable its sound
 Into Zuleika's name.
 'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word—
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone,
 Eve saw it placed—the morrow gone!
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell—
 Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave—
 And there by night, reclin'd, 'tis said,
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head—
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
 Where first it lay—that mourning flower
 Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour—
 Alone—and dewy—coldly pure and pale—
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

There is room to suspect that the poet constructed his plot as he was executing the workmanship. In Selim, the hero of his tale, one part of the character is flatly opposed by another. In one place he appears to us as the brother of Zuleika—then as her lover—and, last of all, by his own confession, as a murderer, and thief! When the poet first introduces him to our notice, we pay all proper deference and respect to the guest; but when he himself announces his own character, we tremble for the security of our watches. All of us may remember how severely his lordship, in his philippic against the Caledonian reviewers, censured Scott for staining the knighthood of Marmion with forgery. His lordship thus indignantly expresses himself of that character:

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
 The guilty, crested, haughty Marmion;
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
 Not quite a felon, and almost a knight;
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,
 A mighty mixture of the good and base."

Say will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious records of some well-fought field,
Than the vile foray of some plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man."

It is amusing to discover how differently a man plays his part in the separate departments of a reviewer and an author. His lordship, offended as he was with Walter Scott as a reviewer, condescends to follow his example as a poet. *Marmion* and *Selim* may now shake hands together. Mr. Scott may now retort this severity upon his lordship, and ask him which of the two vices is, in his estimation, the most honourable, forgery or theft? But the crimes of *Selim* do not end even here. Notwithstanding he can, with such heroic self-complacency, rob and murder innocent men, it can with truth be said, that whenever revenge is demanded by all the laws of heaven and earth, it is difficult to find a character more forbearing and innoxious than *Selim*'s. He lives with the murderer of his father with a full knowledge of the fact; accepts of his hospitality and obeys his commands. Neither does he meditate revenge until his parricidal uncle reflects upon his courage. Some may be inclined to think that it was *Selim*'s tenderness for *Zuleika* that reconciled him to bear with philosophical submission, such ponderous indignity. To this it may be sufficient to answer, that this hero, when he discloses his love to *Zuleika*, mentions, with singular complacency, his profession as a robber, by way of insuring a hearty welcome to his addresses. He has not indeed the common apology of want and distress for his conduct. No; the bounty of his parricidal uncle has prevented all complaint of this character. It was a heroic passion—an abhorrence of a soft indolence and luxurious life, that prompted him to signalize himself by robbery. Whether the noble poet was half-ashamed of this apology himself, we know not; but as if to raise his hero in our estimation, he makes *Selim* inform us that he was not himself a *bona fide* robber—he did not expose his own person to the hazards incident to his profession—he procured substitutes, directed his gang when and where to commit the deed, and shared in the plunder. The heroism of *Selim* then ends in this—to share in the booty without participating in the danger.

Such are the prominent defects of the work; but there is, notwithstanding, such a redeeming spirit in the author's genius, that they are passed over by a great body of readers, not only without censure, but almost without notice.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA FAYETTE, OR THE AGE OF LOUIS XIII.
BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

(Translated from the Parisian Literary Journal.)

OF this new historical romance of madame de Genlis it is no ordinary penegyric to say, that it abounds with the same beauties as distinguish her other two romances, entitled Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Lavalliere.

Our author has, in this new work, drawn, with all the truth of history and in colours as delicate as they are energetic, the characters of the principal personages of the court of Louis thirteen. Amongst this assemblage are those of Anne of Austria, the cardinal Richelieu, and the duke de Roquelaure. Madame de Genlis has given the character of Louis himself with the strictest adherence to truth, while she has not forgot to notice that hardy valour which marked his conduct on all occasions; his great repugnance personally to interfere in any way with the internal concerns of his kingdom; his unfortunate diffidence of his own abilities; and finally, his unwillingness to throw off the yoke imposed on him by his ministers and favourites, although he at the same time bore it with the greatest impatience. She may however be reproached for having essentially altered his character in one respect—in allowing him to possess, at different periods of the story, an impassioned sensibility. We cannot imagine a prince to be possessed of much sensibility, who, at the moment of the execution of his grand ouyer, Cinq Mars, the most beloved of his favourites, and who was condemned to death for a conspiracy against a minister whom he detested, takes out his watch, and very coolly observes, "*my dear friend must make a sad figure at this moment.*" For the delineation of the character of mademoiselle de la Fayette, the memoirs of that day furnish but few materials; and to make up this deficiency, it appears to us that our author has borrowed some traits from the

characters both of Agnes de Lovel and of madam de Lavalliere. From the first she has borrowed that constant resolution which mademoiselle de la Fayette always maintains, of never using her ascendancy over the mind of the king but for the purpose of inspiring him with sentiments of generosity—from the second, that attachment which she supposes her to feel for this prince on account of his personal qualities, regardless of his rank. The style of this new romance of madam de Genlis, like that of all her other productions, is distinguished for a happy blending of nature with an exquisite elegance of taste. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANSWER TO STRICTURES ON INSTINCTIVE IMPULSES.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOUR liberal, learned, and ingenious correspondent, in his observations on my pamphlet (claiming attention to instinctive impulses) pays me, with much politeness, a compliment on my self-examination, which I am conscious of not meriting. That I had frequently done wrong, and that I abhorred wrong, were facts so undeniable, that I was led to examine the causes of this inconsistency. The Roman made a similar observation when he wrote “*Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor*”—the right I approve and yet the wrong pursue. This led me to distinguish between the animal and moral man, or rather to ascertain that when animal propensities tend to the violation of others’ rights, moral impulses are given to restrain from injuring others.

Men being endowed with more power and intelligence than other animated beings, would be terrific monsters if instinctively fond of rapine and assassination, and the human race would soon become extinct. It will give me great pleasure to defend myself, and now and then to assail so generous and so polite a combatant. Discussion promotes truth, as collision elicits light.

That I am desirous of obtaining the approbation of my female readers I acknowledge, for I am a man; but flattery and deception

I reprobate. My motives were expressly stated to raise woman in her own estimation, and to view her infant pledge of mutual love as not merely innocent, but as destined by her maternal care to disclose those amiable propensities which God has implanted in us, to enlarge the sociability and happiness of nations. I concluded my first pamphlet by saying, "my object has been so to simplify metaphysics, hitherto an abstruse science, and so to blend entertainment with it, that woman, to whom man owes his being, and to whom Providence has given peculiar tenderness and sensibility, as man is entrusted to her care and tuition for many years, when impressions have greatest influence; that woman, destined to augment every enjoyment and to participate every care, and to walk hand in hand with him through life, may cultivate all his instinctive impulses, and restrain all his excesses, till he becomes worthy of so amiable a being."

Lest it should be supposed that I attribute, peculiarly, sensibility to woman without authority, permit me to refer you to Richerand's New Elements of Physiology, who states that females' nerves are larger and softer, in proportion to their size, than those of men.

I wait for your next number, Mr. Oldschool, and I can assure your correspondent that I will cheerfully correct any error, and acknowledge myself wiser by his instruction than I was before, whenever truth causes conviction.

ASIATICUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF LADY MACBETH.

THE universality and antiquity of any opinion, afford an argument so potent in favour of its truth, that to attack it is an attempt at once difficult and thankless. Those matters which the wise among mankind have passed upon, are generally considered as put at rest, and endeavours at reversing a decision of the judges are accounted presumptuous and irreverend. This acquiescence in those who have gone before us is suited to the nature of a being

like man, so mentally as well as physically dependent. It is analogous to his nature in another point of view, as proceeding from the same associations which attach sacredness to the groves of antiquity and the sepulchres of our fathers. If the ashes of sages deserve and receive our veneration, surely opinions, the immortal part of those sages, which once informed and now survive those ashes, are doubly deserving to be owned and hallowed. All this appears but fitting and commendable; yet that such deference may be carried too far must be acknowledged on the recollection that without some departure from it, no reformation could ever have been effected either in literature or religion—a reflection which it is hoped will secure the ensuing remarks from the imputation of disrespect or temerity.

The tragedy of “Macbeth,” besides the individual who gives a name to the play, presents to our view another as the accomplice, or as some have it, the instigator of his guilt. This personage is no other than his wife. She is considered by many as the principal figure in the piece, and by a remarkable concurrence of opinion, all commentators on this author represent her as a combination of cruelty—a species of female demon—a monster * of the poet’s own creation. So far has this proceeded, that Macbeth, all bloody as he is, excites in us something like compassion; while his lady has to bear the double detestation due to her own sins and those of her lord. It may be well to endeavour at discovering the cause of this procedure, apparently so unchivalrous, not to say unjust. It may perhaps be found where we should least expect it—even in the natural excess of those romantic and poetical conceptions of the female character: whence a far less degree of guilt, where we expected only impeccable purity, will excite more odium than the most flagrant wickedness in the other sex. The fall of angels is a matter of record and faith; yet the fall of that better half of a race, “a little lower than the angels,” startles us as unexpected, and revolts us as unnatural. In the representation of dramatic poetry especially, where the wonderful agency of sight and sound, and scenic decoration are all employed to heighten the effect, which we come to witness with minds preoccupied with those visionary notions of female perfectibility, it is no wonder if the

* Steevens.

rage of disappointment prevents our holding the balance with a steady hand. But in the closet, where the judgment is less subject to the senses, and where woman is calmly looked on as sharing the same mortal nature—liable to like temptations, and sometimes gifted with similar passions as man; where her character, thus appreciated, if it lose in some respects, gains in others, receiving neither exaggerated encomium on the one hand, nor hyperbolical denunciation on the other; but in short, is considered merely as a human being, deserving no more reproach than would attach to the same crimes in the stronger sex. Where this is the case, the decision of critics on the character of lady Macbeth, appears to us utterly unaccountable.

That this decision does not conform to the intention of the author, seems to be inferred from the general plan of his tragedy, as well as from particular passages. He would else have represented lady Macbeth as a leader, rather than an associate in wickedness. Had this been the design, it had also been fitting that those weird sisters, who are supposed gifted with a portion of omniscience to penetrate the purpose and ascertain the character, would have made her the first object of their mystic salutation; instead of which they selected Macbeth, whose conduct indeed throughout the piece abundantly justified their choice. She appears wholly unacquainted with the daring destiny of her husband, till apprised of it by his letter. This letter naturally brings on the soliloquy, in which the deed requisite for fulfilling the prophecy, and the nature of her husband for attempting such a deed, are subjects of speculation. The dialogue between them immediately preceding the arrival and death of Duncan, might at first glance indeed seem to imply that she was the mover of the act.

“*Macbeth.* My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night!
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. Never shall sun that morrow see.”

But on a more deliberate perusal, and especially to all who recollect the acting of the late Mr. Cooke in the part of Macbeth, the words—

“Duncan comes here to-night!”

seemed a sort of emphatic demand from her of an inference which himself had already pondered, but dared not give utterance to. It appeared almost an interrogation, and was spoken by Mr. Cooke precisely as it would have been had the interrogative been prefixed thus:

What if—Duncan comes here to-night?

She accordingly, familiar with the workings of his mind, and seeing them now in exact conformity to what her meditations had previously augured, interprets his half-expressed meaning, and “gives his thoughts a tongue.” This is perfectly coincident with his whole conduct through the drama. He ponders his crimes; fears to disclose them; when disclosed, hesitates—letting “I dare not, wait upon I would;” finally, his ambition masters his fear, and he proceeds to action. Lady Macbeth appears to have possessed, together with equally ambitious views, a stronger intellect, a steadier purpose and more intrepidity of execution. In fact her whole character, both of mind and heart, seems to have been made of sterner stuff; and from this very circumstance her guilt, according to professor Richardson’s own hypothesis,* ought to be considered less aggravated than that of her husband: since such as are endued with naturally amiable propensities, and either pervert them to their purpose, or act in their despite, have much to answer for beyond those, who in sinning do no violence to nature, but rather accord with it. The same original conformation which makes her less amiable as a woman, makes her also less criminal as an assassin. When the ingenious professor attributed to this lady a character invariably savage, he must surely have forgotten that remarkable relenting which withheld her from the murder of the sleeping monarch:—

“Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, *I* had done it.”

Bearing in mind our previous ideas of lady Macbeth’s collectedness of nature, and this trait alone is sufficient to redeem her from utter, unmitigated reprobation. Considering her ardent aspirations for the crown; her previous vaunts of her own courage; the opportunity that now offered to gain the one and to prove the other;

* See his Analysis of the Characters of Shakspeare.

and at a moment so dreadfully propitious, that a similitude, a shadow, which memory conjured up and compared with the slumbering monarch, should wrest from her the victim, at the risk of losing him forever, at the mercy of accident or discovery, and dependent solely on her husband, whose infirmity of purpose she had before deprecated, and whose retorts she might well expect when convicted of similar “brain-sickness” with himself:—this, we repeat, exempts her from a total destitution of the human charities, by showing her accessible to filial, though not to loyal feeling.

We have observed thus much on the death of Duncan—the only crime in which lady Macbeth had any direct participation. If any palliative for this crime, let it not be forgotten that in its perpetration conjugal affection concurred with ambition.* It was not that she loved Duncan less, but Macbeth more. At that period of their history the notions of loyalty among the Scots, as well as of every other moral obligation, appear to have been very loose. Add to this, that the character of Duncan, though eulogized by Macbeth as possessing virtues that would plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, was virtuous, like that of too many of his species, only when compared with those worse than themselves. His treachery to the Danes during a recent truce, in which he first intebriated, then murdered them (a circumstance to which Banquo alludes) was the very counterpart of the scene in which he was himself doomed to be a sufferer. From the perverted ingenuity of lady Macbeth’s reasoning powers, of which many examples occur in the piece, it is not improbable she might have considered herself an avenger rather than an assassin—an appointed minister of that “wild justice,” which lord Bacon has so finely denominated revenge. For the commission of this crime, however, prompted as it was by the united force of ambition, conjugal regard, and re-

* We are at a loss for the ground of Mr. Steevens’s suggestion that she was deficient in this particular. To us, she appears to have returned, after her manner, all her lord’s expressions of endearment: “My thane,” “my husband!”

“ Gentle my lord!

Sleek o’er your rugged looks, be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macbeth. I shall my love,
And so, I pray, be you,” &c.

taliation, she was not competent, it seems, without the aid of artificial stimulants:

"That which has made them drunk, has made me bold,"

is her exclamation after having drugged the potions of the grooms.

The surprisal of Macduff's castle, and the massacre of all his race, by far the most savage deed in the play, was the act of Macbeth alone. The murder of Banquo also, was the spontaneous suggestion of Macbeth's mind; and when his lady inquires respecting his meditated object, his reply seems to indicate that, in her husband's opinion at least, she was not callous to the inflictions of remorse:—

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed."

But if her husband's opinion were insufficient, we have ample evidence of her susceptibility to the agonies of self-reproach, in the subsequent scene, which represents her as their martyr; in that bewildered reason, those midnight walks, and perturbed ejaculations, which, who that has witnessed, can never forget. Marmontel has somewhere invested misfortune with the sacred right of purifying her victims from their offence, and the man whom Heaven has punished, should become innocent in our sight. The furies which lady Macbeth had once let forth upon others, turned back upon their owner and destroyed her. Whatever were her crimes, her fate was their avenger. The same sensibility which detests the one, should commiserate the other. Had she been the greatest of offenders, this would be but just to her; that she was not the greatest, we have humbly attempted to establish.

That critics, so respectable as those employed on this play, the Johnsons, Steevenses, Richardsons, &c. should have exercised so little of their wonted discrimination in regard to this part, we have before noted as, in our apprehension, extraordinary. That lord Kaines, especially, whose penetration as a philosopher enabled him to investigate principles and consequences, and whose profession as a lawyer accustomed him to compare evidence and decide between contending claims; that his lordship should have pronounced lady Macbeth a "character too bad to be con-

formable to human nature," is at once too flattering to that nature in general, and too merciless to this individual instance. Lady Macbeth participates with her lord in the murder of their sovereign; its recollection haunts her repose, and finally drives her to madness and to death. Macbeth, to whom the assassination of Duncan was but a novitiate in guilt, proceeds from crime to crime, undeterred by those compunctionous visitings which his better sense continued to him; and finishes his career with full possession of his reason, with a bold defiance of his fate. Which of these individuals should seem the most culpable? Yet the former has been the object of anathema, and the latter of comparative condolence.

It is grateful to the philanthropist to diminish the number of atrocious offenders, and something is also gained for poor human nature by endeavours to lessen the enormity of offence. "Who would wantonly add weight to the stone of Sisyphus?" Whatever items we can fairly deduct from individual guilt, we so far diminish that aggregate which weighs so heavily on our common race. Should the preceding reflections promote in any degree so salutary a purpose, they will scarcely be classed with idle reveries. They refer to a character which, considered either as an historic instance or a poetic fiction, is certainly entitled to justice; and those to whom this claim would be unavailing, who feel not lady Macbeth's interests, may yet take some heed to their own: since it is probable few exercises of the human mind are more pernicious, than that which consists in the contemplation of consummate, unmixed depravity. From this, the intellect in its healthy state revolts with loathing:—it is only when diseased and morbid that it discovers an appetite for poison. We are far from contending that the character of lady Macbeth, with every allowance, does not exhibit deplorable deficiency; but not that desperate criminality which, independent of the disgust it occasions, loses its moral effect, since its excess generates incredulity. We have merely endeavoured that she should not be consigned to entire and unequalled infamy; not be considered a "monster" beyond parallel; not be ranked with the Tullias and Clytemnestras of antiquity; or the Catherines of Medicis and of Muscovy in more recent times. We all sympathize with the faithful follower of "de Montfort," in that simple exclamation over the body of his master:

"Thou wert too good to do a cruel deed,
And so it killed thee!"

Yet de Montfort was the murderer of his fellow. Does not the character of lady Macbeth authorize the same conclusion, since her offence received the same awful expiation? Let this reflection recommend her memory to our mercy, and spare her in future from proving that bitterest imprecation of the sacred writings:—
"Thine eye shall not pity her!"

To educe good from evil is the high prerogative only of Divine Providence. But it is even here within the province of the moral alchymist to attempt something like humble imitation. He can decompose, combine, or transmute; and if in the process any latent good should be elicited, or any superficial evil obliterated, the labour will not have been in vain.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SPURIOUS WORDS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE noticed in some recent numbers of your valuable publication, an endeavour to detect and *outlaw* several *spurious words*, which many good writers and most lexicographers have introduced to the English language. This is a meritorious attempt; for as it becomes every good citizen of the commonwealth to prevent, if possible, its being overburthened with the useless or vicious members of other states, it is no less the duty of each *good citizen* of the *republic of letters* to protest against the admission of words, not only useless, but such as usurp the places and privileges of *natives*.

Permit me, therefore, to occupy a page of your miscellany for this purpose.

Unsatisfactoriness is a complicated and unnecessary word; and although acknowledged by Johnson and Walker, yet it is so nicely distinguished from *Dissatisfaction*, that I doubt whether either would have allowed the necessity of its use. This word is ad-

mitted by even the Edinborough Reviewers; and at the moment when I am writing this, it occurs to me to remark, that

Edinburgh is the German; but *Edenborough* the English name of that city.

Perfectability and *Excitability* are used by Fisher Ames; and although they may be not improper, it is doubtful whether *every* writer should be allowed to give currency to words new and unharmonious.

Uninurned may likewise be acceptable; but *Unurned* would be more so. This word may be found in "Inchiquin's Letters."—The same remarks apply, of course, to *Inurned* and *Urned*.

Deception, *Conception*, *Reception*, &c. are substituted for *Deceit*, *Conceit*, *Receipt*, &c. and if *Exception* be urged in palliation, it may be answered, that this is derived from the verb *Except*, and those from *Deceive*, *Conceive*, *Receive*, &c.

Extention is often substituted for *Extent*;—and *Vapidity* for *Vapour*.

From Whence, *from Hence*, *from Thence*, &c. are often used by the best writers, for *Whence*, &c. the evident tautology and impropriety of which, preclude the necessity of any remark.

Thus, sir, I have *arraigned* these *disorganizers*, and should be pleased to know the *decision* of those more competent than myself to *judge*. In the meantime, if you shall not *remand* or *discharge* these, I will hereafter *present* such as may come under the observation of your

PLAINTIFF.

Washington Col.

Note.—Whatever *quiddity* may appear in the above, it is important to the preservation of its purity, that our language should be rescued from all inaccuracies, by an early interference.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIEW OF FORT NIAGARA.

NIAGARA FORT of which an engraving is given, is situated on the eastern side of Niagara river at its entrance into Lake Ontario, and opposite to Newark in Canada. The Fort is a most im-

portant post, and secures a greater number of communications through a large country than probably any other pass in interior America. This Fort was built by the French in the year 1725, and was delivered up to the United States, according to the treaty of 1794, by the British in 1796. It is situated about nine miles below the Cataract of Niagara in N. lat. $43^{\circ} 20'$, and W. longitude 79° , and the season is quite as mild as it is in some of the New England states, and vegetation is as early and as forward.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following morsel of eloquence by the Abbe Raynal, on the celebrated Eliza of Sterne, I have never met with in English, it being omitted in the translation of the Abbe's history which I have read; and I have therefore endeavoured to put it into our language. Possibly, it may not be unacceptable to the readers of the Port Folio, and with some of them, perhaps, it may have the merit of novelty. It is at any rate, a curious specimen of the free and enthusiastic spirit of French literature, contrasted with the reserve of the English. What quarter, would a British writer of the present day, have to expect from the reviewers, for such a romantic, egotizing effusion, foisted into the midst of a grave, historical and philosophical work? By the bye, is there not much reason to suppose, that Petrarch's Laura, Rousseau's Madame De Warrens, and Sterne's and Raynal's Eliza Draper, were a sort of Syrens of the same school, a kind of platonic seducers, whose peculiar prerogative it seems to have been, to enthrall the hearts of men of genius, and to inspire their pens with the emulation of giving them a literary immortality?

D. R.

RAYNAL'S ELIZA.

TERRITORY OF ANJINGA, thou art nothing in thyself; but thou hast given birth to Eliza. One day these marts of commerce, founded by the Europeans on the coasts of Asia, will no longer subsist. The grass will cover them, or, e'er the lapse of a few fleeting ages, the avenged Indian shall have raised buildings on their ruins. But if my writings have any duration, the name of Anjinga shall remain in the memory of men. Those who shall read me, those whom the winds shall waft towards these shores,

shall say, Here it was, that Eliza Draper was born; and if there is a Briton among them, he shall add with eager pride,—and she was born of English parents.

Let me here be permitted to indulge my grief and my tears! Eliza was my friend. O reader, whoever thou art, pardon me this involuntary impulse. Suffer me to absorb myself in the recollection of Eliza. If I have sometimes softened thee with the calamities of the human race, deign at this time to compassionate my own misfortune. I was thy friend without knowing thee; one moment then, be mine. . Thy soothing pity will be my recompence.

Eliza finished her career in the country of her parents, at the age of thirty-three. A celestial soul was then separated from a celestial body. Ye who visit the place where her sacred ashes repose, write upon the marble which covers them, on such a year, such a month, such a day, and such an hour, God resumed the hallowed emanation that animated her, and Eliza expired.

Original author! her admirer and friend, it was Eliza who inspired thy works, and dictated their most affecting pages. Happy Sterne, thou art no more, and I am still alive. I have lamented thee with Eliza; thou would'st have wept over her, with me; and had it pleased heaven that you should both have survived me, you, with her, would have expressed your grief for me.

The men, who saw her, with one accord pronounced, that no woman united so many graces as Eliza. Her own sex said the same. All praised her candour; all commended her sensibility; all were ambitious of the honour of knowing her. Envy was never tempted to assail a merit so unconscious.

It is doubtless to the influence of thy happy climate, Anjinga, that she was indebted, for that almost incompatible union of voluptuousness and decency, which accompanied her whole person, and mingled itself in all her movements. The statuary who would have designed the figure of Pleasure, would have taken her for his model; and she would equally have served him who would have depicted the image of Chastity. That soul unknown in our countries, the dark and nebulous sky of England could not extinguish. Whatever Eliza did, was attended with an irresistible charm. Desire, but timid Desire followed her in silence. The

man of virtue alone would have dared to love her, but he would not have dared to tell her that he loved.

I am every where still seeking Eliza. I meet, I sometimes seize a feature or two, some of her scattered charms among the most interesting women. But what has become of her who united them all? Ye gods, who exhausted your gifts, in the formation of one Eliza, ye made her but for a moment, to be for a moment admired, and, ever after, to be regretted.

All who have seen Eliza, regret her. As for me, I shall lament her to the latest hour of my existence. But is it enough to lament her? Those who knew her tenderness for me, the confidence which she granted me, will they not say:—She is gone, and art thou still among the living?

Eliza was to have quitted her country, her relations, her friends for the purpose of establishing herself near me, and living among mine. What felicity had I not promised myself? what delight had I not anticipated, in seeing her sought by men of genius; in seeing her cherished by women of the most fastidious taste? I said to myself, Eliza is young, and thou art approaching thy last period. It is she, who shall close thine eyes. Vain hope! Fatal overthrow of human probabilities! My old age has outlived her blooming years. To me the world is now a solitude. Destiny has condemned me to live and die alone.

Eliza had a cultivated mind; but this art was not perceived. In her it only served to embellish nature; its effect was merely to give duration to the charm. At every moment, she pleased more; at every moment, became more interesting. This was the impression which she made in India, the impression which she made in Europe. Eliza then was very beautiful! no, she could only be called handsome; but there was no beauty whom she did not eclipse, because she alone was like herself.

In the presence of Eliza, I experienced a sentiment new and unknown to me. It was too lively to be merely that of friendship; it was too pure to be that of love. Had it been a passion, Eliza would have pitied me: she would have endeavoured to bring me back to reason, and I should finally have been lost. She often said, there was no person she esteemed so much as me; and now, I may believe it.

In her last moments, Eliza was not unmindful of her friend: and I cannot trace a line without having before my eyes, the monument she has left me. Why has she not also endowed my pen with her own graces and virtue. I seem at least to hear her say " This severe muse which regards thee, is History, whose august function it is, to determine the opinion of posterity. This volatile divinity which flits over the globe, is Renown, who despairs not to make thee the transient theme of conversation: she has brought me thy works, and thus prepared our connexion by esteem. Behold this immortal phenix amid the flames: it is the symbol of genius which never dies. May these emblems incessantly exhort thee, to show thyself the defender of humanity, of truth, of liberty."

From the highest heavens, thy first and last country, Eliza, receive my oath. I swear never to write a line, in which thou mayest not recognise thy friend.

Lebanon, March 5th, 1814.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF WASHINGTON AND HAMILTON.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

ACCIDENT has thrown in my way several letters of general Washington and colonel Hamilton, written during our revolutionary struggle. These letters, are not of themselves, characterized by any intrinsic merit; being merely letters in the exercise of their official duty. But as every thing connected, even in the remotest degree, with the achievement of our independence, is peculiarly grateful to the feelings of an American, I have transcribed some of them, and now send them to you for publication in the Port Folio. If these should meet with a favourable reception, I will take the liberty of troubling you with some others.

I am sir, yours &c.

E.

Head Quarters, Morristown February 3d, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been favoured with yours of the 4th, 17th, and 22d ultimo. Since I wrote to you to remove all the cavalry to Colchester, I have seen a second representation from Mr. Hubbard to the

quartermaster general, in which he seems to confess that they cannot be accommodated with conveniency at Colchester, and wishes Sheldon's regiment to be left at Weathersfield. I shall therefore leave the cantonment of the horse to your discretion, and have only to recommend to you to keep them as compact as the state of the forage and quarters will admit. I should be sorry that there should be any misunderstanding between governor Trumbull and you, and I think you acted with great prudence in not answering a warm letter from him in the same stile, as you had reason to think he had been unwarrantably prejudiced. You will upon the whole, find many advantages by cultivating a good understanding with the civil authority.

Captains Pike and Craig called upon me for money for the recruiting service. I dissuaded them from going upon that business, upon an assurance that they would involve themselves in a very heavy expense, with scarce any prospect of success. I have no power to allow a greater bounty to the officer than twenty dollars for each recruit, which, admitting he should be more than commonly successful, would in these times be incompetent. I think you had best turn your attention to reinlisting your old men, and to picking up new recruits in the country near the quarters of your regiment. This may be done without incurring any extra expense.

The promotion of lieutenant colonel White to the command of the first regiment, will not occasion the promoting of a field officer. He takes command as lieutenant colonel commandant, in which case, there will only be another field officer, or major, to the regiment. Lieutenant colonel Temple, now of the first, will take lieutenant colonel White's place in the fourth. This is agreeable to the regulations of the army.

As captain Bull is confessedly the oldest captain of the line, he may proceed forthwith to take the majority of the regiment. I will, if he will call at head quarters in his way, give him a certificate to the board of war, to obtain his commission.

If captain Fauntleroy was appointed by you previous to captain Hopkins, he must undoubtedly take rank of him. Captain Hopkins has great merit from his attention to his duty and from the length of his service—and, by his representation, he has been much

disappointed in his expectations: but if former promises have not been complied with, he cannot on that account revive old claims to the detriment of captain Fauntleroy, who, if I am rightly informed, has been always considered in the regiment as the senior officer.

I am dear sir,

Your most obedient servant.

GEO: WASHINGTON.

Col. M——n.

Head Quarters, March 29th, 1778.

SIR,

IT is his excellency's desire that you immediately send to camp, a good active vigilant officer, with twenty horse. Let both horses and men be picked, as the service they are intended for will require able horses and trusty men who will not desert. They are wanted to relieve captain Lee, and perform the duties he did. Be pleased to have it done without delay.

Dear colonel,

Yours' with regard.

A. HAMILTON, A. D. C.

To col. M——n.

This letter is thus endorsed. Permit the bearer express, to pass.

A. HAMILTON, A. D. C.

*Head Quarters, Valley
Forge, March 29th, 1778.* }

Trenton March 30th. 3 o'clock, received and forwarded by the dragoon.

Per your humble servant,

N. R. MOORE, Lt. and Ct.

Head Quarters, April 21st, 1779.

DEAR COLONEL,

BENJAMIN BLACK, the bearer, a dragoon in your regiment represents that he is rather unfairly detained in the service, having procured another in his place. We do not believe him; but that he may not think himself neglected, I give him this line to you. I am sure you will do him justice; and you know the general's sentiments too well to need being told, that while, in the present scarcity of men, he thinks we ought not lightly to relinquish those, who

can be justly held, yet he esteems it highly injurious to the service, either to use force or deception in procuring or keeping men.

Dear colonel,

Your friend and servant,

A. HAMILTON.

To colonel M——n.

Head Quarters, New Windsor, July 10, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your two letters of the 5th, and 8th—the last an hour ago.

The person you mention in the former is employed by me. I place a good degree of confidence in him, though he is obliged in order to answer our purposes to appear friendly to the enemy.

I thank you for the intelligence you communicate. The ravages of the enemy, particularly at this season, are distressing, but our situation makes it impossible to prevent them.

Armand's corps has been directed to join you.

I am dear sir,

Your most ob't serv't,

GEO: WASHINGTON.

To col. M——n.

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We copy the following from the interesting history of the Expedition up the Missouri under the command of captains Lewis and Clark, lately published in this city.

ANECDOTE OF THE SOKULK INDIANS.

"CAPTAIN CLARK, with the two chiefs, the interpreter, and his wife, walked across the low grounds on the left to the foot of the rapids. On the way, captain Clark ascended a cliff about two hundred feet above the water, from which he saw that the country on both sides of the river immediately from its cliffs, was low, and spread itself into a level plain, extending for a great distance on all sides. To the west, at the distance of about one hundred and

fifty miles, is a very high mountain covered with snow, and from its direction and appearance, he supposed to be the mount St. Helens, laid down by Vancouver, as visible from the mouth of the Columbia: there is also another mountain of a conical form, whose top is covered with snow, in a southwest direction. As captain Clark arrived at the lower end of the rapid before any, except one of the small canoes, he sat down on a rock to wait for them, and seeing a crane fly across the river, shot it, and it fell near him. Several Indians had been before this passing on the opposite side towards the rapids, and some few who had been nearly in front of him, being either alarmed at his appearance or the report of the gun, fled to their houses. Captain Clark was afraid that these people had not yet heard that white men were coming, and therefore, in order to allay their uneasiness before the whole party should arrive, he got into the small canoe with three men and rowed over towards the houses, and while crossing, shot a duck which fell into the water. As he approached, no person was to be seen except three men in the plains, and they too fled as he came near the shore. He landed before five houses close to each other, but no one appeared, and the doors, which were of mat, were closed. He went towards one of them with a pipe in his hand, and pushing aside the mat entered the lodge, where he found thirty-two persons, chiefly men and women, with a few children, all in the greatest consternation; some hanging down their heads, others crying and wringing their hands. He went up to them all and shook hands with them in the most friendly manner; but their apprehensions, which had for a moment subsided, revived on his taking out a burning-glass, as there was no roof to the house, and lighting his pipe: he then offered it to several of the men, and distributed among the women and children some small trinkets which he carried about with him, and gradually restored some tranquillity among them. He then left this house, and directing each of the men to go into a house, went himself to a second: here he found the inhabitants more terrified than those he had first seen; but he succeeded in pacifying them, and then visited the other houses, where the men had been equally successful. After leaving the houses he went out to sit on a rock, and beckoned to some of the men to come and smoke with him; but none

DESCRIPTION OF NATURAL WALLS.

of them ventured to join him till the canoes arrived with the two chiefs, who immediately explained our pacific intentions towards them. Soon after the interpreter's wife landed, and her presence dissipated all doubts of our being well-disposed, since in this country, no woman ever accompanies a war party: they therefore all came out and seemed perfectly reconciled; nor could we indeed blame them for their terrors, which were perfectly natural. They told the two chiefs that they knew we were not men, for they had seen us fall from the clouds: in fact, unperceived by them, captain Clark had shot the white crane, which they had seen fall just before he appeared to their eyes: the duck which he had killed also fell close by him, and as there was a few clouds flying over at the moment, they connected the fall of the birds and his sudden appearance, and believed that he had himself dropped from the clouds; the noise of the rifle, which they had never heard before, being considered merely as the sound to announce so extraordinary an event. This belief was strengthened, when on entering the room he brought down fire from the heavens by means of his burning-glass: we soon convinced them satisfactorily that we were only mortals, and after one of our chiefs had explained our history and objects, we all smoked together in great harmony."

DESCRIPTION OF NATURAL WALLS.

"AT nine miles we came to a high wall of black rock rising from the water's edge on the south, above the cliffs of the river: this continued about a quarter of a mile, and was succeeded by a high open plain, till three miles further a second wall two hundred feet high rose on the same side. Three miles further a wall of the same kind about two hundred feet high and twelve in thickness, appeared to the north: these hills and river cliffs exhibit a most extraordinary and romantic appearance: they rise in most places nearly perpendicular from the water, to the height of between two and three hundred feet, and are formed of very white sandstone, so soft as to yield readily to the impression of water, in the upper part of which lie imbedded two or three thin horizontal stratas of white freestone insensible to the rain, and on the top is a dark rich loam, which forms a gradually ascending plain, from a mile to a mile and a half in extent, when the hills again rise ab-

DESCRIPTION OF NATURAL WALLS.

ruptly to the height of about three hundred feet more. In trickling down the cliffs, the water has worn the soft sandstone into a thousand grotesque figures, among which, with a little fancy, may be discerned elegant ranges of freestone buildings, with columns variously sculptured, and supporting long and elegant galleries, while the parapets are adorned with statuary: on a nearer approach they represent every form of elegant ruins; columns, some with pedestals and capitals entire, others mutilated and prostrate, and some rising pyramidal over each other till they terminate in a sharp point. These are varied by niches, alcoves, and the customary appearances of desolated magnificence: the illusion is increased by the number of martins, who have built their globular nests in the niches and hover over these columns; as in our country they are accustomed to frequent large stone structures. As we advance there seems no end to the visionary enchantment which surrounds us. In the midst of this fantastic scenery are vast ranges of walls, which seem the productions of art, so regular is the workmanship: they rise perpendicularly from the river, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, varying in thickness from one to twelve feet, being equally broad at the top as below. The stones of which they are formed are black, thick, and durable, and are composed of a large portion of earth, intermixed and cemented with a small quantity of sand, and a considerable proportion of talk or quartz. These stones are almost invariably regular parallelipeds of unequal sizes in the wall, but equally deep, and laid regularly in ranges over each other like bricks, each breaking and covering the interstice of the two on which it rests; but though the perpendicular interstice be destroyed, the horizontal one extends entirely through the whole work: the stones too are proportioned to the thickness of the wall in which they are employed, being largest in the thickest walls. The thinner walls are composed of a single depth of the parallelepiped, while the thicker ones consist of two or more depths: these walls pass the river at several places, rising from the water's edge much above the sandstone bluffs which they seem to penetrate; thence they cross, in a straight line on either side of the river, the plains over which they tower to the height of from ten to seventy feet, until they lose themselves in the second range of hills: sometimes they run parallel in several ranges

near to each other; sometimes intersect each other at right angles, and have the appearance of walls of ancient houses or gardens."

RAVENOUS APPETITE OF THE SHOSHONESE.

"As neither our party nor the Indians had any thing to eat, captain Lewis sent two of his hunters ahead this morning to procure some provision: at the same time he requested Cameahwait to prevent his young men from going out, lest by their noise they might alarm the game; but this measure immediately revived their suspicions: it now began to be believed that these men were sent forward in order to apprise the enemy of their coming, and as captain Lewis was fearful of exciting any further uneasiness, he made no objection on seeing a small party of Indians go on each side of the valley under pretence of hunting, but in reality to watch the movements of our two men: even this precaution however did not quiet the alarms of the Indians, a considerable part of whom returned home, leaving only twenty-eight men and three women. After the hunters had been gone about an hour, captain Lewis again mounted with one of the Indians behind him, and the whole party set out; but just as they passed through the narrows they saw one of the spies coming back at full speed across the plain: the chief stopped and seemed uneasy, the whole band were moved with fresh-suspicions, and captain Lewis himself was much disconcerted, lest by some unfortunate accident some of their enemies might have perhaps straggled that way. The young Indian had scarcely breath to say a few words as he came up, when the whole troop dashed forward as fast as their horses could carry them; and captain Lewis astonished at this movement was borne along for nearly a mile before he learnt with great satisfaction that it was all caused by the spy's having come to announce that one of the white men had killed a deer. Relieved from his anxiety he now found the jolting very uncomfortable; for the Indian behind him being afraid of not getting his share of the feast, had lashed the horse at every step since they set off; he therefore reigned him in and ordered the Indian to stop beating him. The fellow had no idea of losing time in disputing the point, and jumping off the horse ran for a mile at full speed. Captain Lewis slackened his pace, and followed at a sufficient distance to observe them. When

they reached the place where Drewyer had thrown out the intestines, they all dismounted in confusion and ran tumbling over each other like famished dogs: each tore away whatever part he could, and instantly began to eat it; some had the liver, some the kidneys, in short no part on which we are accustomed to look with disgust escaped them: one of them who had seized about nine feet of the entrails was chewing at one end, while with his hand he was diligently clearing his way by discharging the contents at the other. It was indeed impossible to see these wretches ravenously feeding on the filth of animals, and the blood streaming from their mouths, without deplored how nearly the condition of savages approaches that of the brute creation: yet though suffering with hunger they did not attempt, as they might have done, to take by force the whole deer, but contented themselves with what had been thrown away by the hunter. Captain Lewis now had the deer skinned, and after reserving a quarter of it gave the rest of the animal to the chief to be divided among the Indians, who immediately devoured nearly the whole of it without cooking. They now went forward towards the creek where there was some brushwood to make a fire, and found Drewyer who had killed a second deer: the same struggle for the entrails was renewed here, and on giving nearly the whole deer to the Indians, they devoured it even to the soft part of the hoofs."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REMARKS ON INSTINCTIVE IMPULSES.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE kind reception which you gave to my former communication encourages me to offer some further remarks on the pamphlet called "Second Thoughts on Instinctive Impulses." And first let me, through you, assure its author that the introduction of an initial letter as if of his name was entirely undesigned and accidental. As he has not thought fit to give his name with his work to the public, I would not intentionally pry into the secret nor make conjectures and suppositions that might tend to a disclosure.

I will now proceed in the examination of this work without confining myself to the author's arrangement of topics, or rather, without attempting to arrange the confusion of his method; for his various and independent hypotheses, arguments and deductions, resemble, in their incoherency, the sybilline leaves in a whirlwind, more than a logical connected essay. And his mind like the "poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling, glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," casting a transient and doubtful glare upon the incongruous objects of its ever changing attention, as a school boy with a piece of broken mirror reflects the sunshine at one moment on the clouds and at the next into the eyes of the street passenger.

In the last letter, page 127, a most vehement and, as it appears to me, a most unprovoked attack is commenced upon the laws, the lawyers, and the judicial system of America. The great number of lawyers in the United States is spoken of as an evil requiring reformation. Our adherence to the common-law of England is attributed to the corrupt exertion of an undue influence by the "legal phalanx." Unhesitating mention is made of "absurd formalities" and "morose retention of maxims" as matters within the author's own absolute knowledge; and finally, it is asserted that "the legal frauds or robberies in this country far exceed all the illegal robberies by individuals in the world."

Is it not surprising that a gentleman of so much mildness, and benevolence, and liberality as this author throughout his general observations appears to be, can suddenly become so virulent and severe? Surely he must be conscious of some secret cause for this immeasurable hatred towards the laws of the country in which he lives, and those who administer them. Or, if this sweeping censure, this indiscriminate condemnation proceed only from the excessive zeal of a benevolent reformer; the generous indignation of one who sees much to blame and overlooks all that is to be commended; then I would ask him to consider how serious is the accusation that he makes. The members of the American bar, without limitation or exception, are charged with a systematic and long continued conspiracy to defraud, oppress, and "rob" the nation; a crime not less heinous in its nature, nor unparalleled in its success, if the accusation be just, than if the whole corps of phy-

sicians should combine to conceal the efficacy of a newly invented remedy, vaccination for instance, and so should keep mankind still suffering under a dreadful malady rather than diminish their own profits by a disclosure of the antidote.

But is it probable that so numerous a body of men can be so universally depraved? Will an American easily believe that there is justice in such an accusation against a class of his countrymen so large as that which draws its subsistence from the administration of the laws? A profession that has formed the minds of so many who are their country's ornament; that contains within its rank so great a proportion of the most learned, most polished, most respected men in the nation. Can he give credit to the mere assertion of an anonymous writer, unsupported by a single fact or argument, when that writer would persuade him to relinquish his good opinion of a portion of his countrymen so large and hitherto so much esteemed? no; unquestionably, such revilings must pass unheeded like the idle wind, and with a generous confidence in the institutions of his country and the virtues of his countrymen he might exclaim with the patriotic pathos of Lucan,

* Non ante revellar

Exanimam quam te complector, *Roma*, tuumque
Nomen libertas, et inane[m] prosequar umbram.

The author's mention of Ely cathedral, where, he says, he went to school, gives us reason to conclude that he is a stranger, and it is not without satisfaction I discover this sign of his not being one of us. The bitterness of his indignation I ascribe to national prejudice and his error to a hasty and indistinct view of the subject; the two fruitful causes of all the censures, ridicule and reproach so often cast on us by Europeans who visit us for their own gratification, and abuse us for the amusement of their friends at home.

Yet in this country, where hospitality is carried to an excess, no class of men exercise that virtue more liberally than the members of the legal profession. It is therefore extremely probable that the learned author himself, although he thinks the American

* I will not be torn away from thee, *O Rome*, till I embrace thee in thy dying hour, and thy name, Liberty, will *I follow after even when it is an empty shade.*

bar, one and all, so deserving of the gallows, has allowed himself to receive as many civilities from men of that class, and has found among them as much information, refinement, and private worth as among others in this country, or (I appeal to his candour,) in Europe.

Nay, it is not impossible that even since the publication of these acrimonious censures he has been, and still is, in habits of social and friendly intercourse with gentlemen of that very profession he so angrily denounces.

Is there then any magnanimity in the return he makes for their attention? When he leaves the hilarity of their firesides, and retires into his closet to pen a sentence of invective and reproach against them, I beg him recollect that it is of such a guest, thus imposing, thus respectable, thus caressed and thus ungrateful, Dido says,

Ejectum, littore egentem
Excepi, et regni, *demens*, in parte locavi.

But he may allege, truth and reformation being his objects, he ought not to be deterred by any fastidious considerations of civility towards individuals, from pointing out the existence of an evil and proposing an adequate remedy. This I concede to him; but he has not shown any specific evil nor suggested any specific cure; his complaints are general, and his accusations indefinite. When he shall detect a particular fault either in the law or in its administration and shall offer an improvement, if then the lawyers oppose the amendment without being able to show a reason for preferring the seeming defect to the proposed alteration, it will be time to commence the charge of corruption and self interest against them. But until then, such accusations must be as useless as they are ungenerous and absurd.

The uncertainty of the law and its unnecessary formalities have long been a theme for the scoffs and murmurs of the vulgar; and a subject of wit and raillery for the well-informed, ever since the time of Solon, who compared laws to cobwebs through which the great flies break while the little ones are caught. But a serious, sober charge of this kind from a man of science and liberality, is a novelty indeed; and it is surprising that a gentleman of this

author's talents and information should join in a clamour that has become so ridiculous.

Those who accustom themselves to rail at the law's uncertainty should recollect, that in proportion to the wealth, freedom, and prosperity of a nation, must be the number of laws necessary for its security: thus on the shores of the Hellespont and the Euxine, the slaves of Turkish despotism, having no liberties nor property to enjoy, need no regulations to protect them. The most complicated disputes that can arise are speedily settled, without the waste of time in examining proofs by a cadi or a janissary; and the bastinado silences the murmurs, if it fails to convince the reason, of the unfortunate party. Thus, too, on the banks of the Missouri, the title to a bearskin, or a haunch of venison, is easily determined by a reference to the nearest neighbour, with an appeal to the ultimate decision of the tomahawk; and if we are willing to exchange our situation for that of savages, or slaves, we might obtain the same certainty and celerity in the administration of justice.

In the Roman empire, the republics of ancient Greece, and the Gothic monarchies, so large a proportion of the people were slaves, or soldiers, that there were but very few, comparatively, who could have any benefit from civil regulations, or, consequently, any occasion for them. And perhaps no country ever contained such a number of inhabitants, equally entitled to the protection of laws, and engaged in so many different occupations, that each calls for its respective regulations, as the United States. We have had commerce with all parts of the world, manufactures of almost all sorts, and property of every kind, circulating through the country as incessantly as the blood in the human frame.

To guard this interchange of wealth from fraud and force, and to devise rules applicable to the numberless difficulties occurring daily in such multifarious dealings, will inevitably require voluminous laws, nice distinctions, and complicated constructions. But it must not be supposed that because there is variety in the laws, there is therefore confusion; nor because the decisions on them are complicated, that they are of course contradictory.

Law, considered as a science, has more certainty than theology, moral philosophy, or medicine, and requires, on this score, no greater degree of indulgence. In England, a few weeks in the year are

sufficient for the sitting of the one court which determines all the questions of law that arise in all the forty-two counties; and in this country, it is well known that of the time occupied by the courts, not one twentieth is consumed in discussing questions of law, their chief business being to ascertain the facts to which the law is to be applied.

But supposing it to be granted that the law is deficient in certainty and clearness, how then is the evil to be remedied? and why is it charged as a crime to the lawyers? It can be remedied only by judicial decisions and legislative authority. But courts and legislatures are very busy, and no few of them neither, in our country; every doubt as it arises is discussed and settled; but new doubts continue to arise, and will continue so to do, while new modes of industry and new sources of wealth are open to our citizens. Our nineteen legislative assemblies pass one half of every year in making or amending laws, and must at least add greatly to the number, if not to the perspicuity of the statute laws.

The lawyers, it is true, at least the oldest and the wisest of them, do not encourage an excessive zeal for alteration, because they are convinced, by experience, that ambiguity as frequently resides in the flowing periods of a modern statute, as in the quaint and meagre language of old decisions, or the obscure traditions of the common-law. Thus lord Coke, when a client said he had a difficult question to propose, answered, "if it is a question of the common-law, I should be ashamed if I did not answer you immediately, but if of the statute law, I should be equally ashamed if I did not take time to consider."

The American lawyers are therefore in general opposed to a total abolition of the common-law, until a substitute is proposed more equitable and more certain, which has never yet been done by any of those who complain of the old system.

The *common*, or *unwritten* law is composed of long established customs and immemorial usages, and where these fail, their place is intended to be supplied by common sense, or what the author would call "*moral impulses*." It is true many of these customs have little beside their antiquity to recommend them; some of those, for instance, that although consequences of the feudal system, have remained after the system itself has passed away; but in this coun-

try so much has been supplied by our legislatures, that only a small part of the common-law remains applicable to us. And, however defective that remnant may be, it would surely be unwise to abolish it before a better system is devised. A tattered or a threadbare garment is better than none at all; and the community that, previous to providing a new system, deprives itself of the benefits of the old, would resemble in folly the man, who stripped himself and threw his clothes into the fire, because he found a tailor that could make another suit.

The delays of justice in Europe are said to be most vexatious. We read of a cause in France that continued in the courts one hundred years, and in England several years frequently elapse before a final decision. I will mention an instance of the despatch and simplicity of our forms. At a late court of *nisi-prisus*, in Philadelphia, a cause that excited a great deal of interest was finally decided by a verdict, after mature investigation and able argument, within seven months from the day of its commencement; and this by no agreement or accommodation between the parties, but after going through all the regular steps of process and pleadings; where every inch was contested, and a desire to procrastinate manifested and avowed on the part of the defendant. As an example of the simplicity of our forms, it is also worthy of remark, that in this case the whole record, containing all the pleas, which are always in writing, would not have filled a sheet of letter-paper. How could justice be more expeditiously, or more simply administered? Yet this was not, by any means, a solitary instance; nor was there any reason why it was ended sooner than others of the same date, except that there happened to be no occasion to send to China or Europe for evidence.

Another advantage of the Pennsylvania system, which must not be forgotten, is, that where a groundless, vexatious suit is instituted, or a suit is defended merely for the purposes of delay, a judgment may be obtained, by means of the arbitration law, in the short space of six weeks.

If the picture I have drawn is a faithful one, where are we to look for the "legal frauds and robberies," so disgraceful and injurious to the country? If the profits of the profession are great, so is the number of those that share them; and no man in the commu-

nity can earn his reward more laboriously, or in general, more usefully and honestly than a lawyer.

Isocrates, though he derided the avarice of the sophists, and shed tears at the receipt of his first stipend, exacted thirty pounds from each one of his hundred pupils. Cicero and Pliny made princely fortunes in the practice of law and oratory. Lord Coke's annual profits were estimated at fifteen thousand pounds—a sum equal in value to five times that amount now; and Erskine's, before he became a minister, at twenty thousand guineas. Compare these sums with the profits of the most successful practitioners in the United States, and say where the “legal robberies” are, if they are anywhere.

Now, sir, it is time for me to pause; and if, in defending a profession that I venerate as the nurse of genius and the school of eloquence, and taste, and science—a profession that gives the fullest scope to active charity, and the highest polish to intellectual refinement, I have lingered into dulness, or been betrayed into asperity, the indefinite nature and extreme virulence of the attack which I have endeavoured to refute, must form my apology. V.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE author of the following eulogium is assured, that he need urge upon the editor of the Port Folio no other consideration to induce him to insert it in his miscellany, than the single one that by so doing he will pay a just tribute to the most distinguished merit.

LECTURES ON MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The friends and promoters of polite learning in our country will, we are confident, be much gratified by being informed that the reverend Dr. Smith, president of Princeton college, has lately consented to the publication of his “Lectures on Moral Philosophy.” To the graduates of that seminary, who have studied this system of philosophy, or to those who are acquainted with the other works of this able and celebrated author, nothing need be said in recommendation of this performance. The treatise of the same writer on the “variety of figure and complexion in the human spe-

cies," has been translated into several languages of Europe, and is, undoubtedly, one of the most profound and learned philosophical productions of our country. The volume of sermons he has published, will not be diminished by a comparison with the finest specimens of pulpit eloquence furnished us by France or England. His "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," do honour to American literature, and hold a high rank among the treatises of Grotius, Stillingfleet, Paley, Beattie, and those numerous writers on the same subject, who have displayed such masterly force of reason and such extent of erudition. The work which the learned and reverend author now offers to the public, fully answers the expectations excited by his prior merit, and is a masterpiece of its kind. It exhibits to us a mind enriched with all the treasures of science; is characterised by the same just and philosophical views of things; the same profound and extensive erudition; the same fertility of invention and felicity of conception and illustration, and the same neatness, perspicuity and elegance of style, that distinguish all his other performances; and we hesitate not to pronounce, will form a noble and lasting monument of his genius.

We shall be accused of indulging the language of extravagant panegyric—it is conceded that this may possibly be the case; for who that has had the happiness of being educated at the feet of the philosopher of Princeton, that accomplished scholar, and our American Aristotle, does not feel disposed to speak of him in terms of ardent and enthusiastic praise. But we are not singular in the opinion we have formed of this author, and we are perfectly assured, that the more his works are, not only read, but studied, the more highly will they be appreciated. They have already gained him honourable mention among the literati of Europe and America; and we are informed by a young gentleman lately returned from the colleges of Europe, after having finished his education there, and who himself promises to become one of the hopes of his country, that Dugal Stewart, unquestionably one of the first philosophers of the age, expressed himself in terms of high encomium of Dr. Smith, as a man of sound learning and an able and correct writer: and the approbation of Dugald Stewart is fame.

With such high and incontrovertible claims to attention, we confidently trust that this work of the reverend president will meet

with encouragement proportioned to its merit, from all those who have at heart the interests of science, or any regard for the literary character of our country. While the generosity of the public has been so grossly abused, and its patronage and favour so repeatedly lavished upon the crude effusions of ignorance and vanity, that vitiate our taste at home and injure our literary reputation abroad, it is fervently to be hoped that a performance of real science and solid merit will not be overlooked and neglected.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A DREAM.

THE rosy hour of eve had blush'd,
And dim through clouds pale Hesper shone;
All sounds save whip-poor-will were hush'd,
And sleepless Echo's fainter moan.

The poplar's darkly waving form
Bent graceful to the passing wind;
I heeded nought, for Memory's charm
To former scenes allured my mind.

The chill breeze o'er my bosom blew,
My sighs would mingle with the blast,
And tears would stream to dim my view,
Of Hope's sweet vision as it pass'd.

Still the warm tear would dim my eye,
My cheek the trickling tribute felt;
Till slumber hush'd my trembling sigh,
And softly on my senses dwelt.

No blissful vision Fancy wove,
With no sweet dream my slumbers blest;
Portrayed no scene of social love,
But sought the ocean's wavy breast.

And lo, on yonder lovely green
She bade the mighty billows roar;
And horrid rocks deform a scene
That ever smil'd in peace before:

And there a bark with quivering sail,
Paus'd on the ocean's treacherous breast,
And waiting but the rising gale,
Claimed one short hour of doubtful rest.

Sad on the vessel's side I stood,
Nor heard the waves' tremendous roar,
Nor mark'd the wild surrounding flood;
My heart, my soul was on the shore.

There were the friends whose loves had strown
With flowers the early walks of youth,
Whom I from infancy had known,
And felt their love and proved their truth.

There shriek'd a mother's wild alarms;
There spoke a sister's rising pain,
And there a father's open arms,
To clasp his child were stretch'd in vain.

From yon sweet grove a zephyr flew,
And slow the unwilling vessel mov'd;
But stronger now the breezes blew,
And bore me from the scene I lov'd.

Deep from my soul arose the sigh,
More faint and faint the shore appears,
Fast fading to my aching eye,
And dimly seen through streaming tears.

I shuddered on the awful brink
Of losing this retiring view,
And fond Affection's tender link,
Still strengthen'd as the distance grew.

At length a shadowy vapour twin'd,
Cerulean round the distant shore;

No sad faint view my eye could find;
My friends, my home were seen no more.

And here my heart's convulsive bound,
This trance of gloomy horror broke;
To softer scenes, and softer sounds,
My trembling senses slowly woke.

The hour was redolent and still,
To slumber hush'd the evening gale;
But waking, yet the whip-poor-will
Poured forth a melancholy wail.

Gone were the clouds; the queen of night
Lit the blue arch with silvery beam,
Illum'd the dew-drop trembling bright,
And kiss'd the meadow's feeble stream.

When Reason came with power serene,
To hush my heart's affrighted throes;
Where prone to light a happier scene,
The lovely star of Hope arose.

VINVELA.

TO THE MOON.

SLOW o'er the bosom of the eastern glade,
Slow o'er the clouds that lately veil'd her rays,
The still full moon walks forth to light the shade,
And scatter o'er the hills her cloud-emerging blaze.

Dark in the east, where late she viewless rose,
Rests the black gloom that marr'd her earliest beam;
While Hope soft whispers to my heart thy woes,
Shall, like those clouds, ere long be ting'd with pleasure's gleam.

But from the rayless bosom of the north,
Where dark Æolus prison'd his bleak store,
A cloud of sabler hue comes rolling forth,
And settles on the face of Cynthia once more.

Black are the hills that meet no more her light,
 Dark wave the forests to the breezes hoarse;
 While she, unmindful of the nether night,
 Beneath her sable curtain winds her wisely-ordered course.

Thus is it with the heaven-aspiring soul,
 Decreed to dwell on earth, but pois'd on high,
 O'er her bright surface clouds of sorrow roll,
 But cannot change her course, nor bid her glory die.

Not by the passing clouds of life dismayed,
 Nor from her venerated centre driven;
 She sheds new lustre o'er affliction's shade,
 And gives a never-fading beam of light to heaven.

VINVELA.

TO A DEAD BEAN-FLOWER.

HENCE with thy mouldering leaf, dear flower,
 Nor feed a deeper sense of pain;
 Nor mind me of a happier hour,
 Than I can ever know again.
 I do not mourn thy early doom,
 These tears and faded cheeks of mine
 Bear silent witness that the bloom
 Of pleasure was as frail as thine.
 Thou wast so fresh, so sweet and fair,
 When fondly on my bosom thrown;
 But now I find thee mould'ring there,
 Thy sweets exhal'd, thy glories flown.
 I was so weak, so pale and still,
 I thought my harp forever hush'd;
 But hark, I hear its mournful trill,
 And feel my faded features flush'd.
 It is my wither'd flower that brings
 To these cold palid cheeks a glow;
 'Tis Memory's sigh that wakes the strings,
 They blush to hear the numbrés flow.

Cold is the soil from whence you sprung,
Where find thy sister flowers a tomb;
As cold the distant eye that hung
Warm glances o'er thy freshest bloom.
O I am like thy sister flowers
That moulder quite forgotten there;
They blossom'd in the summer hours,
Nor thought the wintry tempest near.
They yielded to their northern foe,
The chill rude winds have o'er them past,
Thus has my youth been doom'd to throw
Its blossom on Affliction's blast.
No, I am like thy mouldering leaf
(That withers in an anxious breast)
On whom the watchful eye of Grief
Is wont a tearful glance to rest.
With thy sweet spring does Memory dwell,
As o'er my cheeks of livid gloom
Oft glides her soft creative spell,
Fraught with the image of their bloom.
Where is the cruel one that tore
Thee from thy summer friends away;
Where is that same destructive power
That marks my features with decay.
Forgetful of that hour when here
(Where thou art doomed to moulder now;)
Thy blushing buds were plac'd with care,
And guarded by a hovering brow.
Forgetful of thy summer bloom,
That memory never strays to thee;
Nor weeps that eye to see the tomb
Unfold its friendly breast to me.
For e'er thy parent vine shall spring,
And wave its scarlet glories light,
To strew on morning's sunny wing
The lovely lingering tear of night;

Before that hour, this mournful eye
Shall pour its last unheeded tear;
This bosom pay its deepest sigh,
And tremble with its holiest fear.
Yes, e'er that hour this pining form
Shall like thy sister-blossoms rest;
Regardless of December's storm,
As blushing April's flowery breast.
Forgetful of the happier hour
That mock'd me with its transient shine;
Forgetful of the cruel power
That tore my summer bloom and thine.
Hence to those distant lips—go—speak—
They kiss'd thee in a happier hour;
Go—faded emblem of the cheek,
That gives to vain regret its flower.
If I might woo some fairy's spell,
To chain thee to the eastern wind,
And give thy atoms power to tell
The dreadful calmness of my mind;
Then would I scatter thee away;
Bestow thee on the night-winds rude,
Yes, bid thee from my bosom stray,
To seek thy giver's solitude.
O, I would bid thee linger there,
And whisper forth forgiveness soft,
Go speak thee of a heart sincere,
Pure in its faith, though erring oft.
Go speak thee of a soul unstain'd,
Forgiving in its widest grief;
And bid that bosom not be pain'd,
When mine has found a dread relief.
Then should thy very atoms breathe
More sweetness than thy beauty's spring,
Which summer's gales were fond to wreath
In many a fair fantastic ring.

N. N.

THE ACCOMPLISHED GOOSE, A FABLE.

Translated from the Spanish, and addressed to a lover.

THE description you give of your mistress, dear Harry,
Quite excuses your eager impatience to marry.
You say she can paint, play, make puddings, and sing,
Talk Italian, French, Spanish, and do every thing.
So perfect indeed has been her education,
Her equal is scarce to be found in the nation.
Sure all these accomplishments must make amends
For a few trifling faults that are seen by her friends.
Though she's sometimes a little capricious or vain,
Or ill-temper'd, she still a free pardon must gain.
But my friend, when I choose for myself, I confess,
I prefer a good temper e'en though she knows less.
And as to accomplishments they might fewer,
And their want I should never regret, I am sure,
For 'tis better in only one art to excel,
Than to know a whole thousand but passably well.
And to show you my reasons as well as I'm able
I'll give you a short but a pertinent *fable*.

Once a certain old goose, very proud of a daughter
That she just had led out to parade on the water,
(A fat, well-feather'd gosling, just like any other,
But a cygnet, at least, in the eyes of its mother.)
Having sent her to swim with the flock on the pond,
Which the ganders of fashion nick-named the *beau monde*.
In the joy of her heart, with true motherly pride,
To the poultry around her exultingly cried,
“ The animal show me in earth, sea, or air,
That can with my daughter one moment compare;
Some parents think one art sufficient to teach,
But I have made her a proficient in each;
She *swims* with what grace, and she *walks*, see how well,
And in *flying* she soon will the eagle excel.
She's now learning to sing, to complete the whole plan,
But swim, fly, and walk, how few animals can.”

Then a snake that had silently listen'd close by,
 With his custom'd ill-nature hiss'd out this reply:
 " If your darling could *fly* like the swallow or hawk,
 And could *swim* like the eel, and like ostriches *walk*,
 Then, indeed, might you boast of her talents and skill,
 But, though she does all, she does every thing ill,
 And proficients in each several art you have taught her,
 Will hold in derision your blundering daughter."

Kind Heaven preserve me, when I tye the noose,
 From a wife like this highly accomplish'd young goose.

VIVIAN.

THE ANGEL OF THE WILD.—BY MR. DAVIS.

Sunt lachrymae.—VIRGIL.

Now blazes bright the wigwam-hall,
 The plumed-chiefs are circled wide,
 Above the crowd, with lordly call,
 Sits Powhatan, in frowning pride.

The captive Smith in bonds is brought,
 His head reclines upon a stone;
 The fatal club of death is sought,
 While tawny maids his fate bemoan.

When lo! with scream of anguish loud,
 A tender child,* in gorgeous vest,
 Runs to the stranger, through the crowd,
 And, kneeling, clasps him to her breast.

See, see her arms around him twined,
 And hear her pour her piteous wail;
 As if for hopeless love she pined,
 Her tresses loose, her dear cheek pale.

" Stay, stay the club!" exclaims the king.
 " And cease the white man's dire alarms "
 Then, rushing through the shouting ring,
 He strains his daughter in his arms.

* Pocahontas was only eleven years old when she interceded with so much humanity for captain Smith.

Fair Spirit! nursed in forests wild,
Whence caught thy breast those sacred flames,
That mark thee Mercy's meekest child,
Beyond proud Europe's titled-dames?

Scalps and war-weapons met thy gaze,
And trophies wove in blood-stained wreath;
Thy birth-star was the funeral blaze,
Thy lullaby the song of death.

But Pity sought thee in the wild,
Invisible, thy cradle rocked;
Seraphic Love his offerings piled,
And Smiles and Graces round thee flocked.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG STRANGER.

LONE spirit of the silent shade,
Inspiring Solitude, to meet
Thy smile I turned my wandering feet,
Where the variegated glade,
In the still gloom of twilight lays,
Unruffled by the softest sound,
Save the chill breeze that mournful strays,
To murmur in the trees around.
No sprightly note an echo calls,
Nor beams the west on golden streak;
The yellow leaf of autumn falls,
To strow the path I often seek,
Breaking the stillness of the hour,
And aiding Melancholy's power.
Come tender, mournful guest, and bind
My bosom with thy garland's dun;
Come cast thy gloom athwart my mind,
To dim the light of Hope's fair sun.
Why starts my fancy at the breeze
That sighs along the vale?
What mournful images are these,
Come to my heart so sad, so pale;

So pensive with regret, and worse,
Awakening keen remorse?

Strangers are ye? O not more strange
The form that seeks my mental eye,
And bids my fevered fancy range
To yon ethereal sky;

Not there as wont my God to seek;
But one who erst with faded cheek,
With features melancholy, pale,
And voice whose tone was Sorrow's wail,
To vent, unseen, his bosom'd care,
Sought yonder shade, and found me there.

Though o'er June's dawning beauties hung,
The radiant smiles of morn,
Though many a rose-bud incense flung,
On the mild gales that round them sung,
And every tree with music rung,

He wandered pensive, lorn.
Faint were his steps, his features too
Slow sorrow seem'd to shade,
And every trembling sigh he drew
Some secret grief betrayed.

Before the fiend of pride awoke,
Compassion's tender throb to sink;
While his sad looks to pity spoke,
I gave refreshing drink.

But when, to taste at every morn
That draught again his words implied;
Although my heart to give it yearned,
To that pure wish my rising pride
No sanction gave, forbear, my heart, the deed is o'er,
And thou, sweet Memory, hold! O touch that string no more!

Pleased with the scene, the stranger paused awhile;
Then turning with a sorrow-tinctured smile,
Graced his sad thanks, and still the youth delayed,
And, leaning on a broken fence, surveyed
The scene I loved so well;
Then did my heart with pity swell;

My heart relented, but my pride forbade
Its generous impulse, and I left him in the shade.
Sad contrariety in human minds:

Oft when the tear of feeling pleads to flow,
Opposing pride the heart-warmed tribute binds,
Nor suffers it to tell the bosom's guiltless glow;
And made the sacrifice at Custom's shrine,
Does the sweet calm of virtuous Peace return?
Not soon, I ween, to bosoms framed as mine,
Prone every error to review and mourn.

He wandered hence; but O too oft
Would come as twilight's shadow, stealing soft,
Or roving frequent in the moon's faint smile,
His genius waked by Fancy's witching guile,
With all Affliction's tender pathos wove,
His songs of sorrow and ideal love.

Not loved! why drinks his memory such a tear?
Why, ever mournful to pale Memory's ear
Comes the sad voice of one so slightly known?
Why, since his death, are his mild features grown
Familiar with my mind, and there reviewed
With almost love's regret in solitude.

I loved thee not, sad stranger! no, my heart
Felt not for thee Affection's tender smart;
Nor wished with love thy bosom's peace to break,
But all the sympathy that Grief might wake;
I felt, nor blushed to feel and cherish here;
I let thee mourn alone, but gave thy grief a tear.

And yet within my fault-convicted heart,
One chilling pang of self-reproach I feel;
For did not giddy smiles of satire start,
O'er songs that well might Pity's tribute steal.

Though many of thy woes were Fancy-born,
Might they not touch a heart to Pity true?
Though with ideal grief thy soul was torn,
Sorrow is sorrow, and a tear its due.

But e'en the real afflictions of thy heart,
Could not for thee a mild indulgence claim;

And did I rudely bid thee hence depart,
For loving here a tender song to frame?
Alas! if I had bade him stay
In this sweet spot the summer day,
And let his lip each morn and eve
The milky beverage receive;
Beneath those fair embowering trees,
He might have quaffed a healthful breeze,
And gathered for his cheek a bloom;
And not with such poetic mind
His genius and his life resigned,
Thus early for a tomb.
E'en now on zephyr's fluttering wing,
His livelier songs might float,
And happier genius touch a string,
To wake a lovelier note.
But Hope's soft hand no more shall wreath
A garland for the lyre,
That knew with melody to breathe
What Fancy could inspire.
Thou once, sad stranger! here, where art thou now?
Beyond where yon cerulean vapours twine
Their misty figures round pale Evening's brow,
Wak'st thou a lyre divine?
O thou! who sorrowed here when summer's sun
Lured from its mossy womb the infant rose,
Art sainted now, when autumn, chill and dun,
A yellow tribute to the wild heath strows.
Unfriended mourner! all thy woes are o'er,
Beneath those shades thou ne'er shalt wander more,
To weave a sonnet for thy heart's relief,
Or like me startle at the falling leaf.
The plaintive murmur of thy muse is hushed;
And though upon thy lowly bed
The seasons' chilling rains ere shed,
Perchance thy spirit gladly fled,
And with immortal ecstacies high flushed,

O'erlooks this narrow vale of tears from heaven:
If so, once child of sorrow! look on mine,
And whilst around thee beams celestial twine,
Bend from the skies, and bid thy lyre divine
Breathe one celestial strain to tell me I'm forgiven.

V. V*****

OBITUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHEN youth and beauty descend to the tomb, the most refined and tender feelings of the soul are called into lively exercise. The heart is filled with sorrow, and language can convey no adequate idea of its distress. We can, with difficulty, realize the fact; and we are tempted to substitute our wishes for the lamentable reality. The loveliness and worth of the individual, the unexpectedness of the occurrence, only increase our astonishment, and add keenness to our grief. But however reluctant friendship and affection may feel to acknowledge the reality of death; yet, sad experience teaches, that youth and beauty, and tenderness and charity, are no shield against its shafts. Man, in the morning, as well as in the evening of life, must bow to its awful supremacy.

The decease of Miss CAROLINE LAURENS SMITH, who departed this life at Lexington, Kentucky, brought home the truth of these remarks with force to our minds. She was the youngest daughter of the reverend doctor Smith, late president of Princeton college, Newjersey. To do justice to the amiable accomplishments of the deceased, is more than even the warmest friendship can presume. Her death has inflicted a wound which at once declares the high estimation in which she was held, and the difficulty of an attempt to paint her character in its proper colours.

Miss Smith possessed all the lovely characteristics of her sex. She was a dutiful and attentive daughter, a kind and affectionate sister, a warm and constant friend. As a daughter, she cheered the declining days of her parents, administering to all their wants, and gratifying all their wishes. Her activity was never wea-

ried, and her kindness was never abated. She seemed to exist for them, and them only.

Her relatives and friends will long lament her loss; her warm and ardent affection endeared her to the former; her affability and amenity of manners charmed and enchain'd the latter. With a mind richly furnished with whatever can please or instruct, she rendered herself agreeable to all. Her talent for conversation was pre-eminent; her manners and deportment were chaste, engaging, and interesting: she seldom left a circle without gaining its esteem—by making it pleased with itself and with her. Indeed, so various were the accomplishments of this young lady, that whatever was the business, or wherever was the scene, she shone among the brightest and the first.

But the eye of friendship loves to dwell on the less striking, but softer traits of Miss Smith's character. A refined sensibility led her to relieve the wants of poverty, and bind up the "broken hearts of the distressed." She was the constant friend of the poor; "she forced her bounty into the reluctant hand, and spared the blushes of ingenuous shame." If their wishes and prayers could have staid the hand of death, her life would have been long spared as a blessing and ornament to society. But the grave has closed over her virtues, and her mild and splendid orb has set forever. Let the reflection, that the "Lord of the Earth must do right," moderate our grief, and reconcile us to her loss. Let us emulate her example, that we may rejoin her, when

"Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

The following obituary notice is supposed to have been written by John Randolph, esquire, of Roanoke, the bosom friend of the deceased Mr. Bryan.

DIED, on Saturday, September 5th, 1812, at his seat on Wilmington island, near Savannah, Georgia, JOSEPH BRYAN, esquire, late member of the congress of the United States.

The character of Mr. Bryan was, every way, *original*. He was *himself*, and *no one else at second hand*. Educated in Europe, which quarter of the world he again visited for improvement by travel, he was utterly free from every taint of foreign manners.

He lived and died a Georgian. Soon after his last return from Europe, he was elected to congress from his native state. He took no part in the debates of the house; but his zeal against the Yazoo claims was not surpassed by that even of his friend general Jackson. In the spring of 1806, after serving three sessions in congress, Mr. Bryan resigned his seat, in consequence, it is believed, of his marriage, the preceding year, with a beautiful and amiable lady, of the eastern shore of Maryland, who, with five children, survived him. Congressional life is incompatible with domestic enjoyments.

His dissolution was uncommonly rapid; but his spirit retained its vigour to the last. He made light of his disease, and a few days before his death invited an old friend to dine with him next Christmas. All his fortitude could not save him. His complaint was of the liver, with dropsy.

In person, Mr. Bryan might have served as a model to the statuary. He possessed wonderful activity and strength of body, united to undaunted resolution; but he was not more terrible than generous as an enemy. The brave are always generous. As a friend, he was above all price. His mind was of the first order—stored with various but desultory reading; for he read solely for his own amusement. His integrity was unimpeached and unimpeachable; his honour unsullied. Quick in his resentments, but easily appeased when injured, and equally ready to acknowledge an error when wrong, provided the appeal was made to his *sense of justice*; for he knew not fear; he was brave even to rashness, and his generosity bordered on profusion.

“ Strange, wonderful man! some fatality must have taken him from the sphere for which nature designed him, and he has left his friends to regret that his talents, integrity, honour, unbounded and unexampled courage should be so early lost to them.” Such are the words of a friend, speaking of Mr. Bryan. The writer of this paragraph *knows them to be true*.

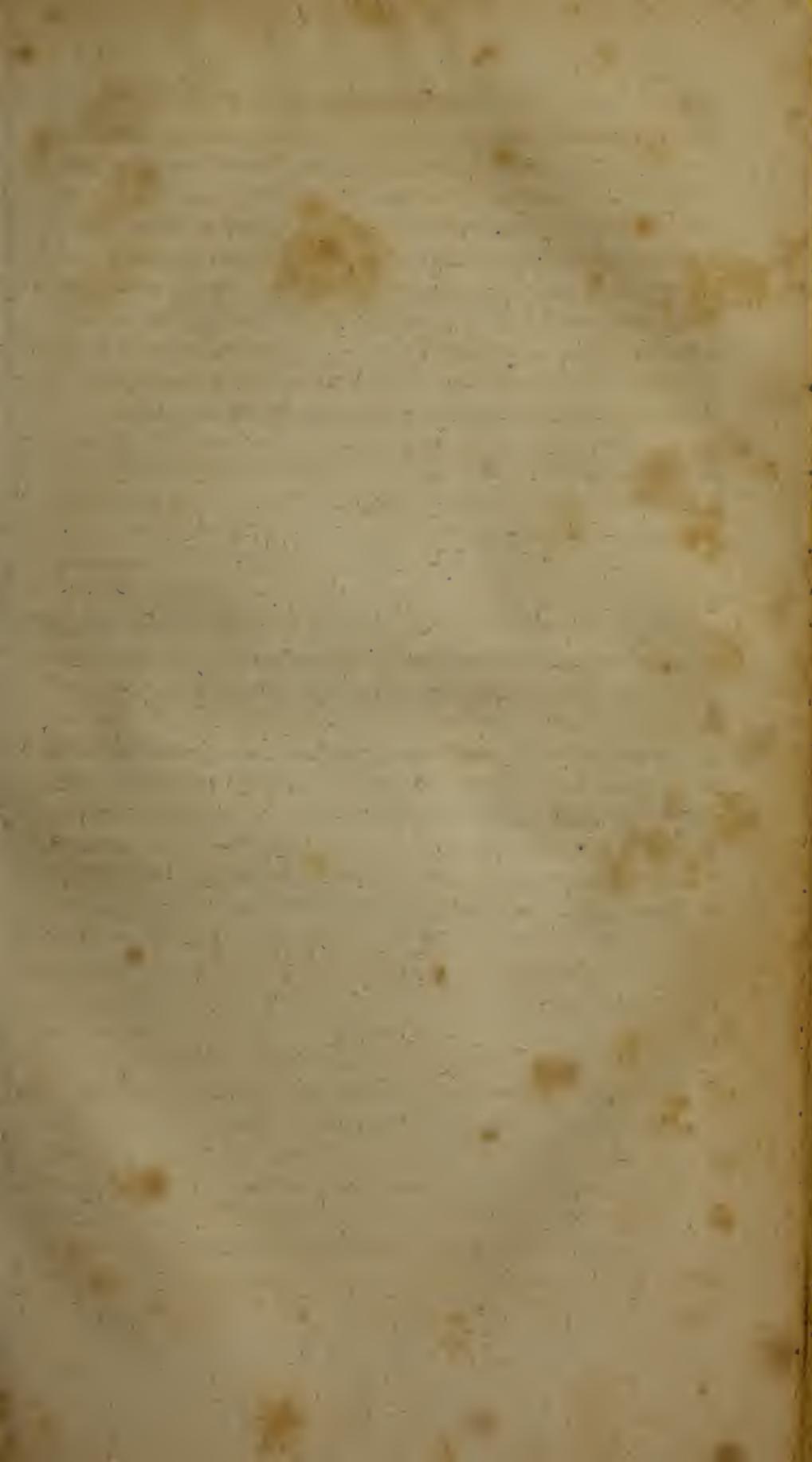
Died, on the fourteenth day of February last, in the seventeenth year of her age, Miss MARTHA RUTTER POTTS, daughter of the late Mr. Jesse Potts, of Pottsgrove, iron master.

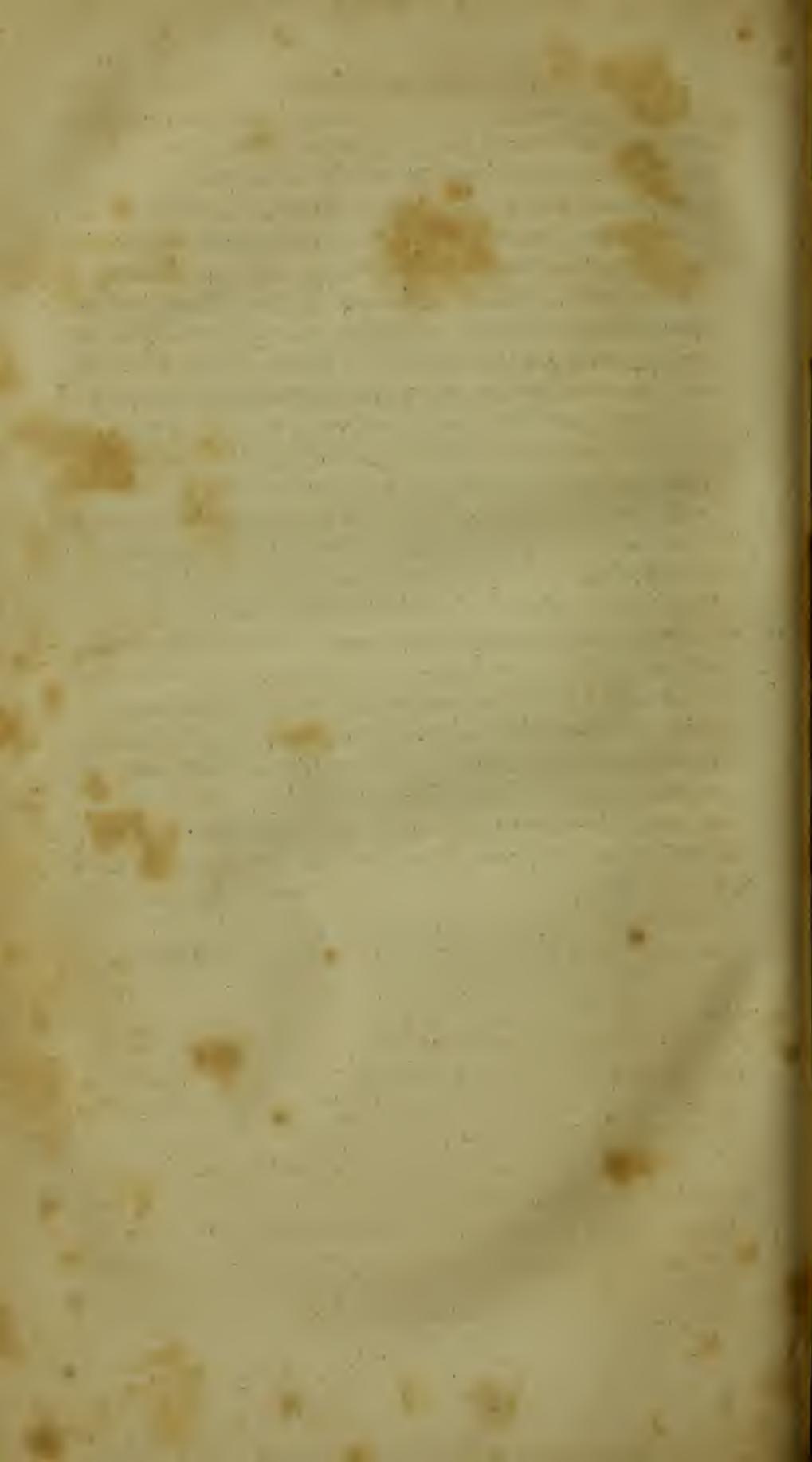
In the death of Miss Potts, not only has society lost a member whose amiableness of disposition and suavity of manners rendered

her one of its brightest ornaments; religion has also been deprived of one of her most ardent votaries. When we speak of the piety of the subject of this memoir, we mean more than is generally understood to be conveyed by the term; we mean more than that her breast was the residence of benevolence, and her heart susceptive of the finest feelings of humanity. Not identifying these amiable qualities of her nature with the essence of true religion, the piety of miss Potts was of a more refined and evangelical description. Her's was the religion of the Gospel, and consisted in "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Her early profession of faith in the Saviour of sinners, and uniform attention to his precepts of love and obedience, practically evinced the value she attached to a remembrance of her Creator in the days of her youth. Her repentance was not the too often fallacious one of a death-bed; it was a repentance begun in the full possession of corporeal health, and at a season when the fascinations and allurements of the world are particularly attractive upon the human heart. It pleased God, in his unsearchable wisdom, to blast, in the hearts of fond relatives and friends, those hopes and expectations which these auspicious indications in the character of the deceased had opened to their view. But, while they lament her loss, they rejoice in the assurance that her soul is at peace in the bosom of her Father and her God. When surviving friends have this assurance with respect to departed relatives, they may well adopt the slightly altered language of a beautiful poet:

—“The tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop into their graves.”

C.





THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1814.

NO. V.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE PORT FOLIO.

ONCE more, in that circle of mutations which varies the pursuits and employments of man, has it been the fortune of The Port Folio to change its editor. At a period more portentous in its aspect, yet doubtful in its influence, as respects the best interests of the United States—in an especial manner, more pregnant with consequences of high concern to the literary and scientific reputation of our country, this event could never have occurred. The character of the times being unprecedented and extraordinary, their operation and effects, whether physically, morally, or politically considered, are undetermined and unforeseen. To the future we are compelled to look with painful solicitude and dubious expectancy for the issue of that state of things, which the past has commenced, and the present is ripening and preparing for completion. In relation to the result, which cannot, we think, fail to be great and memorable, the wisest among us is privileged only to indulge in conjecture. To penetrate the veil which hangs before us, and bring to light the scenes and events that lie beyond it, belongs to more than mortal foresight.

In the midst, however, of this gloom, which, hovering around us, overshadows our views with an uncertainty so inscrutable, one thing at least we are permitted to know, and that should serve as our consolation and encouragement. As far as relates to the complete development of our intellectual resources, and to the promotion and embellishment of our literary and scientific character, under Providence, our fate and fortunes are in our own hands. Nor, unless we prove false to our charge, or faithless to ourselves, can any thing earthly wrest them from us. War, indeed, may, for a time, destroy our commerce, paralyse our agriculture, retard our progress in the accumulation of wealth, and overwhelm many of us in misery and want; but it can never relax the springs of the intellect, nor clog for a moment the operations of the mind. By closing up the entrance to our ports and harbours, it may impede our intercourse with foreign nations, and deprive us of the advantages, fancied and real, to be from thence derived. It cannot, however, obstruct the walks of science, exhaust our resources for the cultivation of the arts, the liberal as well as the useful, nor narrow the vistas which lead to the temples of literature and taste. In the new world as well as in the old, in the United States no less than in England or France, Italy, or even ancient Greece, the graver in common with the lighter Muses have selected and consecrated their hills and their fountains. We can, therefore, have free and unmolested access to both, without being indebted to the indulgence of strangers.

In a land like this, which, through the indulgence of Providence, we possess as an inheritance, where Nature has been even prodigal in variety, and has showered down her bounties with more than oriental munificence, there can be neither a deficiency of subjects to exercise the intellect, nor a want of sources of mental improvement and delight, however great its distance, and however rigid its seclusion from the rest of the world. Although an unrestricted access to foreign resources would multiply, refine, and diversify our enjoyments; a want of this can never deprive us of those domestic treasures, which a wise policy should induce us to explore, and an enlightened patriotism teach us to prize. For, in whatever degree we may be pleased with the novelty, and dazzled by the splendour of what comes to us from abroad, time will yet convince us, that our best interests and most substantial enjoy-

ments, not to speak of our glory as a people, must hereafter arise from the cultivation and development of what we possess at home. No sooner shall this sentiment have become prevalent among us—in particular, no sooner shall it have given to our exertions and pursuits that direction and energy which it is calculated to impart, than we will begin to acquire what we have heretofore wanted, and without which we can never be respected as a people—a national character. The epoch of our arrival at this point of improvement will be hailed throughout the country with the united acclamations of patriotism and wisdom, as the commencement of a still brighter era, the pledge of still higher attainments—national greatness and national glory. The proudest among the nations of the old world will no longer then presume to debase us in public estimation with the reproach of inferiority, nor charge us, on mistaken grounds, with degeneracy from the standard of our ancestral character. Their acknowledged equals in all respects, and their real superiors in some, we will experience from them then, that homage and respect, which true greatness receives from friends as a voluntary tribute, and never fails to extort from enemies.

We are far from ranking in the number of those who are illiberaly inclined even now to impute to our fellow citizens a want of discernment, or to underrate them, in any respect, when compared with the inhabitants of other countries. Such a charge is, we are fully sensible, equally invidious, offensive, and unjust. Whether they be regarded physically, or morally, in relation to their corporeal or intellectual endowments, we feel proud in the persuasion, that the people of the United States are equal to those of any other nation that has ever appeared, either in ancient or modern times. We do fear, however, that they have not yet learnt to set a just value on the advantages they so abundantly and felicitously possess—particularly on all their *native possessions*. “*Fortunati—nimium fortunati, sua si bona norint!*” Fortunate—trebly fortunate, could they justly appreciate the happiness of their condition.

We lament that this is peculiarly and emphatically true in relation to the mental productions of our country. It is a singular fact in their literary annals, that Americans do not prize to the extent of their merit, the literary and scientific productions of the American mind. On those which come to them from abroad, al-

though oftentimes of a standard greatly inferior, they uniformly bestow a decided preference. We will not, in his desponding and embittered spirit, prefer against the people of the United States, the complaint of Camoens, the Virgil of Portugal, against the flinty insensibility—the cold and unnatural ingratitude of his countrymen. After setting forth, in a style peculiarly beautiful and affecting, the exalted estimation in which literature, especially the productions of the epic muse, had been held by the heroes, princes, and sages of Greece and Rome:

“ Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line,
Or barbarous race adorned the Aonian shrine;
Each glorious name, e'er to the muse endear'd,
Or wooed the muses, or the muse revered.”

After this declaration, uttered with a spirit of poignant rebuke; the poet thus forcibly and pathetically exclaims—

“ Alas! on Tago's hapless shores alone,
The muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;
For this no Virgil here attunes his lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæsars born,
And Alexanders Lisboa's clime adorn.
But heaven has stamp'd them with a rougher mould,
Nor gave the polish to their *genuine gold*.
Careless and rude, or to be known or know,
In vain, to them, the *sweetest numbers flow*;
Unheard, in vain their *native poet sings*,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muses wings.”

We must not insinuate against our fellow citizens an accusation so pregnant with censure and reproach, because, *in its full extent*, we know it *would* be unjust. To an American ear the sweetest numbers do not flow in vain, as is clearly manifested by the extensive circulation among us of the works of Southey, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Byron, and other foreigners; and the lively avidity with which those elegant productions are sought after and read. On a general scale, and among the people at large, the writings of these poets are better known and more correctly appreciated in the United States, than in the British empire. But in relation to our *native poets*, the case is otherwise. *They do sing in vain*, and

a cold and withering neglect does "weigh down" and paralyse the "wings" of their muse. They do not experience even the justice, much less the liberal and magnanimous indulgence of their countrymen. They do not receive from them that soothing approbation, that invigorating encouragement, that genial and fostering breath of applause, to which they have a well-founded and natural claim, and which, to a mind actuated by sentiments of a noble ambition, constitutes the highest and most grateful reward. Hence it is, that in the hands of an American reader, we rarely find the writings of Trumbull or Dwight, Barlow or Humphreys, Paine or Sargent; whereas, had these authors been natives of Europe, and written in relation to the affairs of the United States, with but half the ability and elegance which they have displayed, celebrity among us would inevitably have rewarded the labours of their pen. This manifests a state of the public mind so novel and extraordinary, so perfectly unique in the annals of mankind, and at the same time so completely at war with self-love and self-esteem, the strongest principles of human action, that, were it not daily witnessed and painfully felt, a man of experience and observation could scarcely be induced to believe in its existence.

We venture to assert that the Americans are the only people on earth who uniformly undervalue the efforts of literary genius in their own country, and hold, comparatively speaking, in undue and inordinate estimation, much feebler efforts when received from abroad. In Great Britain, other things being alike, or even nearly alike, the works of an English, a Scotch, or an Irish poet, are prized greatly beyond those of any other countryman. In France, public sentiment clings with an indissoluble attachment—a fondness amounting to national enthusiasm, to the writings of Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, and Fenelon. Portugal has her Camoens, Spain her Cervantes, Italy her Tasso, her Ariosto, and her Dante, and Germany her Gœthe, her Schiller, and her Klopstock, whose writings are held by their respective countrymen in a degree of veneration all but idolatrous. Even in Iceland, where poverty conspires with the secludedness of the island to circumscribe and paralyse the flights of the Muse, and where the rigours of the climate would seem to be sufficient to freeze up the current of every warm and generous feeling—even there, so fondly devoted to all that is domestic are the wretched yet truly patriotic inhabitants,

that they prize the works of their native writers above the productions of the most favoured regions.

It is true, that in the United States we have neither a Shakespeare, a Voltaire, a Camoens, nor a Tasso. It cannot, however, be denied, that, both in prose and verse, we have several writers of great respectability. Yet such is our singular predilection for foreign commodities, and our no less extraordinary disregard of things which are domestic, that we pass over these with a frigid indifference, and attach our partialities to productions from abroad.*

To attempt an analysis of the general train of causes which have led to this unfortunate state of things, would not comport with the limits prescribed to the present article. Nor would any material advantage be likely to result from such an investigation. For all useful purposes it is sufficient for us to know that the fact is true, to feel that it is an evil, and to be made sensible that its removal ought not to be regarded as a thing that is impracticable. It concerns us, however, no less essentially to be convinced, that the evil will not disappear of itself, but that to attain an exemption from it, we must employ, in a proper manner, and to the necessary extent, the means which circumstances have placed within our power. To this end, the first and most important step is to establish a permanent national reputation, which will, by its own attraction, concentrate around it our national affections. For it is a truth deducible alike from history and observation, that in all countries the force of genuine patriotism bears a direct proportion to the strength and permanence of national character.

In the way of definition, it might perhaps be deemed superfluous in us to observe, that under the term patriotism or national affection, we include a love of every thing that contributes in any measure to establish, exalt, and perpetuate the reputation of a people. Nor is it less clear that this effect is produced with greater certainty and in a much more eminent degree, by literature and science, than by any other characteristic or species of attainment that can attach to a nation. We well know, and the present age furnishes a most signal example of the fact, that the splendor of arms and the extent of conquest cover a nation with temporary renown, more brilliant, perhaps, than that which is de-

* To this charge our country presents many honourable exceptions. As a general rule, however, it is unquestionably true.

rivable from any other source. The monuments of art, too, as long as they endure, are an honourable record of the greatness and wealth, or of the genius, and taste, and refinement of a people. But unstable and transitory would be the column of fame erected on either of these bases, were there no poet to court the muse, no orator to thunder on the rostrum, in the forum or the senate chamber, or to immortalize by his praises the achievements of heroism, nor any historian to perpetuate greatness and worth by the labours of his pen. Under such circumstances, the renown of a nation, however exalted and distinguished for a season, could never excite the veneration of mankind, nor bid a secure defiance to the ravages of time. All the effects and traces of conquest will as soon as possible be obliterated, because they are hateful to a conquered people; and the most magnificent productions of art, speaking at best but a feeble and imperfect language, must be suddenly destroyed by convulsions, or reduced to atoms under the gradual but irresistible pressure of years. To literature and science alone does it belong, to escape unhurt amidst the downfall of empires, to triumph over the wrecks and mutations of matter, and to maintain an existence co-extensive with the duration of the world itself. Unmingled as they are with the grossness of art—being the proximate achievements of mind itself, they would seem like it to be destined for immortality.

The power and gloomy grandeur of ancient Egypt are partially attested by the remains of her pyramids, her catacombs, and her obelisks; but where is the personal renown of her monarchs and warriors? the fame of her illustrious statesmen and legislators? and where the virtues and attainments of her philosophers and sages? Buried in oblivion—irrecoverably lost to their possessors and to posterity, for want of historians and poets to record them. Had the story of their lives been consecrated in verse, or recorded in the page of the faithful historian, the monarchs of Memphis might have vied for a place on the tablet of glory with those of Babylon in ancient, or of London and Paris in modern times.

But for the muse of Homer, both the greatness and the misfortunes of Priam would have lain buried together beneath the ruins of his capitol. On the plain of Troas, the sepulchral monuments of Hector and Achilles, though slowly reared by the toils of

thousands, and intended to endure with the earth which supported them, are nowhere to be found. Not even a stone, nor the humblest inscription marks the spot where the heroes are entombed. Their names and warlike achievements live only because their poet lived to immortalize them.

The fame of Cyrus, which was once the boast and terror of the east, and has long furnished to the civilized world a theme of praise and a model for imitation, would have shared a common fate with that of the meanest and humblest of his followers, had it not been preserved in the page of the historian. The hero of Macedon paid a just and honourable tribute to literature, when he pronounced it to be the first of the felicities of Achilles, that he had found a poet to celebrate his actions. Even the conquests achieved by himself would have been long since forgotten, had they not been received into that sanctuary from oblivion, the volume of history. Greece, unrivalled in arts and distinguished in arms, derived her brightest and most permanent glory from the efforts of her orators and poets, her historians and philosophers. While every vestige of her conquests has been long since effaced, and the works of her sculptors and architects are broken to fragments or mouldering into dust, the reputation of her philosophy remains undiminished, and the fame of her literature brightens with time.

Rome, whose business was conquest, and who carried the terror of her arms and the splendour of her triumphs into every region, would, by the hand of time, have been shorn of all her greatness and her glory, had she not, before the fall of her empire, diverted her attention and energies from the pursuits of war to the cultivation of letters. Instead of her Fabii, her Pompeys, and her Scipios, she now looks for renown to her Virgil and her Horace, her Pliny and her Sallust, her Cicero and her Tacitus. Even Cæsar himself has contributed much more to immortalize his name and country, by the elegancies of his pen, than by the exploits of the sword.

Without assuming to ourselves the spirit of divination, we may safely pronounce, that, as it has been in ages past, so will it be in those that are to come. The glory of nations will still be perpetuated, not through the medium of war and triumph, but of literature and science. When centuries shall hereafter have rolled away, it will not be on Marlborough and Wellington, nor on Drake and

Nelson, but on Shakspeare and Milton, Bacon and Newton, Burke and Chatham, Hume and Robertson, that Britain will depend, as well for the splendour as the permanence of her fame. Even France herself, devoted as she is to war and conquest, and enthusiastically enamoured of objects of taste and of military glory, will throw herself for future renown on the transactions of her Institute, and the labours of her learned men—her Voltaire and Buffon, her Corneille and Racine, her Bossuet and Fenelon—rather than on the works of her most celebrated artists, or the warlike achievements of her Louis the fourteenth, or her Napoleon the first.

In relation to our own country the same remarks are equally true. Should she ever, as a nation, ascend to that meridian of glory which we flatter ourselves awaits her, and to which it is the province of a noble ambition perseveringly to aspire, she must attain it through the medium of literature and science, not through that of riches, arts, or arms. A just and ably conducted war has heretofore secured to the American people their freedom and their rights; commerce has poured into their lap a superabundance of wealth; and the arts may hereafter procure for them, in their own country, all the necessities and elegancies of life. But neither the one nor the other, nor all of them conjoined, can confer on them genuine and lasting national renown. As in other quarters of the globe, that must be derived from the great and never-failing fountain of letters. In relation to the permanency of his fame, even Washington himself would have lived to little purpose, had his country been unable to furnish him with a Marshal, to record his transactions and portray his character. Whatever may be the state of public sentiment at present, posterity will hereafter distinctly understand, that the favours between the hero and his biographer, have been perfectly reciprocal. The latter has been essentially instrumental in immortalizing him, whose virtues and achievements will not fail, in their turn, to confer immortality on the page which delineates them.

The literature of the United States, then, being vitally important to the national character and best interests of the American people, its cultivation and encouragement, to the utmost of his ability, is a duty incumbent on every one of us who reveres and would merit the title of a patriot. Let each one contribute the part to

which he is most competent,—the scholar employ his pen, and the man who is not versed in letters himself, extend his patronage to him who is—that the great work may be the sooner completed. It is by such confederated exertions alone, rather than by the efforts of individual writers, that our literature can ever be brought to a fair and honourable rivalship of that of the nations of modern Europe. Nor can it in any other way be rendered, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans, a medium for transmitting, with undiminished lustre, the glory of our country to future ages. But its exaltation to a state of such splendour and utility, while the mere anticipation of the event must necessarily awaken in him sentiments of national pride, should constitute an object of aspiring ambition and never-flagging enterprise, with every native and high-minded American.

For the promotion of ends and purposes like these, in relation to the literature of the United States, was the Port Folio originally established, and to such promotion have its pages been faithfully devoted, with a zeal and ability highly honourable to its two former conductors. Of the talents and attainments of these distinguished scholars, the present editor avails himself of this early opportunity to express his admiration, and to tender them his homage. To their liberality and impartial conduct, as directors of a public journal, he bears, in common with all who had access to them in that capacity, a willing testimony—and for their courtesy as gentlemen, in the frequent intercourse he has had occasion to hold with them, he feels it a duty thus frankly and publickly to express his acknowledgments. On the memory of the former of these characters, who was gifted with every rare and exquisite quality, that endears the friend, or adorns and polishes the man of letters, and whose high, capacious, and accomplished spirit has been liberated from the mists and trammels of mortality, he would be understood as bestowing his loftiest eulogy. The death of such a scholar, in the meridian and vigour of literary life, which would, in any country, have been felt as a misfortune of no common magnitude, he laments in this as a calamity to the nation. The latter, who still survives, a friend to learning and an ornament to society, he solicits to accept and carry with him to whatever condition in life he may choose, whatever station in his country's favour it may be his fortune to fill,

his sincere wishes for his health and happiness, his prosperity and fame.

Nor must that confederacy of scholars and philosophers, who, as a band of auxiliaries, have contributed so abundantly to enrich and adorn the pages of the Port Folio, be deprived of their meed of merited applause. Without the aid of such an association, no periodical miscellany can ever attain either excellence or celebrity. With no inconsiderable portion of its spirit and vitality, they bestow on the work its muscle and its bone. In the name, therefore, of our fellow citizens, whose sentiments on the occasion, we are confident we represent, we thank individually and collectively the members of the confederacy, for their important contributions to the literature and science of our country, and solicit a continuance, and, if practicable, an extension, of their highly valued and important favours.

In relation to the character which the Port Folio has heretofore sustained, we feel ourselves both enabled and privileged to speak in terms of confidence and pride. Whether we have respect to the variety, the excellence, or the originality of the communications which have covered its pages, we but re-echo the voice of the American people, in pronouncing it the most distinguished journal our country has produced. We are even warranted in asserting, that, at the present period, that great school of letters, the British empire, and we believe we might add, the continent of Europe, does not exhibit a single monthly publication containing an equal amount of well written and well digested original matter. Devoted as it has invariably been to the development and augmentation of the literary resources of the United States, it has, in a thousand instances, proved instrumental in awakening to action the native genius and talent of our country, which would otherwise have lain wasting in inglorious slumbers. This consideration has, no doubt, contributed, in an eminent degree, to enhance its reputation, and to extend the patronage of the liberal and the learned, which it has heretofore experienced. It has tended, moreover, not only to arouse in its behalf and concentrate around it an unusual portion of the public affections and laudable prejudices of the American people, but to procure for it the applause and admiration of some of the ablest critics of Europe. Far to the Port Fo-

lio belongs the credit of being one of the few productions of the new world, which has extorted the reluctant commendations of the old. In the estimation of those acquainted with the jealous and acrimonious spirit with which all that is connected with American literature is too frequently regarded by the writers of Europe, this will amount to no ordinary praise. It bespeaks a degree of merit so unquestionable and exalted, that envy itself is compelled to acknowledge it, and even to treat it with courtesy and respect.

Although in regard to the future direction and character of the Port Folio, we are neither privileged nor inclined to speak in terms of anticipated applause, it will notwithstanding be allowed us to express our hopes and make known our intentions. We recognize with a lively sensibility the incompetent qualifications with which we have been prevailed on to engage in so arduous and responsible an undertaking. For ourselves in person, therefore, we promise nothing, except what may be regarded as the necessary result of industry, fidelity, and some share of perseverance, united in a journalist. Whatever this combination of qualities may be calculated to bring forth, the patrons of the Port Folio may confidently expect. Amidst the diversity of engagements necessarily arising out of other studies, and the multiplied avocations of a profession, oftentimes oppressive from the labours which attend it, and always fruitful in solicitudes and cares, we notwithstanding flatter ourselves that by an economy of time, and a rigid observance of system in our pursuits, we may find leisure for a conscientious discharge at least of all the more important duties which the directorship of this journal can be expected to impose.

To no individual, however, on earth, belong the varied powers and qualifications requisite for conducting such a work from his own resources. If Addison, and Marmontel, and Johnson, and Jeffery have been found severally unequal to such a task, it might well be deemed presumptive in others to make the attempt. Our first object, therefore, will be—and in this we have already made considerable progress, to add to the number and strength of our highly effective corps of auxiliaries. The most distinguished of the veterans who have been heretofore engaged, will continue in service, and several new recruits of great promise, have been recently enlisted. Unless something unexpected occur to darken our prospects and disappoint our hopes, we shall shortly find our-

selves at the head of a band of literary heroes, whose achievements will shed lustre on the American character, and who will enforce even from the most illiberal and jealous of foreign nations the meed of applause. That this annunciation may not be deemed in any degree vainglorious, it will be recollect that we arrogate to ourselves but little more than the humble office of augmenting the number of our band of scholars, directing their energies to a common end, and selecting, arranging, and exhibiting to the world the fairest fruits of their confederated labours.

In the general plan of the Port Folio, no material change is at present contemplated. The work will, as heretofore, consist principally of original and well written papers, in every department of literature and science. Party politics, however, polemical theology, and every topic calculated to inflame the passions and to nurture animosities, rather than to improve the intellect or amend the heart, will be rigidly excluded. Nor shall ought that is unchaste, indelicate, or immoral, whatever may be its apparent claim to brilliancy or wit, pollute at any time the ermine of our pages. These pages on the other hand, shall be rendered as far as practicable, subservient to the most honourable views, and highest interests of the American people. All communications, therefore, provided they be written in a style of sufficient merit, which have for their object and tendency to promote the growth of the moral virtues, to correct or banish prevailing follies and vices, to expand or enrich the intellect, to refine the taste, to chaste the affections, or to implant and cherish in the soul seeds of piety and sentiments of devotion—every paper of this description shall receive the welcome to which it is entitled, and be promptly admitted to a place in our miscellany.

To record in a public form the virtues, characters, and achievements, and to hand down to posterity correct likenesses, of those who have been rendered deservedly illustrious by the splendour of their actions, the wisdom of their councils, or the benefits which they have in any way conferred on their country and the world, is an employment both just and elevated in its nature, and calculated to be productive of universal satisfaction, and no inconsiderable portion of public good. Hence, original articles of American biography, accompanied with well executed portraits of the personages described, will be diligently sought after, and honoured with the foremost place among the articles of our journal. As far as

may be found practicable, a paper and engraving of this description shall appear in each number of the work. To aid us in this important and patriotic branch of literature, we earnestly solicit from those who already possess or may be able easily to acquire it, information touching the lives and characters of such of our fellow citizens as have signalized themselves by their talents or learning, their industry or enterprize, their virtues or prowess—of such as deserve, in consideration of any thing meritorious, to be held in honourable remembrance by their country. It is in this way only, and not by the insulated labours of an individual that the component parts of a *Biographia Americana* can ever be prepared. For such a work, which ought to be identified with the national pride and loftiest feelings of every native of the United States, the host of our revolutionary worthies would furnish a fund of materials scarcely exhaustible, and not to be surpassed in value by any thing of the kind that has ever been recorded in the annals of a people.

In our notes to readers and correspondents, we shall occasionally mention the names of individuals whose biography we may be particularly anxious to obtain.

Being solicitous to awaken in some and to heighten and confirm in others, of the youth of our country, a love of sound erudition and classical learning, to excite in their minds a thirst for the pure and invigorating streams which flow from the fountains of Grecian and Roman literature, and to induce them to cultivate a familiar acquaintance with those exuberant sources of all that is chaste and elegant, beautiful and sublime, we shall occasionally devote to such purposes a reasonable portion of the pages of the Port Folio. As corresponding with our views, and auxiliary to our efforts on this point, we will be gratified at receiving from those ingenuous youth who are now pursuing, or who may have already completed the elements of a learned education, correct and elegant translations of select and beautiful passages from the ancient classics. Such translations if executed with ability and taste, and admitted to a place along with their originals, cannot fail to elevate the character, and increase the utility of a monthly miscellany.*

* Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Perseus and Martial among the Roman, and Hesiod, Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, and Musæus among the Greek poets, furnish an abundant field for the choicest selections.

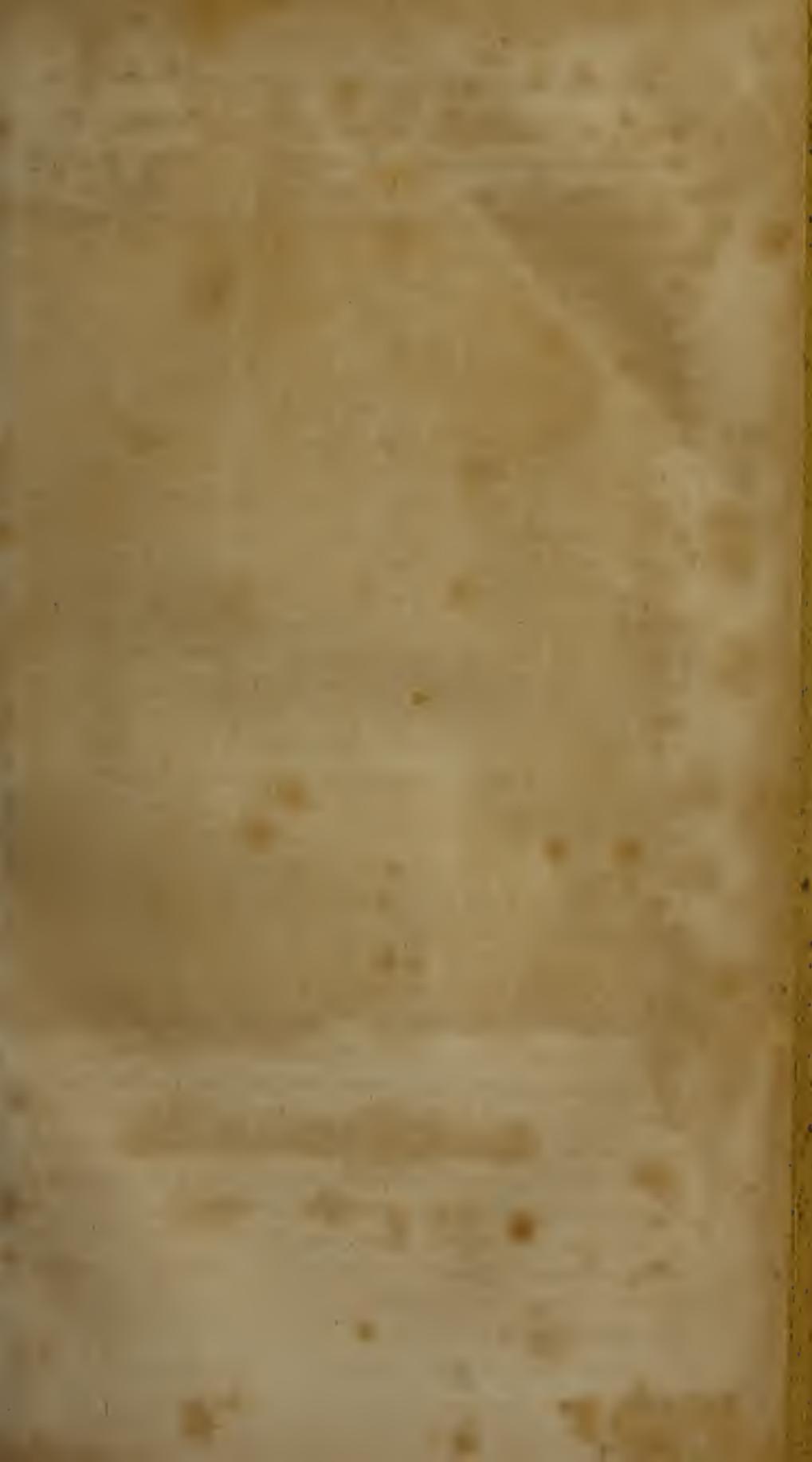
But without descending into further details, we shall simply observe, that pursuing, with but occasional though not perhaps unimportant deviations, the plan so judiciously marked out by our predecessors, we shall endeavour to render the Port Folio hereafter what heretofore it has confessedly been, a work instructive to all who read for instruction, and pleasing to most who deserve to be pleased. Strengthening, if practicable, the features of excellence which it already possesses, it shall be our business to add, from time to time, such new ones as experience may suggest, and the variety and extent of our means may place at our command. It shall, in an especial manner, be our never-failing endeavour, as we hold it to be our compulsive duty, to make it a repository of every thing that may tend to give character to our country, and to cherish in the breasts of our fellow citizens, the holy flame of genuine patriotism. Accordingly, instances of American gallantry and heroism, whether by sea or by land—and we know that on both elements they have been numerous and brilliant—American anecdotes and sentiments, *bon mots*, and *jeu d'esprits*, acts memorable for the fortitude, magnanimity, or munificence of spirit with which they were accompanied; cases of signal precocity of intellect and attainment; rare examples of the fertility and vigour of American genius in relation to the arts, whether useful or ornamental; and splendid specimens of American eloquence, whether in the senate, the forum, or the pulpit—Facts and communications touching these and other topics, similar in their tendency, will not only be welcomed as contributions to the Port Folio, but are earnestly requested from those who may possess them. Besides being in their nature eminently pleasing to the generality of readers, they will aid in imparting to the work a degree of national character, around which the public affections of our countrymen must entwine.

Having thus given, in part, an exposition of our views and intentions in relation to the manner in which the Port Folio is to be hereafter conducted, it only remains that we throw ourselves on the friends and votaries of American literature for resources to carry them into effect. In addition to our confederated band, of whom we have already made honourable mention, and from whose talents and zeal in the cause of letters our hopes are high and our expectations sanguine, we must earnestly solicit

auxiliary contributions from other quarters. To move towards its object in majesty and force, to acquire character and to produce effect, a periodical miscellany, like a river of primary magnitude, must be fed by the tributary streams of a nation. Ambitious, if possible, to elevate the Port Folio to the rank and dignity of a national work, we anticipate assistance for the accomplishment of our purpose from every section of the United States. Already have the north and the south enriched us with offerings both choice and various—such as do honour alike to their liberality and their genius: and confident we are, that the inhabitants of the west are surpassed by none of their countrymen in native talent and patriotic dispositions. From that quarter, therefore, our expectations are lively, and our prospects flattering.

But, notwithstanding the liberal and friendly intentions manifested towards us in other places, it is on the resources of Philadelphia that we are inclined to place our most confident reliance. It is true, this seat of science and taste—this Athens of the west, contains but few individuals who are writers by profession. But it is equally true, that whether we turn our attention to the bar, the pulpit, the profession of medicine, or even to the walks of more private life, we are presented with a constellation of characters, whose varied and exalted talents, and multifarious stores of learning, both ancient and modern, classical and polite, qualify them in an eminent degree for sound and exquisite productions of the pen. From facts within our own knowledge, we fearlessly assert, that Philadelphia contains scholars not a few, whom Europe herself would be proud to acknowledge; and who, in the several departments of literature and science, are capable of writing in a way calculated to please, instruct, and do honour to their country. All that is wanting to them is a determination to call their energies into action—to task, even to half their extent, their powers and leisure, and to direct their efforts to a common point. Under such circumstances, a miscellany might be immediately ushered to the world, such as the world has but rarely witnessed. Indulging, therefore, in bright hopes and pleasing expectations from the abundant and omnigenous resources which surround us, we do obeisance to our patrons, and proceed to our work.

April 11th, 1814.





Wood pinx.

Edwin sc.

ALEXANDER MURRAY ESQ.

of the United States Navy

Engraved for Port Folio

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF COMMODORE MURRAY.

As the present war has turned the public attention almost exclusively towards our naval officers, we have occasionally endeavoured to enliven our pages with sketches of characters so brilliant. We have many officers who burn with an honourable ambition to distinguish themselves in their country's service; men of unquestionable skill and intrepidity, to whom wayward fortune has denied even an opportunity of trial. The situation of such men is peculiarly unpleasant: they behold their youthful comrades reaping the full harvest of glory, without being able themselves to thrust in the sickle. If we analyse the actions of such men, we shall find that they have, perhaps, worn away the flower of their existence in honourable duty; prompt and alert to vindicate the character of their flag, and buoyed up with the hope that their country will have the magnanimity to do them signal justice. Dazzled by the effulgence of victory, we overlook these meritorious characters, who would have ranked amidst the proudest of their compeers, if malignant fortune had not been jealous of their glory.

Commodore ALEXANDER MURRAY was born in Chestertown, Maryland, on the twelfth day of July, 1755, of honest and respectable parents. From early life he was devoted to the watery element; and, at the age of eighteen, commanded a vessel in the European trade. The revolution shortly after breaking out, zealously attached to the cause of his country, he forsook the mercantile life, and was appointed a lieutenant in the first Maryland regiment, commanded by colonel Smallwood. He had previously received an appointment to the same station in the navy, but as we had no frigate then in service, he entered the army. He took an early and conspicuous part in the hard fought battles that ensued at Whiteplains, Flatbush, York, &c.

His sense of hearing was much impaired by the explosion and bursting of sundry pieces of cannon, on the Newyork battery, while firing at the enemy's fleet, on their passage up the North river. This infirmity he labours under to the present day. At the close of this campaign he was severely afflicted by chronic

complaints, and was compelled to retire, soon after having been appointed to the rank of captain in the second regiment. At this time two hundred effective men only returned, out of nine hundred that marched from Annapolis; the rest having been either killed, or taken, or having fallen victims to the maladies of the camp.

On the reestablishment of his health, captain Murray resumed his rank in the navy. As there were no public ships ready for service, he was appointed, at various times, to command sundry letters of marque, repeatedly passing and repassing the enemy's fleet, and seldom escaping without a battle. One of these engagements is worthy of record: Having been appointed to the command of the Revenge, a letter of marque, carrying eighteen six pounders, with a complement of fifty men only, he sailed from Baltimore for Holland. He had the chief command of all the vessels then lying at that port, bound on foreign voyages, some of which were well armed. Meeting with the enemy's force much superior, he was compelled to return with his fleet, consisting of forty vessels, and to seek refuge in the river Patuxent. The number afterwards increased to about fifty sail; the commanders of which all agreed to fight their way through the opposing squadron. With this determination they put to sea, when a fleet of privateers hove in sight. A signal was made for all the unarmed vessels to return, and for the remainder to rally round their commander. The enemy's fleet, consisting of one ship of eighteen guns, one brig of sixteen, and three privateer schooners, stood for the body of the fleet. One brig and one schooner only obeyed captain Murray's signal to rally. He soon discovered himself lying between the ship and the brig, when a severe engagement ensued. Captain Murray kept up an incessant fire from both broad sides, and in an hour's time had the satisfaction to see his enemies haul off, after having sustained much damage. The brig and the schooner likewise behaved extremely well, and repelled the assaults of their adversaries. Captain Murray, after this action, returned to Hampton Roads to refit; his sails and rigging were much injured; but fortunately no lives were lost; few only were wounded, himself amongst the number. After captain Murray had repaired his vessel, he sailed for the banks of Newfoundland, and was unfortunately overtaken and surrounded by an English fleet of one hundred and fifty men of war and transports, bound

to Newyork. He was pursued and captured by a frigate. The captain and lieutenant were his intimate friends, from whom he received every kindness and attention. He at last arrived in Philadelphia, where he was regularly exchanged.

The United States' frigate Trumbull, of thirty-two guns, commanded by his gallant friend and relation, the late captain Nicholson, was then ready for service. This officer had before distinguished himself, in a very severe engagement off Newyork, with a British ship of war called the Wyatt. She was manned with a picked crew, and sent expressly to take the Trumbull. The action continued for two hours; both ships received much injury, and a dreadful carnage ensued. The British ship hauled off, and was towed into Newyork. The captain being asked the name of the Trumbull's commander, replied, that he must be either Paul Jones, or the Devil—for never was a ship fought before with such frantic desperation. Captain Nicholson likewise put into port to repair; and when he sailed on his second cruise, captain Murray volunteered his services as a lieutenant; and he had the pleasure of finding his gallant friend, the present commodore Dale, one of the lieutenants on board likewise. In the midst of a violent gale, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the Trumbull lost her fore-topmast. When the storm abated, the crew discovered themselves to be close on board an English frigate. All hands were, nevertheless, called to their quarters, and a dreadful action ensued. At the time when the enemy's fire began to slacken, it was discovered that most of the battle lanterns were extinguished, and that the crew had fled from their stations. A second English ship was laid along the stern of the Trumbull, which poured in her raking broad sides, and put an end to the action. Two of the lieutenants, with lieutenant Murray, were severely wounded; and one-third of the crew were either killed or disabled. The Trumbull was the next day towed into Newyork, without a mast standing, and several of her gun-ports beat into one.

After captain Murray had recovered from his wounds, he repaired to Baltimore, where he was furnished with another fine brig, a letter of marque. As he was unable to procure a complement of men and guns, he took a cargo of tobacco, and went on an intended voyage to St. Croix. When he sailed from Hampton

Roads he had only five six pounders on board, and the crew amounted to no more than twenty-five men. A privateer of fourteen guns, and one hundred men, came along side, by superior sailing, and lay fast upon his quarter. The five guns were brought to bear, and the privateer was repelled. Perceiving captain Murray's weakness, the attack was renewed with redoubled fury, while his own guns were perpetually shifted from side to side, as occasion demanded. In attempting to board, the privateer was again driven back, but succeeded in carrying away the mast, leaving not a stick of timber standing but the mainmast and the stump of the bowsprit. A final and desperate attempt was at length made to board, but the crew of the privateer, with the loss of half their number, were again repulsed. This action continued for two hours. Captain Murray, after much hazard, arrived in safety at St. Thomas, where he made sale of his cargo.

Having refitted at this place, he captured a British packet by stratagem, in the Gulf of Florida, without firing a gun, and brought his prize into the Havanna. An embargo was laid at this port, in consequence of an expedition then fitting out against the Bahama Islands, in which he obtained a command. Several other American vessels then lying in port, were armed and attached to this expedition, which set sail with a large fleet of Spanish transports, carrying five thousand men, all under the American flag. Captain Murray arrived off Newprovidence, and the wind blowing hard, no alternative was left but either to attack a fort well mounted with heavy ordnance, or to be driven on shore by the violence of the gale. The former of these alternatives he adopted, and entering the port, summoned the fort to surrender. This was immediately done, and the Spanish flag waved triumphantly on the ramparts.

The governor and his aid (since the noted general Miranda) who both sailed on board captain Murray's ship, were engaged in forming the terms of capitulation. It was in vain suggested to Miranda, by the subject of the present memoir, that an unconditional surrender might be obtained, as the principal forts were then in their possession. Miranda, then a captain of Spanish grenadiers, mortified at the thought that the Americans should have so large a share in the glory of this enterprise, made shameful and disgraceful terms of capitulation:

A controversy with Miranda ensued, which ended in a formal challenge on the part of captain Murray. That officer believing, with Falstaff, that "the better part of valour was discretion," refused to answer the call.

Captain Murray, after a successful voyage, arrived at Baltimore, and was ordered on board the Alliance frigate, as first lieutenant, under the command of his old friend, the gallant commodore Barry. Peace, in a short time, ensued between the United States and England; and after the ratification was signed, captain Murray was the last officer who held a commission in the naval service. *He had been in thirteen battles in the army and navy, was frequently wounded, and often taken prisoner, which was the only thing that ever withdrew him, for a moment, from active and honourable engagement in the service.*

During the administration of president Adams, at the commencement of our hostilities with France, the name of captain Murray was found amongst the first officers appointed in the navy. He repaired to Baltimore, and took the command of the United States' ship Montezuma, of twenty-four guns; cruised for eight months along the whole range of the Westindia Islands, and convoyed nearly one hundred sail to the different ports of the United States, without the loss of a single vessel. Returning, he arrived at the Delaware, received the public thanks of the president, and was ordered to the command of the Insurgent. With a crew of three hundred and twenty men he repaired on board of this ship, and sailed under a roving commission. Understanding that the French frigate Ambuscade was in the neighbourhood of the Westindia Islands, he cruised there for several weeks, and put into the port of Lisbon to recruit his provisions.

He next proceeded in company with the British frigate Phæton, on board of which were lord Elgin and suite, in quest of two French frigates, reported to be cruising off Cape St. Vincent, with whom he sailed until her arrival at the Straits of Gibraltar. He then blockaded two large French corvettes in the bay of Cadiz; but hearing that a number of American vessels were watched by French privateers at Algesiras, he repaired to Gibraltar for information. Here admiral Duckworth was anchored with a fleet

of several ships of the line, from whom he received every testimonial of civility and kindness. He next cruised off Madeira and the Canary Isles; but never obtained sight of the enemy, the two corvettes excepted. Receiving information that the French frigate Volunteer, of forty-four guns, was cruising off Cayenne, he arrived at that port, where he understood she had sailed for Guadaloupe. At length he discovered this frigate, of which he had been so long in chase, at Point Petre, where he blockaded her until all his provisions were consumed, and repaired to St. Christophers to recruit. On returning to renew the blockade, he fell in company with the Constellation, and learnt from the gallant Truxton that this frigate was the Vengeance. The particulars of that memorable battle are too well known to require a specific detail.

The Constellation, then in a crippled state, and the Insurgent sailed in company to Jamaica, for the purpose of refitting, where the two American officers experienced every kindness and courtesy from sir Hyde Parker, who commanded on that station.

Captain Murray received orders from Havanna to return to America. Meeting with strong and heavy gales, and a lee current, the ship sustained much injury, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she was brought into Baltimore; thus terminating a cruise of nine months, never longer than a week in one port, and his ship almost reduced to a wreck—the bolts and nails starting from her decks and sides in every gale.

Scarcely had he time to visit his family at Norfolk before he received orders to take the command of the Constellation, commodore Truxton having been transferred to the President. His first cruise was for the Leeward Islands, where he relieved captain Talbot, of the Constitution, off Cape Français. He had several sloops of war, brigs, &c. under his command; and such were his arrangements, that our trade in that quarter was effectually protected—not a single capture having been made by the French cruisers.

While sailing in quest of the French frigate Vengeance, after the action with commodore Truxton, he received information of her capture by the English. He was afterwards relieved by captain Sevier, in the frigate Congress, and set out on his return to the Delaware. Passing through the Bahama straits, he stopped at the Havanna, to convoy some American vessels, and was intro-

duced to the vice-roy of Mexico and his lady, on their route to Spain, by whom he was noticed with every mark of cordial respect, participating in all the splendid entertainments given by them to the principal inhabitants of that place.

His stores being replenished he sailed for the Windward islands, and on his passage encountered a dreadful gale, where he had nearly foundered, and was on the eve of cutting away his masts, when the storm abated. He proceeded onwards towards Guadalupe, and fell in with the British frigate Magnanimie of forty-four guns, in a dark night, from which a gun was fired without the preliminary ceremony of showing a signal. At this moment captain Murray's wardroom officers crowded around him, indignant at the insult offered the American flag, and anxiously inquired if he did not intend to return the fire. He sternly ordered them instantly to their quarters, without deigning to give any other reply to their urgent interrogations. Disgusted they obeyed the command, suspecting no very honourable motives for such haughtiness, coldness, and reserve. It requires but very little aid from fancy to observe by the light of the battle lanterns, this little group of officers at their guns, bending their full, expressive, and indignant looks on their commander, their eyes gleaming with reproaches which their tongues dare not utter. From him they cast their eyes upon each other, and their silent glances accompanied by shrugs and indignant smiles, emphatically expressed what opinion was prevalent. The captain meanwhile maintaining a cold tranquillity of deportment, saw and enjoyed the scene, appearing perfectly unconscious of the impression which his orders had made. This silent interchange of thoughts and sensations more eloquent, however, than all the powers of language, lasted for sometime. Not a word was spoken—all was attention and dumb resentment. These officers at length to their astonishment and delight, received orders from their commander to *return the salute with a full broadside*. Another train of sensations occurred, and the frowns of anger were exchanged for gleams of the fondest admiration. The orders were promptly executed, when an explanation ensued, and precluded further hostility.

The next day he captured a French lugger of eighteen guns, from which he received the first intelligence that preliminaries of

peace had been signed between the two belligerents; and falling in with admiral Duckworth, these tidings were confirmed. Arriving off Point Petre, he sent a flag of truce to the French commissioner, by whom he was invited on shore, and was received with every testimonial of respect. Feux de joie were fired from the forts as he passed, and during the two days of his residence at that place, all was hilarity and mirth. He communicated the pacific intelligence to the other American commanders with whom he fell in, and taking a convoy, sailed for Philadelphia.

The act of congress reducing the navy was now passed, and the commodore was one of the thirteen still retained in the service. He received orders to repair to the Mediterranean, to protect the American commerce in that quarter from the ravages of the Tripolitan cruizers. Commodore Truxtun was originally destined to take the command in the Mediterranean: his controversy with government and his resignation are circumstances well known. Captain Murray in the Constellation sailed in pursuance of his orders, and when he arrived in the straits, was informed by the British admiral sir James Saumarez, that the Philadelphia and Essex frigates lay at Malaga, where the two commanders Bainbridge and Barron were anxiously waiting to be relieved. As senior officer he permitted their return to the United States. While lying in that port awaiting instructions from his government, he was informed by lord Keith the British admiral on that station, of the daily expectation of the arrival of his royal highness the duke of Kent. Desiring to pay the royal duke every mark of respect, the admiral invited commodore Murray to join if it was not inconsistent with his arrangements. The commodore with his usual courtesy agreed, and the first rank was assigned to him after the admiral's own flag. As soon as the royal standard was discovered in the bay, the British fleet, consisting of twelve sail, fired a salute, followed by the American frigates, and then the Portuguese and Danish men of war. The yards were all manned, and in this manner they escorted his royal highness on shore, lord Keith leading the van in company with the royal duke. They then repaired to the parade ground, where they were all presented to his royal highness in form, in the centre of a hollow square formed by a garrison of five thousand men. When this ceremony was ended, they marched round, and at the head of

each regiment were received with military music and a feu de joie was fired in rotation from all the cannon in the batteries.

Commodore Murray had a long and familiar conversation with his royal highness, which was several times repeated, and always with the warmest declarations of his respect and regard for the Americans. The next day he received a polite note from lord Keith, in which the admiral says "I am commanded by his royal highness the duke of Kent, to make his public thanks to you, and to the officers commanding the American frigates, for their courtesy and attention to him yesterday, in his own person, and that of the British nation."

On the day following, the Philadelphia and Essex having departed for the United States, commodore Murray proceeded up the Mediterranean with valuable presents from his government to the bey of Tunis, sent from England by our minister Mr. King, which he delivered. From this port he sailed for Tripoli, and fell in with the Boston and two Swedish frigates, with which he concerted a plan for a rigorous blockade. As the Boston was compelled to put into Malta to repair, and the Swedish ships of war to go away in quest of provision, commodore Murray was left alone in sight of the town for several weeks. He repaired to Syracuse for provisions, and in the mean time very advantageous terms of peace were offered to him by the Bashaw, to which, as he had no powers from his own government, he was unable to accede.

He was once becalmed, when he was attacked by all the Tripoline gun-boats, and the contest was maintained for an hour. A light breeze springing up, he brought his guns to bear, and distributed amongst them such showers of grape, that they never annoyed him afterwards.

Commodore Murray visited the ex-bashaw at Malta, where he went in quest of provisions. He was an interesting and well disposed Turk, of free and easy manners. He detailed to the commodore at great length, the sufferings and oppressions imposed on him by his brother, and solicited his assistance; but the commodore was unable to serve him, and could only breathe a fervent prayer for his success. His brother the bashaw was a tyrant, whose heart was impenetrable to the touches of mercy and compassion.

He remained four months before Tripoli, awaiting the orders of his government. At length he went to Palermo, to inquire if any American vessels required convoy, when he heard that captain Morris in the Chesapeake had arrived in the Mediterranean. He touched at Naples, and remained there until his rudder was repaired, during which time he was introduced to the diplomatic corps, and to the principal nobility of the place, participating in all the courtesy and hospitality of their ables. These compliments he requited by invitations on board his frigate.

At Leghorn he met with captain Morris, with whom he arranged all matters respecting his future course, and sailed down the Straits with a convoy. He proceeded as far as the gulf of Lyons, encountering many severe gales, and was compelled to put into Malaga, for the purpose of fishing his mast, which had sprung by the violence of the wind. Here he met with captain Rodgers in the frigate John Adams, who put into his hands an open letter from the secretary of the navy, directed to captain Morris, enjoining him to despatch the Constellation and some other vessels of war home. As captain Morris was then thirteen hundred miles distant, he returned to America, after having informed that officer by letter of his motives for so doing. He sailed with a fleet of upwards of one hundred vessels, under his convoy, and arrived at Washington, where his ship was dismantled.

He remained for a period in the bosom of domestic retirement, from whence he was summoned to take command of the Adams, and cruise off the American coast, which was then infested by French privateers. He cruised for some time along the coasts of Carolina and Georgia in a tumultuous season of the year, until his ship was almost a wreck, when he returned to Washington, where she was laid up.

Since the declaration of the present war, he has been employed as commanding officer on the Philadelphia station, in which he is still continued.

These are some of the prominent facts in the life of a man who is now the oldest officer in the American navy. He has courted every opportunity to prove his devotion to his country, by shedding his blood in her service. He has proved his fidelity to her by dungeons and wounds, by seeking her foes in every stormy sea, and by pur-

ing danger and death in all the shapes in which they were presented. Should such services be requited with cold regard, success will be made the standard of merit, and the most hardy intrepidity, and skill the most consummate, will go unrewarded, unless the individual possess likewise a lucky ticket in the lottery of fortune. Every nobler feeling of the heart should be enlisted in the service of such characters; victory brings its own reward, and we need not fear that the conqueror will be denied the enjoyment of his laurels. Commodore Murray might proudly say, it is not my fault if I still enjoy the delights of friendship, and the sweets of social intercourse; it is not my fault that my wife is not a widow and my children orphans; I am not to blame if I am not now a mangled corpse in the service of my country. In relations less public though more interesting, he adorns the character of the husband, the parent, and the friend, with their distinct and appropriate graces and virtues. Courteous and urbane he embellishes private life with all its endearing attractions, and still retains the few surviving friends of his youthful years, while the hairs of age are silvering his temples.

He married the daughter of captain Miller of this city, and now enjoys in the bosom of his family that quietude and affection from which the imperious calls of his country had debarred him in the early flush of his youth and the vigour of his manhood.

HOMERIAN MINERALOGY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We publish with pleasure the following paper as a specimen of the curious and varied researches of a correspondent, who, to the character of the profound and accomplished scholar, adds the more lofty attainments of the philosopher. While it cannot fail to be highly acceptable to our classical readers, it will, not improbably, disclose to them in the writings of the ancients, a source of instruction and amusement, of which they have not been heretofore observant.—EDITOR.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In the year 1790, a small tract of 118 pages, was published by M. Aubin Louis Millin, entitled, *Mineralogie Homerique, ou Essai sur les Mineraiſx, dont il est fait mention dans les poemes D'Homere. I*

have condensed it into the following dissertation, adding, occasionally, remarks and references of my own. If you think your readers will not be scared by pages so bedizened with Greek quotation, on a subject of mere curiosity, it is much at the service of the Port Folio.

T. C.

Carlisle, March 20, 1814.

Mineralogical view of substances mentioned in the Iliad and Odyssey.

I SHALL consider the substances in question, under the following divisions: 1st, Earth; 2d, Stones; 3d, Metalline; 4th, Saline; 5th, Inflammable Substances: and first, of

EARTH.

Γη 2 Il. 104, &c.—Φυτιζοσσ αια 3 Il. 243.—Γαια 3 Il. 244.

Χθων 2 Il. 465.—Γαια μελαινα 2 Il. 699.

These are evidently not descriptions of earth or soil, but names of the earth in a figurative sense. — Thus the φυτιζοσσ αια or life-supporting earth, and the γαια μελαινα or black earth, are poetical epithets merely.

Κεραμος 9 Il. 465. Earthenware, pottery, clay. “And many a draught of wine did the old man take out of the flaggons.” The word here used, may mean any kind of cup, mug, or bowl; but properly it is a vessel of earthenware. Clark translates it *Dolium*, which is not exact. This passage, I think, suffices to prove the common use of pottery in Homer’s time: κεραμος is also a prison. 5 Il. 387. Mars is said to have been thrown bound into a prison of brass (copper.) The word may mean both an *earthen vessel*, and a *prison*, because the prison walls were of brick. Homer calls a potter at his wheel κεραμεος, 18 Il. 600.

Κονιη. 2 Il. 150. Dust.—σα ψαμμαθοσ τε κονιης τε 9 Il. 385. “as the sand and the dust.”

Ψαμμη—Dust. Il. passim.

Εινυσσα ψαμμαθοσιν, αλισ χεραδη περιχενασ 21 Il. 319.—“I will envelop him in sand and gravel in such a manner (says Scamander) that the Greeks shall not be able to collect his bones.” χεραδη is gravel; αμαθη is the sand of the sea: ψαμμη is the sand at the water’s edge and on the shore. Suidas. Hesychius. Κονισσαλη a cloud of dust.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Τριγλύνα, 14 Il. 183.—Juno fixed in her ears, skilfully bored, earrings of three-eyed gems. I am not skilled in the description of female dress sufficiently to explain this. Perhaps madame Dacier is the best authority, who thinks it means earrings of three pendants. Probably cats-eye, opaline, or of agate. The word occurs also in the *Odyssey*, xviii. v. 297. It appears to me that semi-transparency, and variety of colour is implied.

It is singular that Homer no where describes any of the varieties of precious stones: hence we have reason to suppose they were not common as ornaments in his day.

Μαρμαρώ οχριοεντί βαλαν. 12 Il. 380.

There is no reason from this passage alone, to suppose the stone thus thrown, to have been any valuable kind of marble: or even what we call marble, at all. Millin seems to think that its being termed rough, was in contradistinction to polished: but rough, is not the meaning, it is jagged: but in 3 Il. 126. *μαρμαρεν*, may well mean shining or glistening like marble. So a calm sea is called *μαρμαρεον* from its polish. Marble was common in Greece. I do not know that any body has yet travelled through Greece mineralogically of late years: it must be a very interesting country, especially in the vicinity of the marbles, which I believe are almost always primitive limestones; the most beautiful of them traversed by veins of serpentine and amphibole. Hydrats of lime confusedly crystallized.

COMMON STONES.

Πυκνηστιν λιθαδεσσι, 13 Odyss. 193, small heavy stones. *Λιθαξ πυκνη.*

As these were used for an ornamental wall of a room, they were probably polished, either in natural crystals, or artificially. But there is no sufficient ground for supposing them quartz crystals or any other.

Λιθακι πετρη 5 Odyss. 415.—Millin thinks this pleonasm indicates a breccia or pudding stone. The conjecture is ingenious, and is supported by Eustathius.

Λιθος 21 Il. 403, *Χερμαδιον* 5 Il. 302, *Λαασ* 7 Il. 268, *Πετρος* 8 Il. 270, are words that do not suggest any inference that they meant other than common stones. The second of these, *Χερμαδιον*,

is a stone of a size to be thrown by the hand. The epithets given by Homer to stones, are 1st, *ευτοι*, 14 Odyss. 10, drawn or dragged. 2d, *οκριοεισ*, scraggy: 3d, *τρηχυσ*, the same meaning: 4th, *κατωρυχεες* fossil, dug out of the earth: 5th, *θεμηλιΘ*, a foundation stone: 6th, *μυλοειδει πετραι* like a mill-stone: but these epithets throw no light on the mineralogy of the substance.

METALLINE SUBSTANCES.

Μεταλλα, quasi, *μετα τα αλλα*, according to Eustathius, p. 143, l. 158, in company; or because these substances are found *μετα αλλων*, according to Pliny, L. 33. c. 1. These etymologies, however, are not much better than some of my lord Coke's.

Μεταλλευειν, to inquire earnestly, *pierscrutari*. So Homer 1 Il. 550.

Μητι συ ταυτα εκαστα διειρεο, μηδε μεταλλα.

"Do not ask each particular, or search inquisitively," says Jupiter to Juno.

Homer does not give any information as to ores or the manner of working them. But he is, according to Strabo, L. 1. p. 7. the first author who mentions where mines of ore are found.

Minerva in the Odyssey, L. 1. v. 184. says in the character of Mentes, that she sailed from home, to countries of foreign language, to exchange polished iron for copper (so I translate *χαλκο*) at Temesis, a port in the island of Cyprus; or as some think, Brundusium, in Italy.

Εις Τεμεσην μετα χαλκον αγω δ' αιθωρα σιδηρον.

He mentions that *Alube*, or *Chalybe*, produces silver, 2 Il. 857. and *Sidon*, copper, 15 Odyss. 424.

He places no statues in the palaces of any of his princes; but Vulcan in the Odyssey, makes a present of two dogs, of gold and of silver, to Alcinous: and images of young slaves as chandeliers; 7 Odyss. 92—100: and he made himself servants of gold to assist him in the works of his forge, which he animated for the purpose, 18 Il. 417. Hence it is reasonable to conjecture that the art of casting was known in the time of Homer.

The mixture of metals was probably known; for nothing else can account for the varieties of colour in the shield of Achilles, which, although the work of a God, was made up in the descrip-

tion, of images that must have previously existed in the mind of Homer, excited by former observation of works of art. See the latter end of the 10th Odyssey. The term for working in metals was *χαλκεύειν*. But I have no conception that our modern brass was known to the ancient Greeks. We have no intimation whatever of any ancient knowledge of zinc, until the time of Pliny. This is a curious subject, and I will venture to dilate upon it a little, adopting some of the opinions of the bishop of Landaff, in his *Essay on Orchalchum*, 2 Manch. mem. 47, when I come to the article *χαλκός*.

In describing the shield of Achilles, Homer mentions among the furniture of Vulcan's shop, 1st, The bellows *Φυσαι*, moveable: 2d, the anvil *Αχμαν* and its stand *Αχμοθετον*: 3d, the pinchers, forceps, *Πυραγρα*: 4th, the (sledge) hammer, *Ραιζηρα ορχτηρον*: 5th, the crucible, *Χοανη*. *Χοανοισι*, *Χοανα*, sometimes means the melted metal. Suidas. Perhaps this word *Χοανη*, means the furnace, as Millin conjectures. *Φυσαι δ' εν χοανοισιν εεικοτι πασαι εφυσαι*, *Folles autem in fornacibus viginti omnes spirabant*, 18 Il. 470.

The art of soldering metals was known, as seems inferable from the description of the shield of Achilles; and also in 4 Odyss. 615, where Menelaus gives to Telemachus a silver goblet with a golden rim, *τετυγμενον elaboratum*, well finished.

The same remark may be made of chasing and engraving on metals.

When Homer speaks in 6 Il. 236, of being worth a hundred beeves, he probably means so many pieces of coin with that impression. The passage is curious:

Jupiter, says Homer, inspired Glaucus with a silly fit of generosity, *Φρενας εξελεπο Ζευς*, and excited him to exchange his golden armour, worth one hundred beeves, with Diomed, for his copper armour, worth only nine. This seems to inform us, that in those times (Homer's) gold was eleven times more valuable than copper.

Whether the two talents of gold designated coin, or merely a common weight, I cannot say, 18 Il. 507; but they had a determinate form, otherwise they could not be represented on the buckler of Achilles, 18 Il. 507: probably they were ingots of metal, divisible easily into half talents. A half talent was the third prize in the games instituted by Achilles in honour of Patroclus, 23 Il. 75.

Minerva and Vulcan are mentioned by Homer as the great artificers among the gods, 1 Il. 59. 6 Odyss. 232; and Dædalus among men; 18 Il. 592. Whether he means to attribute a similar honor to Pherecles, or to his father Harmonides, is not clear from the passage, 5 Il. 59. Probably to the former.

The Thracian swords seem to have been in much repute, 23 Il. 808.

I proceed now with Millin, to the particular metals: and first, of

IRON.

Σιδηρός, 4 Il. 510.

At the games, in honour of Patroclus, Achilles proposes a ball of iron as a prize, *σολος*: the *δίσκος* was flat, with a hole in the centre: the *σολος* seems to have been a game similar to our long-bullets; the *δίσκος* was our quoit. Achilles, in descanting upon its value, remarks, that he who should gain it as a prize, would not for five years need a supply of iron for instruments of husbandry, 23 Il. 832; a proof that the art of working iron was then known. M. Larcher in his chronology of Herodotus (Canon. p. 542.) places the discovery of iron in 1537 before the Christian æra. According to some, iron was first discovered by the burning of mount Ida, 1432 years before Christ, about 20 years before the first Olympic Games were celebrated at Elis, by the Idæi Dactyli; and about seventy years after the Deucalion deluge. Marmor. Oxonion. Ep. 11; Seneca Ep. 90. p. 405. Clem. Alexand. Strom. p. 401. According to others, the Idæi Dactyli did not make this discovery of iron, till 1406 before Christ, under Minos, king of Crete, about twenty years before Ceres came to Athens, and taught the inhabitants to sow corn; and about ninety years after Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes. See Dr. Lettsom's Hist. of the Origin of Medicine, 4to. p. 31, and the authorities there cited. Homer flourished about nine hundred and seven years before Christ, as is usually supposed.

Homer applies to iron the epithet of *αιθων* splendid, 7 Il. 473; and frequently *πολιτός* white, that is when polished; and *μελαστ* black when unpolished; *πολυμητός*, as receiving different forms. He introduces as a comparison, the hissing noise made when an artificer (*ευηρχαλκευστ*) plunges an axe or a saw into cold water to temper it. *Φαρμακῶν* (*το γαρ αὐτε σιδηρά τε κρατό εοιν*) for this, says he, constitutes the strength of iron. 9 Odyss. 393, where Ulysses de-

scribes his putting out the eye of Polyphemus. Iron is frequently used by Homer as an epithet for any thing unyielding, hard, fixed, courageous; so iron-hearted σιδηρεος εν φρεσι θυμος. Next of

COPPER.

Χαλκος. 4 Il. 511.

Millin adopts the opinion I entertain, that although translated brass, this word means copper. Strabo and Pliny both agree that the Athenian colony Calcis, was the first place noted for copper, which was either named from Calcis, or Calcis from it.

Hesiod in his εργα και ημερα, says that in the primitive ages of the world, iron was not discovered, but arms and houses were of copper. So Lucretius,

Posterius Ferri vis est; æris que reperta
Et prior æris erat quam Ferri cognitus usus.—Luc. L. 5. v. 1286.

Clarke, misled by Eustathius who thinks that by χαλκος Homer meant iron, translates the word sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. But the passages wherein Homer distinguishes the two metals are numerous, and not to be mistaken. The threshold of the gates of hell is of copper, the gates are of iron, 8 Il. 15. An iron sound reached the copper Heaven, 17 Il. 424. Speaking of the car of Isis, the axis is of iron, the spokes of copper, 5 Il. 723. &c. &c. He applies the epithet *white* to iron, and *red* to copper when polished. The red colour mentioned in the description of the shield of Achilles, must have been of inlaid copper.

That the arms of the ancients were generally of copper, appears from the cloud of authorities which Dr. Lettsom (after Le Clerc) has collected, and which I shall not notice farther than Homer is concerned, 13 Il. 599, 612, 716. 15 Il. 711. 7 Il. 141. Pausanias says the spear of Achilles, was kept in his time in the temple of Minerva, the top and point of which were of brass (copper.) The sword of Meriones in the temple of Esculapius among the Nicomedians. was entirely of the same metal. Lettsom's Hist. Med. 30, 31. Achilles is said to have cured Telephus with the rust of his lance, which was of copper; and he therefore passes for the first discoverer of the use of Verdigris as a digestive. *Ibid. τελεφες*

τραύμα. Strabo. The only passage I now recollect, of iron weapons in Homer is, where Polydamas aiming an arrow at Menelaus, draws the arrow to his breast, till the iron barb rests upon the bow.
Νευρη μεν μαζῷ πελατεν, τοξῷ δὲ σιδηρον. 4 Il.

That *χαλκος* does not mean brass may be inferred from the following considerations:

1st. No mention is made by Homer, Hesiod, or the more ancient Greek writers of any variety of *χαλκος* or copper, except the mountain copper *ορειχαλκός*. Copper is said to be red, but brass is as yellow as gold.

2nd. No mention is made of any alloy of another metal with copper, until the discovery of orichalcum, electrum, nor until the later ages even of the Roman republic. Copper is always mentioned as a simple metal, and although it was hardened, we know from the experiments of Klaproth, that it was with tin in the proportion of about one fifth; a process which a poet might well be ignorant of.

3d. No mention is made of any metal similar to zinc, until the notice of Cadmia: for which see Pliny.

4th. The similarity of brass to orichalcum, and that brass was an artificial metal made of copper and the earthy substance called cadmia (calamine) is, in my opinion, made out by the bishop of Landaff in his essay on this subject.

The number of uses to which the metal chalcos was put, and the number of epithets bestowed on it in Homer, it would be endless to recite. They made their armour, they ornamented their rooms, they covered their houses, and sometimes even their walls with plates of this metal. 1 Il. 236. 2 Il. 47. 226. 3 Il. 334. 11 Il. 629. 16 Il. 408. 7 Odyss. 86. 10 Odyss. 3. 18 Odyss. 327. Mars is called the copper god, *χαλκεος αρης.* 5 Il. 704.

Death is called by Homer *χαλκεον νυκον* a sleep of copper. 11 Il. 241. Virgil who follows in Homer's path, and in whose time iron was more in use than copper, terms it an iron sleep: *ferreus somnus.*

Olli dura quies oculis, et ferreus urget
 Somnus, in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem.—10 Aen. 745.

Sidon, or Tsidon as it is now the fashion to write it, abounded in copper, 15 Odyss. 424; so did Sarepta in its neighbourhood, 33 Deuter. 25.

While I am upon this subject it will not be amiss to give a brief account of *orichalcum*, mountain copper, or rather *aurichalcum*, gold-coloured copper. Orichalcum might be passed for gold. Suppose, says Cicero, Offic. 3, 23, a man should offer to sell gold, conceiving it to be orichalcum; an honest purchaser, would inform him of the mistake, and not buy it at a thousandth part of its worth; so Vitellius when he robbed the temples of gold, substituted orichalchum. Suet. in Vita.

Pliny says the copper of Corduba and of Livia, absorbs most cadmia, and imitates the goodness of aurichalcum. 34 Nat. Hist. 2. This will apply to nothing but brass.

Sextus Pompeius Festus in his abridgment of Verrius Flaccus, says of cadmia, that it is an earth thrown upon copper to convert it into orichalchum.

Strabo says that in the environs of Phrygia, a wonderful kind of stone is found, which when calcined becomes iron, and being fluxed with a certain earth, dropped out a silver-looking metal, which being mixed with copper, formed a composition which some called orichalchum. Strabo, Geog. L. 13. Aristotle speaks of a kind of Indian copper, not distinguishable in colour from gold: and that among the vessels of Darius, there were some extremely like gold, except that they had a peculiar smell. De Mirab. Tom. 2. p. 719.

Among the presents of Artaxerxes to Ezra for the temple of Jerusalem, were two vessels of yellow shining copper, precious as gold. 8 Ezra, 27. for so is the original.

The bishop of Landaff says it is mentioned by Homer and Hesiod. I cannot find the passage in Homer. Hesiod, in describing the armour of Hercules, v. 122, says, his boots were of shining orichalchum. But there is no reason for translating this other than mountain copper. The *Æs Corinthium*, formed by the melting of the statues at Corinth, when it was burnt by Memmius, one hundred and forty-six years before Christ, was also called orichalchum, and probably approached more to a golden colour than common copper; and was the precious metal of this name, that lasted for four or five centuries. But toward the close of the republic, it seems to me that orichalchum was an imported imitation of gold, and of Corinthian metal, of much inferior value; in fact, a species of brass.

OF LEAD.

Μολίς 11 Il. 237.—*Κυανὸς μελας*. 11 Il. 35.

When Iphidamas struck Agamemnon, the point of his spear, says Homer, turned back like lead. He speaks also of leaden weights to fish-hooks.

Millin ranks the *κυανὸς μελας* as lead, from its blue-black colour. This is merely a conjecture, but a probable one. It is strengthened also by the iridescence of the surface of melted lead. The shield of Agamemnon had twenty bosses of white tin, and in the middle, one of the black cyanus, *μελας κυανοῦ*. His cuirass was made of ten bands of black cyanus, twelve of tin, and twenty of gold. 11 Il. 24. The cyanus, therefore, was a metal; and I know not of any other than lead, with which the description will agree.

OF TIN.

Καστιτερὶς 11 Il. 25.—*Κυανός?* 18 Il. 505.

The Cassiterides, from whence the best tin, and in the greatest quantity, was procured by the Phœnician traders, were the Scilly Isles, or Isles of Sorling, and part of the coast of Cornwall: but Homer makes no mention of the Cassiterides. *Καστιτερὸς* is very frequently mentioned by him as an ornament to armour. 11 Il. 24, 35. 18 Il. 565, 574, 612. 23 Il. 560. The *θριγκὸς κυανοῦ* Clarke translates *aurea cornix*: upon what authority I know not: *κυανός* will apply to the surface of melted tin. If lead be the black cyanus, tin may properly be called cyanus, without the epithet. But the passages are doubtful.

OF SILVER.

Αργυρός. 1 Il. 219.

Homer says it comes from Alube: where that is situated, has given rise to much difference of opinion; whether in Mysia, Bythinia, or the Palus Maeotis, or in Chaldæa. This metal is frequently mentioned by Homer as an ornamental part of armour.

When Pope translates the passage which describes the combat between Menelaus and Paris, he says,

“ The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Snapt short.”

Homer says nothing about steel, nor was a steel sword then known. *Χιφασκηνογλων* is a silver-studded sword.

Homer furnishes Circe and Calypso with robes worked with silver, and a belt of gold; that is, worked with gold, as I understand it. 5 Odyss. 2, 30, 231.

The silver-footed Thetis *αργυροπεζα* may be either a figure of poetry, or it may allude to silver clasps or ornaments to her sandals: as the English poet describes the ornaments of the ladies at a ball, "many twinkling feet."

OF GOLD.

Χρυσος. 1 Il. 246.

The shining and beautiful appearance of gold—its being found always in a metalline state—the ease with which it is worked—its susceptibility of permanent polish, would of course make it the earliest of metals noticed and employed. Homer is prodigal of gold as an ornament of the armour of his heroes, and the instances in proof are too numerous to be cited.

The art of soldering gold appears to have been known; to silver, 4 Odyss. 615: to tin, 18 Il. 574.

So was the art of gilding, or, perhaps more properly, covering other substances with thin plates of gold, *περιχρευειν χρυσον*, so Nestor directs the horns of an ox thus to be gilt. 3 Odyss. 425. Laertius brings his hammer, and forceps, and anvil, and Nestor finds the gold. He is called a goldsmith, *χρυσοχοος*. Minerva gilds, or rather plates silver with gold. 6 Odyss. 232. The plume of Achilles' helmet was gold; *εθειεις χρυσεαι:* 19 Il. 383. Thrace seems to have abounded in gold. 10 Il. 438.

Many countries formerly were very productive of gold, that now appear to yield none: as Spain and Portugal. At present, it seems more plentiful at Tombuctoo, than any other known mart.

ELECTRUM.

Ηλεκτρον.

Strabo, in his account of Spain, and Pliny, in his Natural History, lib. 33, § 23, consider this substance as an alloy of gold and silver; the latter, according to Pliny, being in the proportion of one-fifth. But as it appears to me, that Homer designates *amber*

by this word, I shall consider it among the inflammable substances. The question is, not what Pliny meant, but what Homer meant.

OF SALINE SUBSTANCES.

Αλατον θειον. 9 Il. 214. Divine Salt.

This is the only saline substance mentioned by Homer. Patroclus salts the broiled meat, which he serves up to the deputies of the army sent to Achilles. Ubi sup. This was not *rock* but *sea* salt, as the name seems to suggest. And Homer, speaking of a people who knew not the use of salt, observes, that they were ignorant also of navigation. Pausanias says these were the Epirots. Pausan. att. l. 1. c. 12. p. 30. Strabo, l. 14. Sallust mentions the same of the Numidians: *Eos plerumque lacte et ferina carne vesci, et neque salem neque alia gulæ irritamenta querere.* *De Bello, Jurgurth,* c. 94.

INFLAMMABLE SUBSTANCES.

Ηλεκτρην. 13 Odyss. 295. Amber? 4 Odyss. 73. 15 Odyss. 459.

This word does not occur in the Iliad. It is mentioned thrice in the Odyssey. A Phœnician merchant is described as possessing *χρυσεον ορμον μετα διηλεκτροισιν εερτο*, a golden necklace, set with beads of amber. Eurimachus presents Penelope with *χρυσεον ορμον πολυδιδαλον, ελεκτροισιν εερμενον* a curiously wrought necklace of gold, set with beads of amber. Telemachus, on visiting the palace of Menelaus, admires the splendor of the echoing halls, radiant *χρυσα τηλεκτρας τε, και αργυρας ηδελεφαντος*, with gold and amber, and with silver and ivory. Eustathius, the commentator on Homer, and Pliny, both consider these passages as relating to a metallic substance.

Hesiod, in describing the shield of Hercules (v. 142) says it was splendid with *ηλεκτρον*.

Herodotus, l. 3. § 115. speaking of amber, says, it comes from a river with a Greek appellation, Eridanos; and that tin also is procured from the same extremity of the world. Now the Rhone, Rhodaun, near Dantzick, passes through some part of Prussia, from whose sea coasts the greatest supply of amber is procured even at this day: although it often accompanies seams of brown coal; of which I have a specimen from Jersey, given to me by Mr.

Solomon Conrad. As the Phœnicians were in the height of their commerce before Homer's time, or even the supposed time of the siege of Troy, there is no difficulty on this score.

Amber has been regarded also as being glass. This was the opinion of the scholiast upon a passage in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes: but I think it cannot be supported.

For, first, there is no trace of the knowledge of glass in Homer's time. We know not the date of the Orphic verses.

Callimachus, *τοις αλεκτρίνοις υδωρ.*

Water as clear as if it were made of amber.

Lucian, *ηλεκτρός η Σιδωνίας νελώ διαφέγγεοερον.*

More transparent than amber or Sidonian glass; which, in Lucian's time, had become fashionable. Here, glass and amber are distinguished from each other.

Virgil, *purior electro amnis.* A river clearer than amber: but glass was known in his day. *Vitreā te Fucinus undā; vitreis sedibus.* Now, from the accounts of the glass known to the antients, I think it may be collected that it was never perfectly clear. Indeed, the first specimen of very clear glass, the flint glass of England, with a large proportion of red lead (for I never saw clear glass on the continent, five-and-twenty years ago) is not of above forty years standing. That the art of glass making was very imperfect among the antients, appears from the great price given by Nero for two glass cups—from the use of the opaque coloured glass for drinking cups, *murrhīnæ*; and from the late introduction of glass for windows, which, for several centuries after Christ, were made of mica, and foliated gypsum.

Pliny says that amber was brought from Africa, India, and Egypt; this amber was probably the purer specimens of Gum Arabic, Gum Senegal, or Copal, which last possesses nearly all the valuable qualities of amber. From all this I conclude, that the electrum of Homer and Hesiod was one thing: the electrum of Pliny, Strabo, and Lampadius, another.

OF INFLAMMABLE SUBSTANCES.

Θεῖον poetically for *Θεῖον.* 16 II. 228. Sulphur.

Sulphur was used for purifications as in the above passage: and 22 Odyss. 494. where Ulysses, after having killed the suitors of Penelope, purifies his house with sulphur.

I know of no other term in Homer that will give rise to any mineralogical inquiry. Those that have been considered are,

Γῆ, Αἴα, Γαῖα,	- - - - -	Earths, mould.
Κεραμός	- - - - -	Clay; pottery.
Κούνις, Κούνη, Χεράς, Ψαμμός, Ψαμμαθός,	-	Sand, gravel.
Τριγλυφία,	- - - - -	Cat's eye, opal, agate?
Λιθαξ πετρη, Λιθαξ πυκνη,	- - - - -	Breccia, quartz.
Μαρμαρός,	- - - - -	Marble?
Αἰθέρ, Λαστ πετρέθ. χερμαδίον,	-	Common stones.
Σιδηρός,	- - - - -	Iron.
Χαλκός,	- - - - -	Copper.
Μολιβδός,	- Lead.	Kυανό μελας, - Lead.
Κασσιτερός,	- - - - -	Tin.
Αργυρός,	- - - - -	Silver.
Χρυσός,	- - - - -	Gold.
Ηλεκτρόν?		
Αλς, Sea salt. Ηλεκτρον, Amber, Copal? Θεειον, Sulphur.		

T. C.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following paper, although rather longer than we could have wished, and bearing evident marks of haste in its composition, we, notwithstanding, most cheerfully insert. It exhibits a plain and judicious analytical view of a new *American work*, to which we are anxious thus early to invite the public attention, in as much as, from the recommendations which accompany, and the sentiments we have heard expressed in relation to it, we can neither doubt of its general usefulness, nor of its fitness to fill up a serious chasm which, in this country at least, has heretofore existed in the course of the scholastic studies of youth.—EDITOR.

THE public have been lately served with a new work, entitled, "A View of Ancient Geography, and Ancient History, sacred and profane; accompanied with an atlas of ten select maps, chiefly from the Atlas Classica of Wilkinson; and a chart of Universal History and Biography, coloured: calculated for the use of seminaries, &c. By Robert Mayo, M. D."

It may not be uninteresting to the public to be presented with a plain and candid analysis of this work, that they may have a succinct view of the ground upon which it lays claim to their notice; as it evidently does, from the conspicuous standing of the literary characters whose recommendations accompany it. Among others, the following extract from the letter of the Reverend Dr. Wheelock, president of Dartmouth college, to the author, is remarkable. This high official character says: "I have read, with satisfaction, the pages of your volume. It promises much benefit to the student; being calculated to fill an important chasm in its department, which has been too long neglected. The materials are judiciously selected; they are arranged with consistency; and they are expressed with perspicuity and conciseness," &c.

Before entering on the analysis, I will endeavour to remove an objection which some may entertain against attending me through it, on account of what they may suppose—the inutility of ancient geography and history. In combatting this ill-grounded opinion, I will not claim any other importance for ancient geography than what is due to it, as affording the clearest light that can ever be shed on the details of ancient history: nor shall I dwell much on this part of the question. I shall only adduce what the author of the work under discussion tells us in his circular, *viz.*—that "History, read without a previous attention to geography, only amuses the mind with images but little less fleeting than the hobgoblins of a romance; and that geography is the fundamental principle which fixes the historical epoch to the very spot where it transpired; affording an associative clue with physical nature, for reclaiming evanescent impressions, by a single glance at the site of the story." This speaks home at once, to common sense; and here I will rest the question, as it regards the utility of ancient geography; not doubting but I shall be allowed all the importance I would attach to it, as being *an indispensable auxiliary to the clear comprehension of ancient history, whether sacred or profane.*

But this is gaining only a small point in the argument, the whole of which immediately falls to the ground, unless the other point be also established, *viz.*—*the importance of history.* To some it will seem quite superfluous to make this a question; while, to others, the matter will seem to require proof. To the latter, a cursory notice

of the uses of history will be a novelty, and will scarcely fail to effect a considerable change in their sentiments.

The uses of history may be regarded in three leading points of view—*moral, political, and religious.*

1st. In a moral point of view, history is useful to mankind at large, as a guide for their social conduct. The faculties of the mind, and the affections of the heart, are improved by exercise; and nothing is more appropriate to quicken, to enlarge, and refine them, than a general and particular survey of human transactions. History supplies us with a detail of facts, and submits them to our examination before we are called into active life. Thus, by observation and reflection upon the actions of others, we commence an early acquaintance with human nature; we are enabled to extend our views of the moral world; and at an early period we attain such a ripeness of judgment on the duties of social life, as others, deficient in history, obtain only by a tedious, expensive, and frequently ruinous personal experience. We are thus, by anticipation, conversant with the busy scenes of the world: by revolving the lives of sages and of heroes, we exercise our virtues in a review, and prepare them for approaching action. We learn the motives, the opinions, and the passions of those who have lived before us; and the fruit of that study is a more perfect knowledge of ourselves, and a correction of our defects, by the most impressive examples. We learn to what perfection, in wisdom and virtue, men like ourselves have actually risen, in defiance of the infirmities, temptations, and various other evils of life; and are inspired with a noble zeal to approach, to equal, or to surpass them in their glorious elevation. History sets before us the entire characters of persons who have rendered themselves conspicuous either for virtue or vice; and shows how they were first induced to take a right or a wrong turn; what prospects first invited them to aspire to higher degrees of glory, or what delusions misled them into irretrievable infamy. Our own experience is imperfect; but the examples of ancient times are complete. Actual observation gives only a partial knowledge of mankind; great events and important transactions open but slowly upon us, and the shortness of human life enables us to be eye witnesses of nothing more than detached parts of them; nor are we placed at a sufficient distance from them, to judge

correctly of their real nature and magnitude. Heated by our passions, hurried on by a want of reflection, and misled by interest and prejudice, we for the most part view the affairs of the present times through an obscure and partial medium, and consequently form very erroneous conceptions in relation to them. On the contrary, the examples of history are distinct and clear; they are presented to us at full length, and we can contemplate them in their origin, progress, and termination. We consider them at our leisure, decide upon them with a cool and dispassionate judgment, and deduce from them those general principles of conduct, which must necessarily be true and commendable, because they are founded on the immutable decrees of sound reason, and are sanctioned by the uniform authority and practice of the wise and virtuous of all ages.

2d. *In a political point of view*, history is beneficial to mankind; as it suggests useful expedients to those who exercise the public functions of the state, whether they be ministers, legislators, or magistrates. It also enables their constituents to form a just estimate of their merits, by a comparison with those who have gone before them. It is, indeed, the only proper school for politicians. From its pages alone can they derive the true principles of government. From it there need be no appeal for instruction to the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of Moore, or the Oceana of Harrington. In their deliberations upon state affairs, public functionaries can form no safer plans for the guidance of their conduct than what naturally results from the contemplation of facts. In the records of various states, they may observe by what means national happiness has been successfully pursued, and public liberty firmly established: in what manner laws have answered the ends of their institution, in the reformation of manners, and the promotion of the general good; and thence they may draw such conclusions as may be most advantageous in the regulation of the affairs of their own country.

In the historic page we see also the most deceitful and crafty characters stripped of the disguise of artifice and dissimulation, their designs developed, and their stratagems exposed. By making ourselves familiar with the fall of the great and powerful into a state of disgrace and indigence, as well as with the revolutions of

empires, we are not so liable to be astonished at the events which pass before our eyes. The reverses of fortune, so frequently recorded in the pages of former times, convince us of the mutability of worldly affairs, and the precariousness of human grandeur.

Need I add, that the portraits, busts, and statues of the hero, the legislator, the patriot, and the philosopher, furnish the most powerful incentives to the love of country. The Roman youth, accustomed to view the images of their illustrious ancestors, decorated with the emblems of the highest offices of state, and crowned with wreaths of victory, were fired with a high and laudable ambition to equal, or surpass their exploits.

3d. When I say that history is important in a religious point of view, it is not because I suppose the fact to be even problematical in the opinion of the most ignorant and unthinking: I cannot for a moment question even the firm conviction of the truth of such a proposition, with every grade as well as every sect. No; I disavow any other motive for advancing such a position, than that it forms an essential division of the *general advantages of history*; and it is only introduced as such, to render the mechanism of the subject complete. It would be doing violence to common sense, as well as common sanctity, to enter on a serious discussion of it; in as much as the books of the Old and New Testament are themselves historical, and we have every reason to believe that the ages of mystery and prophecy are past, and that the Almighty, having once revealed his divine commands, will leave it to our option to cherish their future remembrance, by imperishable records, or to forego the inestimable blessings of revealed religion, by a gradual and criminal submission to *historical oblivion*.

But exclusively of its general uses, there is a particular application of which history is susceptible, to the improvement of the vocation of every individual in society. It is the universal record on which we may ever draw for the experience of past ages, in arranging our plans as to our future life. There, the divine, the soldier, the statesman, the philosopher, the merchant, the artist, and the mechanic, are sure to find lessons suitable to their particular conditions; and while each is instructed, all will be equally entertained, and their feelings harmonised to social good.

The method into which the materials of this work are disposed, is as follows: The two principal subjects of geography and history are distinguished into two volumes, under one cover, not exceeding 350 pages, octavo.

The first volume is devoted to geography, and is thrown into three capital divisions, or parts—natural, civil, and sacred. To each of these parts is prefixed an appropriate preliminary on its respective subject; and the detailed objects of each are arranged in a series of tables, exhibiting a comparative view of their ancient and modern names. Subjoined to each table, in the second and third parts, is a summary account of the revolutions, &c. experienced by the countries noted therein; a feature which is wanting in the first part, on natural geography, evidently because the subject did not admit of a correspondence with the other two in this particular. Such are the outlines, or general features of the first volume. We must now approach the several parts of it more closely, and examine into their individual and peculiar characteristics, in succession.

Part I.—The preliminary to this part, on natural geography, gives a survey of the progress and extent of ancient geography, and dilates particularly on the errors that prevail relative to the knowledge which the ancients possessed of the north of Europe, and Asia, founded on Mr. John Pinkerton's explanation of Pliny's geography of that quarter. The student being thus prepared to enter upon the detail of his subject, Part I, opens to his view the natural objects of geography, such as seas, bays, promontories, rivers, lakes, mountains, islands, &c., in a series of tables, comparing their ancient and modern names. The first series may be regarded as a species of sea charts; each sea being noticed in a separate table, with its coasting objects, of promontories, bays, mouths of rivers, &c.; so arranged in succession, so indented in the margin of the columns, and so distinguished by arithmetical and alphabetical characters, as to exhibit to the eye the degree of projection of different promontories; what bays are embraced by them, and what rivers terminate in such bays; in short, every mode of relative situation between these objects is expressed by this arrangement. To this series there is a supplement, on the branches of the principal rivers of Asia, Europe, and Africa, which, not having their immediate termination in any sea, could not be noticed in the body

of the series. The second series on lakes, and the third series on mountains, are arranged under the distinct heads of lakes in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa; and mountains in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa. The fourth series, on islands, is arranged under the heads of the different seas in which such islands are situated. This concludes the first part.

Part II.—The preliminary to this part, which treats of the civil divisions of geography, gives a succinct account of the origin and migration of parental nations, with two chronological tables of the first and second Gothic spreadings over Europe, and a few remarks on the feudal system, founded on Pinkerton's dissertation on the Goths.

The substance of this dissertation is extracted by the author of the work we are analysing, and treated under the heads of *Chinese*, *Eastindians*, Scythians, Assyrians, Sarmatians, Celts, and Fins, or Laplanders, as being the only distinct aboriginal races of men; of whom he tells us the five first appear to have been Asiatic, and the two latter European.

Of the hints on the feudal system, extracted from Pinkerton, we deem it worthy of remark, that the author distinguishes this celebrated topic into the *true feudal system*, and the *corrupted feudal system*; of which the former is referred to the *Scythæ Nomades* of ancient Persia, as early as two thousand one hundred and sixty years before Christ, whence it gradually spread with the Scythians, who were dispersed about that time by Ninus, and is found some centuries afterwards in Europe, in its corrupted condition. Our author concludes in the words of Pinkerton: that “Montesquieu has commenced his account of the feudal system with that of the ancient Germans, given by Tacitus; and prides himself in leaving off where others began. A writer more profound would leave off where Montesquieu begins,” &c. The two chronological tables on the first and second Gothic progress over Europe, exhibit a connected view of the gradual manner in which these Scythians from Persia extended themselves towards the west at very early periods, exterminating the original Celts; and how two portions of them subsequently known as Greeks and Romans, cultivated the arts and sciences, whilst other portions, who remained in a barbarous state in the north, joined by fresh inundations from Asia, overran and subverted all the grandeur of their brethren in the south.

Leaving the preliminary, I cannot do justice to the general plan of the civil geography, better than by extracting the table of ancient Gaul, with the narrative subjoined to it; which may be considered as a specimen of the mode of treating the other countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, with such variations as the subjects required:

ANCIENT.	MODERN.
<i>Gallia.</i> (Between the Rhine, Alps, Mediterranean, Pyrenées, Atlantic, and British Channel.)	France and Switzerland, with parts of Germany, and the Netherlands.
<i>Roman provinces.</i>	<i>Countries.</i>
<i>I. BELGICA, GALLIA. (Belgium.)</i>	<p>1. Limburg, Liege, Brabant, Utrecht, Holland, and Zealand.</p>
	<p>2. Alsace, and part of Upper Rhine.</p>
	<p>3. Franche-Compté and Switzerland.</p>
	<p>4. Lorraine, Luxemburg, and Namur.</p>
	<p>5. Part of Champagné, part of the Isle of France, Picardy, Artois, Hainault, and Flanders.</p>
<i>II. LUGDUNENSIS GALLIA. (Lionoise.)</i>	<p>1. Normandy.</p>
	<p>2. Part of the Isle of France, with Orleanois.</p>
	<p>3. Lyonnois, part of Burgundy, Nivernois, part of Champagné.</p>
	<p>4. Bretagne, Touraine, Anjou, and Maine.</p>
<i>Inhabitants.</i>	
1. Ubii, Gugerni, Tun-gri, Euronnes, Menapii, Toxandri, Frisii, Minores, et Batavi.	
2. Triboci, Nemetes, et Vangiones.	
3. Sequani, Helvetii, et Rauraci.	
4. Treveri, Mediomatrici, et Leuci.	
5. Remi, Suessiones, Veromandui, Bellovaci, Silvanectes, Ambriani, Atrebates, Morini, Nervii, <i>Belgæ.</i>	
1. Caleti, Veliocasses, Lexovii, Aulerci-Ebur-ovices, Viducasses, Unelli, Bajocasses, &c.	
2. Aureliani, Senones, Carnutes, Parisii, Mel-di, Tricasses.	
3. Segusiani, Edui, Lingones, <i>Celtæ.</i>	
4. Turones, Andes, Aulerci-Cenomani, Di-ablantes, Arvii, Redones, Nannetes, Veneti, Cu-risolites, Osismii, &c.	
<i>Germania Germanica Maximæ-Belgica Belgica Belgica secunda.</i>	
<i>Lugdunen-Lugdunen-Lugdunen-Lugdunen-sis secunda sis quarta. sis prima. tertia.</i>	

	ANCIENT.	MODERN.
Roman provinces.	Inhabitants.	Countries.
Aquitania	1. Bituriges-Cubi, Arvernii, Gabali, Ruteni, Cadurci, Lemovices, &c. 2. Bituriges-Vibisci, Petrocorii, Nitobriges, Santones, Pictones vel Pictavi, et Agesinates. 3. Elusates, Ausci, Sociates, Vasates, Tarbelli, Bigerrones, Convenæ, <i>Aquitani</i> , &c.	1. Berry, Auvergne, and Limousin. 2. Poitou, Saintonge, and Guienne. 3. Gasconé, Navarre, and Bern.
III. AQUITANIA GALLIA. [Aquitain.]	1. Sardones, Consoranni, Volcæ-Arecومici, Volcæ-Tectosages, Helvii, &c. 2. Vocontii, Segalauri, Allobroges, &c. 3. Salyes, vel Saluvii, Reii, vel Albæci, &c. 4. Caturiges, and part of the Ligures. 5. Centrones, Nantuates, Veragri, et Seduni.	1. Rousillon, and Languedoc. 2. Dauphiné, and part of Burgundy. 3. Provence. 4. Part of Dauphiné and Savoy.
IV. NARBONENSIS GALLIA. [Narbonoise.]	Nova populorum Narbonen- Viemensis Narbonen- Alpis-ma- ritima.	

CITIES.

Roman
Provinces.

ANCIENT.

MODERN.

Germania inferior.	1. Colonia Agrippina,	1. Cologne.
	2. Bonna,	2. Bonn.
	3. Novesium,	3. Nuys.
	4. Vetera,	4. Santen.
	5. Tungri (Atuatuca)	5. Tongres.
	6. Batavodurum,	6. Durstadt.
	7. Noviomagnum,	7. Nimeguen.
	8. Lugdunum,	8. Leyden.
	1. Argentoratum,	1. Strasburg.
	2. Brocomagus,	2. Brumt.
Germania superior.	3. Nemetes (Noviomagus)	3. Spire.
	4. Vangiones (Barbetomagus)	4. Worms.
	5. Montiacum,	5. Mentz.
	6. Saletio,	6. Seltz.
	7. Antunnacum,	7. Andermach.
	8. Bingium,	8. Bingen.
	9. Nava,	9. Nahe.
	10. Confluentes,	10. Coblenz.
	1. Vesontio,	1. Besançon.
	2. Aventicum,	2. Avenche.
Maxima se- quanorum.	3. Salodurum,	3. Soleur.
	4. Augusta,	4. Augst.
	1. Treveri (Augusta)	1. Triers.
	2. Verodunum,	2. Verdun.
	3. Metis (Divodurum)	3. Metz.
	4. Tullum,	4. Toul.
	1. Remi (Durocortorum)	1. Reims.
	2. Catalauni,	2. Chalon.
	3. Suessiones (Augusta)	3. Soissons.
	4. Augusta,	4. St. Quintin.
Belgica prima.	5. Bellovici (Cæsaromagus)	5. Beauvais.
	6. Silvanectes (Augustomagus)	6. Senlis.
	7. Ambiani (Samaro-briva)	7. Amiens.
	8. Atrebates (Nemetacum)	8. Arras, or Attrecht.
	9. Taruenna,	9. Terouenne.
	10. Castellum,	10. Cassel.
	11. Portus Itius,	11. Witsand.
	12. Bagacum,	12. Bavia.
	13. Carmaracum,	13. Cambrai.

GAUL,

Bounded by the *sea* from the north to the west, it was limited on the eastern side, only by the *Rhine* in the whole extent of its course. The chain of the *Alps* succeeded thence to the *Mediterranean*.

near: the coast of this sea, and then the *Pyrenees*, terminated the southern part. Thus we may remark that **FRANCE** does not occupy the whole extent of ancient **GAUL**, seeing the excess of this on the side of the *Rhine* and *Alpis*.

Three great nations, *Celtæ*, *Belgæ*, and *Aquitani*, distinguished by language and by customs, divided among them, the whole extent of **GAUL**; but in a manner very unequal. The reader must also be informed, that the name of *Celtæ*, and of *Celtica*, extended to **GAUL** in general, being that given by the nation to themselves. It is from the Romans that we learn to call them *Galli*, and their country *Gallia*. The Roman policy of having allies beyond the limits of their provinces, and the pretext of succouring the city of *Massilia*, and the *Eduian* people, caused the Roman armies to enter **GAUL** an hundred and twenty years before the Christian æra. This first attempt put Rome in possession of a province, which, bordering the left bank of the *Rhone* to the sea, extended itself on the other side of the mountain of *Cevennes*, and thence along the sea, to the *Pyrenees*. It was at first distinguished by the generic name of *Provincia*, being only surnamed *Braccata*, from a garment worn by the natives, which covered their thighs: at the same time the name of *Comata* was given to *Celtic Gaul*, because the people inhabiting it wore long hair. What remained of **GAUL**, and which was by much the greatest part, was a conquest reserved for Cæsar, more than sixty years after the precedent. The limits of the THREE nations were then such as we have reported.

But Augustus holding **GAUL** in the twenty-seventh year before the Christian æra, made a new division of it, in which he showed more attention to equality in the extent of provinces, than to any distinction of the several people that inhabited them. Thus the nation of *Aquitani*, who were before limited to the *Garonne*, were made to communicate their name to a province which encroached upon the *Celtæ*, as far as the mouth of the *Loire*; and that which the *Celtæ* had, contiguous to the *Rhine*, was taken into the limits of a province called *Belgica*. *Lugdunum*, a colony founded after the death of Julius, and before the Triumvirate, gave the name of *Lugdunensis*, or the *Lyonoise*, to what remained of *Celtic Gaul*; whilst the *Roman province* took that of *Narbonensis*, or *Narbonoise*. But as each of these provinces, in the

succession of time, formed many others, insomuch that in about four hundred years their number augmented to **SEVENTEEN**. They will be found in the table comprised under the greater divisions to which each belongs, although referring to an age posterior to that which furnishes the reigning objects in ancient geography.

Part III.--The preliminary to this part opens with a few remarks on certain obscurities in the earlier periods of sacred geography, and the plan of treating the subject; to which succeed three chronological tables of the patriarchal ages, from Adam and Eve, down to the establishment of the Jews in the Promised Land, with historical and biographical annotations on the subjects of each table; and concludes with a scheme of the Jewish camp in the wilderness. The following may be regarded as a *fac simile* of the first and shortest table, without the annotations:

The first Age of the World, or the Antediluvian Patriarchs.

1. **CAIN**, born Anno Mundi the second.
 a. Enoch, son of Cain.
 b. Irad, son of Enoch.
 c. Mehujael, son of Irad.
 d. Methusael, son of Mehujael.
 e. Lamech, son of Methusael. He had by Adan,
 —Jabal, the inventor of tents and keeping of cattle; and
 —Jubal, the inventor of music. Also, by Zillah,
 —Tubal-Cain, the inventor of working in metals; and
 —Naamah, supposed to be Venus.

2. **ABEL.**

3. **SETH**, born A. M. 130, died 1042, aged 912.
 a. Enos, son of Seth, born 235, died 1140, aged 905.
 b. Cainan, son of Enos, born 325, died 1235, aged 910.
 c. Mahalaleel, son of Cainan, born 395, died 1290, aged 895.
 d. Jared, son of Mahalaleel, born 460, died 1422, aged 962.
 e. Enoch, son of Jared, born 622, was translated to heaven.
 f. Methuselah, son of Enoch, born 687, died 1656, aged 969.
 g. Lamech, son of Methuselah, born 874, died 1651, aged 777.
 h. Noah, son of Lamech, born 1056, aged 600 at the Flood.
 —Japhet, his first son, born 1556, aged 100 at the Flood.
 —Shem, his second son, born 1558, aged 98 at the Flood.
 —Ham, his third son, born 1560, aged 96 at the Flood.

In the arrangement of the sacred geography, there is no particular distinction discernible from that adopted in treating of the objects of civil geography, in Part II, except

that the principal cause of the multiplication of the tables here, is not the great number of countries that come under review, as in Part II, but the many natural and civil revolutions which a comparatively limited portion of the earth underwent, according to the details of sacred historians; thereby giving occasion for a succession of tables on the same tract of country, according to the chronological order of these changes. We may add, that the tabular form is dispensed with in treating of Canaan, or the Promised Land, after the conquest of Joshua, for the avowed reason, that "this country abounded almost beyond any other, in those times, with geographical and historical notices; whereas, at the present day, it has become nearly desolate, and some of the tracts most fruitful formerly, are now barren wastes." This circumstance renders it impossible to cite a satisfactory comparison of modern names. Nevertheless, that the advantages of a tabular view might be substituted as well as possible, the principal objects have a marginal relief from the body of the page, exhibiting a perfect skeleton of the subject. Such are the particular features of the first volume.

Far different from the preceding is the nature of the second volume; the features of which may be exhibited in a few words: Its province is to give a view of ancient history, from the creation of the world to the extinction of the Roman empire in the west; to which is affixed a recapitulation in the form of questions, with a chronological imperial, and a chronological regal table.

The preliminary to this volume gives a few remarks on the true import of the term history, and alludes to the abuse that it suffers in being generally confined, in its acceptation, to "the details of war and bloodshed—of chicane, usurpation, and tyranny—of incredible atrocities perpetrated against the cause of humanity; while the higher order of social interests, in the historical department—such as the progress of the arts, philosophical discoveries, &c.—are often entirely omitted, or, at best, are cast in miniature, so far into the back ground of the picture, as to elude ordinary observation." It also speaks of the division of ancient history into sacred and profane; and again of these into other subdivisions.

The history is disposed of in eleven chapters, comprising a period of from two hundred to four hundred years each, according as the most conspicuous events, which constitute their boundaries, are

more or less remote. The text conducts the history of every country, sacred or profane, according to the chronological order of their events, at short intervals of a paragraph or two to each, so that contemporaneous events throughout the world are easily compared. Superadded to this, we find the names of the countries placed in the margin opposite to the paragraphs that give their respective histories, with a double numerical distinction. One of these shows the order of the antiquity of each country, in comparison with other countries, and the other shows the number of times it has been mentioned in the course of the narrative. This is what the author calls a chronological and consecutive arrangement; so that the history of each country is susceptible of two modes of reading, either in company with the cotemporaneous history of other countries, by pursuing the order of the text, or separately by referring to the margin for its particular head. In the recapitulation the same order is preserved.

The table of empires, comprising all the empires of antiquity, to the number of seventeen, is arranged in four columns. The first is occupied by the names of the empires, the second by those of the countries they respectively comprised, the third by those of the heroes who established or extended them, and the fourth by the periods of time when the events were achieved. Finally, the arrangement of the regal table corresponds with that of the history.

OUTLINE OF THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We have been favoured by a gentleman of this city with some extracts from an unpublished "*Outline of the political history of Russia*," beginning with the origin of that power, and terminating with the reign of Paul. It was written during the last winter, and intended as an introduction to a dissertation not yet completed, on her character, resources, and views. The whole will not, in all likelihood, be put to press, until the affairs of Europe shall wear a more settled aspect, so as to induce, both in the author and his readers, greater sobriety of judgment than can be expected under the present circumstances of the world. The limits of this journal allow of merely a general reference to authorities, and exact the omission of many details, in what has been thus obligingly pla-

ced at our disposal. We have selected for our purpose, the short but curious account of the introduction of Christianity into Russia, and the first part of the reign of Peter the Great, regretting much that we have not space in the present Number for the remainder of this interesting reign, and that we are thus compelled to do a sort of injustice to the entire narrative.

THE most important consequence of the early intercourse of the Russians with Constantinople, was their conversion to the Christian Religion. The manner of its introduction among them harmonizes with their national character, and the spirit of their government—Many writers have observed, that most of the European states owe to females this inestimable benefit. Such was, in part, the case of Russia, whose christianity properly dates from the baptism of the Queen Regent Olga, now a saint in the Russian calendar, although far from being thought worthy of canonization by the historians. This Princess yielding to the exhortations and reasonings of some Greek missionaries, whom zeal had conducted to her court, sailed, in 955, from Kiow to Constantinople, and was led to the font with the utmost pomp, under the auspices of the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus.

Her example had, however, but a very limited success with her people. The accomplishment of her noble enterprise, was reserved for her grandson Vladimir first, one of the most ferocious and debauched, yet active and sagacious tyrants that ever ascended the Russian throne. By successful military expeditions, the establishment of an extensive jurisdiction, and the display of an ambitious and restless character, he had attracted the attention, and awakened the fears of the neighbouring powers. Each became desirous of winning him over to its particular religious faith, as a means of cementing a political connexion. Numerous missionaries Catholic, Mahometan and even Jewish were deputed to him for the purpose, but were baffled by the superior address and more persuasive eloquence of a Greek metropolitan, who found access to his person. The latter was heard with particular complacency, dismissed with rich presents, and left so lively an impression on the mind of Vladimir, that he determined to seek further information on the several creeds thus opened to his consideration.

Ten of his subjects most eminent for wisdom, were selected to travel in search of a religion, as the Decemviri of Rome were

sent forth to look for a code of laws. The Russian sages first visited Bulgaria where they were but feebly struck with the Mahometan worship; then passed into Germany, and contemplated with still more indifference, the rites of some poor Latin churches. The magnificent Basilick of St. Sophia at Constantinople presented, however, a scene too imposing to be resisted, and they did not hesitate to pronounce that to be the true faith, of which the decorations were so splendid and the ceremonies so awful. The representations which they made to Vladimir on their return, completely overpowered his imagination. He resolved at once, to adopt the religion of the imperial city, for himself and his people. Priests were, however, wanted to minister in form to his purpose, and none were to be found at his court. "To solicit them from the emperor, was a sort of homage," says the historian Levesque "at the very idea of which his pride revolted." He conceived, therefore, a project worthy of the genius of barbarism; that of obtaining them by force of arms. No sooner had he resolved upon this expedient, than he assembled a formidable army, marched into the Chersonesus, and sat down under the walls of Theodosia, the present Kaffa.

After a vigorous siege of six months, and a great effusion of blood on both sides, the city was at last reduced, and a suitable number of popes and archimandrites reserved for the pious designs of the conqueror. His victory was, moreover, followed by a peremptory demand on the emperors Basil and Constantine, for the hand of their sister in marriage. To save Constantinople from the fate of Theodosia, the trembling Cæsars were content, after much agonizing deliberation and some fruitless attempts at evasion, to sacrifice the illustrious princess Anne to the politic ambition of a barbarian, whom she viewed with equal contempt and abhorrence.

This incident is fitted to remind us, of what we have not long since witnessed, in the case of the modern successor to the imperial Roman crown. When the house of Lorraine was driven, under a coercion somewhat analogous, to submit to mingle its blood with that of an adventurer from Corsica, not unlike Vladimir in reputation, we may conceive that the feelings of the victims were nearly the same. The sequel, indeed, is somewhat more creditable to the Russian than to Bonaparte. The marriage and

the baptism of the former solemnized on the same day, were immediately followed by the restitution of the territories conquered from the Byzantine empire. During the rest of his reign, he seems to have been principally occupied with the destruction of paganism, and the propagation of the new faith, throughout his dominions.

The edicts of Vladimir left no other alternative to his subjects, but death, or obedience to his will. They embraced Christianity with apparent alacrity, and saw their terrible god *Peroun* demolished without making an effort in his defence. From the researches of the historians,* we are to conclude, that the superstition which they abjured, was among the most preposterous and sanguinary known in the annals of human weakness. If they were not, as their progenitors the Scythians, anthropophagi, they indulged at least, like most savage nations, in human sacrifices, at the shrine of their monstrous divinities, and knew no other arts of propitiation, than licentiousness and cruelty. Unquestionably, all the gross practices of paganism were not exploded on their conversion; several must have blended themselves with the Greek rites, and contributed to give to their worship the tincture of idolatry, with which it is still imbued.

Le Clerc justly remarks that the seeds of refined humanity and sound reason with which Revelation is pregnant, were scattered, *en pure perte*, among the early Russians. For several centuries afterwards, their character and condition received no improvement. We have, in their history during this interval, but a repetition of the same dissensions, crimes, and calamities. I am, on this head, naturally reminded of the language of Robertson, in relation to the religion of our feudal ancestors; and, by such as are acquainted with that of our Russian cotemporaries, I might not be held unjust, were I to apply to them, a part of the following remarks. “ The barbarous nations when converted to Christianity changed the object, not the spirit of their religious worship. They endeavoured to conciliate the favour of the true God by means not unlike to those, which they had employed in order to appease their false deities. Instead of aspiring to sanctity and virtue, which alone can render men acceptable to the great author of order and of excellence, they imagined that they satisfied

* See Levesque and le Clerc on the religion of the Slavonians.

every obligation of duty by a scrupulous observance of external ceremonies. Religion, according to their conception of it, comprehended nothing else; and the rites, by which they persuaded themselves they could gain the favour of Heaven, were of such a nature as might have been expected from the rude ideas of the ages which devised and introduced them. They were either so unmeaning as to be altogether unworthy of the Being to whose honour they were consecrated, or so absurd as to be a disgrace to reason and humanity.”*

SKECH OF THE REIGN OF PETER THE GREAT.

Before the era of Peter the Great, not more than a century ago, Russia was almost wholly unknown, and without political consequence in western Europe. No other idea was entertained of her, than that which we now have of the barbarian hordes of her eastern frontier. The narratives of many travellers told, indeed, of a great empire, the seat of which was Moscow, situated beyond the limits of Poland; but the circumstances of climate, condition, government and resources under which it was represented, left no other impression at Paris, or Madrid, than the descriptions of ancient Scythia were calculated to produce at Rome, in the time of Augustus, or of Trajan.† A Czar of Muscovy was confounded, in many respects, with a Khan of Tartary; and the Muscovite with the Calmuc, or the Cossack.

The first public residents of France in Russia, appear about the year 1718. An embassy had, it is true, been sent, in 1668, from Alexis Michailovitz, the great Duke of Muscovy so called in the French record of the transaction, to Louis the fourteenth, and another, in 1681, from his son Fedor to the same monarch. The account of the last, as given in the French official archives of the time, deserves to be summarily reported. It will furnish a curious proof of the light in which Russia was viewed at the end of the seventeenth century by the dominant power, both in arts and arms, of the civilized commonwealth.

* View of the progress of Society in Europe.

† As late as the ministry of sir Robert Walpole, the term *Muscovites*, was habitually used in the official correspondence of the English government. See Coxe's memoirs of sir Robert Walpole. vol. 3. P. 323-24, 378. &c:

"The Muscovite ambassador," says the chronicle,* "was received on his debarkation at Calais by Torf, one of the gentlemen in ordinary of the king's bed chamber, and conducted by him to Paris; all his expenses were paid on the route; a custom observed towards the ambassadors extraordinary of the eastern princes, because they themselves do the same with respect to the ambassadors sent to them. The marchal *D'Estrées* was deputed to welcome the Muscovite minister, and the king received the embassy upon a silver throne, ornamented with several large figures of the same metal."

"The audience chamber and all those through which the legation was to pass, were decorated with mirrors, candelabæ, and a multitude of articles of massive gold. The king on that day abstained from wearing any diamonds, and attired himself plainly, persuaded that the dignity of his mein, would on this account make the greater impression. The ambassador kissed the hand of his majesty, and laid at his feet a quantity of the richest furs. The son of the ambassador also presented the king with a piece of cloth of gold worked in the Persian manner. The ambassador had then a conference with the minister of foreign affairs, which lasted two hours, and was never repeated."

"He visited the curiosities of Paris, and in seeing the waters of Versailles play, and observing the immense body of them, *asked whether all the waters of the sea were there.* In examining a picture of Lebrun in which Louis the fourteenth was painted with the thunderbolt in his hand, he remarked, 'that the king could not be more appropriately represented, than under the image of Jupiter, since he had his majesty and power.' All that he said indicated intelligence and culture, and was fitted to show his nation to advantage, which was regarded as barbarous. He took formal leave of the king, who gave him a letter for the Czar, and presented him with a box and his portrait set with diamonds, a rich suit of Gobelin tapestry, a pendulum, six watches, &c. The secretary of the ambassador and his son had presents of the same kind, although less valuable."

The reception and treatment of the representative of Fedor thus related, show that he was considered by Lewis and his court, as they would have viewed an ambassador from Japan, Morrocco,

* *Histoire de la Diplomatie Française.* vol. iv. p. 38.

Siam, or the Iroquois. Had he been asked what he found most extraordinary in the French metropolis, he might have replied, as did, not long after, a Doge of Genoa to a similar question in the same place; *to find myself here.—Qu'ce qui vous frappe le plus ici?* *C'est de m'y voir.*

It was not long, however, before the French government formed another judgment of Russia; before the *Muscovites* fixed the attention of all Europe, and excited an interest as lively, as the indifference to which I have alluded, was profound. This important revolution was the work of *Peter*, whose reign now opens upon us, and who may well be described as one of the most extraordinary, if not one of the greatest of the human race.* The thirty-six years, from 1689 until 1725, during which he actively presided over the destinies of the Russian empire, are crowded with great enterprises and memorable achievements. The events of each day of this term, are, at the same time, almost as certainly and minutely known to every student of Russian history, as if they had passed under his own eyes, and in his immediate vicinity.

We have, with respect both to the public and private life of Peter, much indeed of false panegyric, as well as groundless invective, but yet a body of facts so copious, particular, and authentic, as to satisfy the greediest curiosity, or the most scrupulous criticism. I could not enter into the details of his domestic history, campaigns, journeys and projects, without swelling this volume to a most unwieldy bulk, and repeating what is contained in works familiar, or accessible at least, to all my readers. It is important, however, for my purpose of tracing the progress of Russia in power and civilization, to consider him in the several relations of conqueror, legislator, and sovereign, under which he is usually exhibited. In each of these he exerted a strong and lasting influence upon the character of his people, and the genius of the Russian government.

When Peter established himself in the supreme power, Russia presented nearly the same picture, as at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

She had acquired territory, but had shaken off none of the vices or forms of her pristine barbarism, notwithstanding the laudable

* “Pierre le Grand,” says Frederick II. mourut, laissant dans le monde plutôt la réputation d’un homme extraordinaire, que d’un grand-homme.

efforts of his predecessor, and her more extensive intercourse with foreigners. Her court was distinguished, only by awkward pomp and grotesque luxury, from the mass of the nation; her regular or standing force consisted altogether of the Streltzi, resembling the Janissaries of Turkey, and like them, more dangerous in peace, than useful in war. Frequent seditions, and a long period of the most furious anarchy had aggravated the turbulence of the nobles, the mutinous spirit natural to the people, and the coarse licentiousness of manners common to all classes.

With the exception of a few small vessels on the Caspian, built by foreign workmen, the empire was utterly destitute of a marine of any description. The regular revenue did not, it is said, amount to more than six millions of roubles. The administration of the laws, and the laws themselves, were of the rudest, the most vicious, and the most preposterous character.

The clergy continued such as I have described them in a preceding part of this work; with great wealth, however, in their hands, and a Patriarch at their head, the authority of whose station, was so considerable, as to form an irksome and dangerous control over that of the Czar.

The companions of Peter's youth had impressed him with a lively contempt for the uncouthness of his countrymen, and a correlative admiration of the arts, institutions and power of the western nations. He had imbibed, also, in their society, a passionate fondness for naval and military tactics; for war and dominion. Such were the dispositions in which he ascended the throne. Vehemence, inflexibility, harshness, irascibility;—were, moreover, the lineaments by which nature had marked his temper, and which his education tended in no ways to soften. If we take also into view the opinion which he seems to have formed from the outset, that violence alone could be effectual for the success of his plans of domestic reform, we shall not be at a loss to divine the general tenor of his career. This maxim of policy inflaming the innate ferocity of his disposition; an ardent and impatient desire to *europeanize* his people confirming and stimulating both;—an insatiable lust of aggrandizement and martial renown, repressed by none of the considerations which, through the lessons of a well regulated education, operate to weaken the impulses of ambition in civilized monarchies,

are to be traced, either with a joint or separate influence, in all his public measures.

The first act of his administration was the punishment of that particular corps of Streletzi, which was accused of having conspired against his life, previous to his accession. It was executed with an excessive rigour, and in the forms which we shall see constantly employed throughout his reign; torture, decapitation, excision of the tongue, the knout, exile into Siberia, confiscation, &c. As soon as he had restored tranquillity in his capital, and could divert his attention from domestic concerns, he was hurried by his thirst for conquest and glory, into an expedition against the Turkish fortress of Azof, the key of the Euxine, to the dominion of which he already aspired. He laid siege to Azof with a numerous army, but was compelled to return to Moscow, without accomplishing his object, after a campaign which cost him thirty thousand of his troops.

Peter was not of a disposition to be discouraged by this issue. He applied without delay to the emperor of Germany, the Dutch republic, and the elector of Brandenburg for engineers and artillerists, the want of whom had occasioned his failure. Several officers of this description, eminent for ability, having joined him, a new army was marched against Azof. The siege urged with equal ardour and more skill, terminated in the reduction of the place. A fleet of gallies sent to the Palus Mæotis to co-operate with the army, destroyed a similar one of the Turks, when the Czar himself happened to be on board. This circumstance heightened the great elation which he felt at the success of the main enterprise. His troops had previously made themselves masters of other forts—Meau and Taganrog on the sea of Azof. The victorious army was indulged with a sort of ovation or triumphal entry into Moscow, through a motive of personal vanity in the Czar; or, perhaps, a refinement of policy altogether unknown to his predecessors.

The incident of his career next in order, in the number of those I deem it material to notice, is one which has been generally considered, as among the noblest conceptions of genius, and the sublimest efforts of magnanimity. I allude to his abdication, as it were, of the throne, in order to visit, under the guise of a private individual, the cities and courts of polished Europe, with the intention of serving there, a laborious personal apprenticeship to the mechanical

arts necessary to the formation of that naval power, at which he aimed. Various motives have been assigned for this novel undertaking, and opposite opinions advanced concerning its merits.

I can easily imagine that curiosity alone, might be sufficient to propel a youthful monarch of a most ardent and inquisitive spirit, to the contemplation of scenes, with which his imagination was fired, as the perfect models of all that he desired to render his own empire. I can imagine, also, that the same impulse might have overcome all considerations of prudence, in regard both to his own interests and those of his empire—and certainly there was no small degree of rashness in the indulgence of his curiosity at such a moment. His presence at home seemed on every account indispensable. All was put to extreme hazard by his absence. He was still at war with the Turks and the Tartars:—The spirit of sedition fermented strongly in all classes of his subjects:—The same elements of disorder from which the recent revolutions had sprung, still subsisted in strength and activity. It was but a very little time before, that three of his principal boyars had conspired to murder him, intending further to impute the crime to the foreigners in his service, and destroy them by a general massacre.* The sequel will furnish proof of the justness of this view of the case, although his good fortune carried him triumphantly through every danger.

The foreigners whom Peter had made his chief counsellors, adventurers of a bold and fervid genius, must have filled his mind, at an early period, with those schemes of naval and territorial aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey, Sweden and Poland, which were developed in his subsequent progress. To fit himself the better, to collect instruments, such as skilful workmen, and scientific professors, for the execution of them, would necessarily enter into his calculations of advantage from the journey which he was about to undertake. Another incentive might naturally be, the hope of establishing closer relations of alliance, of concerting means the more efficaciously, with the governments whom he regarded as useful or indispensable auxiliaries. This object is attested by his negotiations with the States-general; by his arrangements with the emperor of Germany at Vienna directed against the Turks, and his conferences with the kings of England and Poland, relating to his establishment on the Baltic. The

* Life of Peter the Great by major-general Gordon. vol. 1. p. 111.

dispositions of the several courts towards him and each other, their peculiar and complicated system of foreign policy, were moreover to be closely studied, as a means of facilitating the attainment of one of the darling ends of his ambition,—the association of his empire to the European commonwealth.

Peter selected a number of his young nobility of the highest class, to make part of the numerous embassy, in the train of which he proposed to travel. Some of them were sent into Italy, which circumstances prevented him from visiting, for their further instruction, but with little profit, if we are to credit the anecdotes recorded of their insensibility, and extravagancies.* The first remarkable occurrence of the Czar's journey, is sufficient to illustrate the spirit in which it was undertaken. On passing through Riga then a frontier town of Sweden, with whom he was at peace, he instructed his officers to draw plans of the fortifications, and attempted to inspect them in person, obviously with a sinister design. The steady refusal of the Governor to indulge this sort of espionage, accompanied, indeed, by certain equivocal indignities, was made the chief pretext of the war, which Peter afterwards waged against Charles the twelfth.†

On his arrival in Holland, the Autocrat of all the Russias enlisted himself among the common workmen of the dockyard of Saardam, assumed the familiar title of master Peter, adopted their mode of life in every respect, and remained for some time in this decorous fellowship, with no other apparent ambition or delight, than the handicraft of a ship builder. He manifested for the homely diet and gross debauch of his new companions, a relish not inferior to their own; darned his stockings, mended his coat, was frequently intoxicated, and sometimes seen with a girl in his arms, in the meanest tippling houses.‡

I must confess that I have never shared in the admiration which this celebrated transaction has awakened, and am by no

* Voltaire, *Anecdotes sur Pierre le Grand*. Le Clerc *Histoire de Russie*.

† See Levesque on this head, *histoire de Russie*—p. 134. vol. iv. Perry's *State of Russia, &c.*—Le Clerc *Histoire de Russie*, vol. iii. 154.

‡ “On voit un tableau à Peterhof, où Pierre est représenté en paysan Hollandais, assis sur un tonneau, et tenant à brasé-corps une grosse servante.” *Voyage de Chantreau*. See also Hanway's *Travels through Russia, &c.* Chapter on Peter.

means inclined to ascribe it to the heroic patriotism, in which it is said to have originated. It was alike unnecessary and ignoble. We should regard it as a blind gratification of the strong propensity to mechanical occupations, and those vulgar tastes, which he inherited from nature, and which his early habits conduced to inveterate. The existence of this propensity and these tastes is proved by the details of his conduct at this juncture, and by the uniform tenor of his ulterior history. He had an irresistible inclination not only to naval architecture and exercises, but for every kind of manual art and employment, in which he was the more fitted to excel, as he possessed, in an eminent degree, the unrivalled faculty of imitation, characteristic of the Russians. He was passionately fond of watch making, turning, working in iron; of acting the pilot and sergeant. *Bishop Burnet* who had opportunities of knowing and studying him during his sojourn in England—where, also, he devoted himself to the dockyards—remarks of him, in the “History of his own times,” that he had a decided taste for mechanics, and that nature seemed to have formed him to become, rather a good carpenter than a great prince. “In other affairs,” says general Manstein speaking of Peter, “he contented himself with examining the general plan, and left the particulars to those who were in charge of the execution, but in every thing that concerned the marine he interfered, even in the greatest trifles. *In the docks they hardly durst drive a nail without advising him of it.* When it was determined to put any ships on the stocks, he preferred this occupation to the most important affairs of his empire.*

The mechanical pursuits of the Czar were far from serving to exalt him in the estimation of his own subjects who, had he been actuated by the dignified motives erroneously imputed to him, were incapable of appreciating them; to whom all that was not solemn or fierce in their sovereign, was a ground of contempt and an encouragement to sedition; over whom his example in this respect

* Memoirs p. 409. See also on this head Mirabeau *Doutes sur la liberté de L'Escaut*. Appendix.—When in England, for the sake of being nearer Deptford-yard, Peter resided at Saye's court, the seat of Evelyn, author of *Silva* or a Discourse on Forest Trees. Evelyn deplores most pathetically in his work, p. 386, the devastation of his fine gardens, by the tasteless “czar of Muscovy.”

could therefore exert but a feeble influence. Few, in fact, were brought to imitate it, and those by the sense of fear alone. Peter could, certainly, have qualified himself to superintend or effect the construction of a navy, without taking the hatchet into his own hands. Nor was it necessary for him to go abroad, to procure instruments for any of his purposes. By holding out adequate and sure rewards, he never could have wanted at his court, shipwrights, officers, mechanics, professors of every science and art, in sufficient number, and of sufficient ability.

With the exception of the proceeding on which I have here animadverted, and the general imprudence of the undertaking, the tour of the Russian monarch redounds infinitely to his credit. He drew from it all the advantages, *intellectually*, of which it could be productive, and secured all the objects which I have enumerated, as likely to come within the circle of his aspirations. He displayed an indefatigable activity of mind and body in the examination of whatever might afford beneficial instruction; studied anatomy, natural philosophy, astronomy, and the sciences subsidiary to naval and military tactics, manifesting, in all his pursuits, the utmost quickness of apprehension, a strong and retentive memory, and great powers of application. He enlisted in his service a number of able artificers, and engineers, together with some men of learning; and ingratiated himself and his plans with the courts which he visited.

His return to his dominions was precipitated by domestic tumults, which he might well have foreseen, and which exemplify the indiscretion of his absence. When about to set out for Italy, after having visited Vienna, he received intelligence that a body of ten thousand *Streltsi*, stationed on the frontiers of his empire, had revolted, degraded their officers, and marched towards Moscow, with the professed intention of placing his son on the throne. He hastened back, but the danger—by no means insignificant—was past before he arrived in his capital. The imperial family had taken refuge in a monastery: Moscow had been thrown into consternation, and indications given of a common movement of sedition among the populace and the soldiery. Peter owed the preservation of his crown to the intrepidity of a Scottish general, who, with the garrison troops, and others collected on the emer-

gency, encountered the insurgents at a small distance from the metropolis, killed the greater part of them at the onset, and took prisoners the remainder. The ringleaders acknowledged that, seeing the czar had abandoned his country, they had resolved to establish and maintain a regency, until his son should be of age.*

Several thousand rebels were in chains and awaited his vengeance. It was worthy of Ivan the fourth, and evinced, that Peter had derived no moral improvement from his travels, however much they might have enriched and enlarged his mind. Refinements of cruelty from which the humanity of my readers would recoil with equal terror and indignation, were practised upon the wretched culprits, under the cloudless eye and active direction of the sovereign. Multitudes were excruciated by slow and horrible tortures, broken on the wheel, gibbeted, or knouted to death. Peter, besides striking off a number of heads with his own hands, compelled the chief nobility, and his principal ministers, to execute many hundreds in the same way.† Two of his favourites, *Le Fort*, and the *baron de Blumberg*, foreigners, being invited to join in the butchery, excused themselves, say the historians, *on the ground of the customs of their countries*. Some of the malecontents were hung at the window of his sister the princess Sophia, accused of fomenting the revolt; one of them with the petition in his hand, which solicited her to accept the regency. Two of her confidential waiting women were stretched on the rack, and afterwards buried alive.

These severities, and others too shocking for relation, employed on the same occasion, might have been deemed necessary, but they argue, even on this supposition, an extreme ferocity of disposition both in their author, and in the people whose loyalty they were intended to secure. They were followed by the dissolution of the whole body of the Streltsi, and the abolition of the name; a salutary reform for the interests both of the monarch and

* Gordon, vol. 1, p. 127-29.

† Levesque, vol. 4, p. 144. Coxe's Travels in the North, vol. 1, p. 415, 534. Gordon, vol. 1, p. 131. Tooke's History of Russia, vol. 2, p. 165, 167. Le Clerc, vol. 3, p. 169. Voltaire's Histoire le Pierre le Grand, p. 129. Correspondence of the King of Prussia and Voltaire, vol. 1, p. 204, 212, 246, 8vo. edition.

the state. The same spirit, however, which rendered them so dangerous to domestic order, could not fail, in a government like that of Russia, to revive in whatever body of troops might be substituted for them near the throne. We shall accordingly find it actuating their successors, the imperial guard, and leading to similar results.

The Streltsi were replaced by eighteen regiments of infantry, and two of dragoons, organised after the German model, and worthy of the title of regular troops. The sons of the boyars were made to serve in the lowest grades, in order to prepare them for command; military academies were established for their instruction, and orders of knighthood created as incentives to emulation. Peter now exerted all the vigour of his authority to accomplish the plans of reform both in the military and civil departments, which his native sagacity, and his admiration of European institutions, had led him to adopt. He attempted to improve the administration of justice, new-modelled the collection of the taxes, so as to secure the whole revenue to the exchequer, created a general police, and introduced a better system of domestic government in the provinces.

He carried his corrective hand even into the ecclesiastical establishment. The bishops were deprived of the power of life and death which they had long exercised. Such restrictions were imposed on admission into the monasteries, as to preclude the multiplication of their tenants. The patriarchate was abolished, its domain appropriated to the imperial treasury, and the government of the church transferred to a synod, always by its constitution submissive to the will of the czar. This last stroke of power removed a serious check on the autocracy, and thus strengthened, in simplifying, the despotism.

"It is," says Montesquieu, "a capital maxim, that the manners and customs of a despotic empire ought never to be changed; for nothing would more speedily produce a revolution."* Peter was not deterred by the apprehension of any such consequence, from attempting an alteration in those of his people. The women, who until his time, had lived in a state of seclusion and servitude, were drawn forth into general society, and commanded to adopt the

* *Spirit of Laws*, b. xix. ch. 13.

German fashions of dress. Public assemblies were appointed for the intercourse of the two sexes, and their proceedings regulated by law.* The czar was, however, not always sufficiently master of himself, to abstain from violating the rules of urbanity and decorum, which he imposed on the deportment of others.†

The seclusion of the females had a tendency to preserve the purity of their morals. An opposite effect was likely to result from their introduction into the Russian world, then so rude and gross in its social pleasures. But this change, which, indeed, forms an epoch in the history of Russian civilization, could not have failed to prove efficacious, as to the refinement of the national manners, and that general alteration in dress and appearance, which Peter was eager to produce, had he trusted to its agency alone. "In countries," says the great writer whom I have last quoted, "where the women live with the men, their desire of pleasing, and the desire which the men have to give them pleasure, cause a continual change of customs."‡ The czar having once brought Russia within this description, and given the females the European exterior, might have been assured, that the Asiatic costume of the other sex would have been spontaneously discarded. The violence which his harsh and impatient disposition impelled him to exert, served to retard the desired reformation. It roused and fixed the prejudices of habit and superstition, in favour of the old attire, besides inflaming the general hatred against his person, which a rapid succession of novelties had kindled.§ He employed solely to the detriment of his own interests, the test of ridicule and the terrors of authority. The long beard is even still worn by the bulk of the Russian nation.

While he was thus occupied with internal regulations, his generals prosecuted the war against the Turks with animation, and for the most part, with success. His eagerness to commence

* See the decree or ukase, in Coxe's Travels in the North, vol. 1, p. 507.

† At one of his assemblies, he caned Menzikoff, his prime minister and favourite, for having neglected to lay aside his sword in the dance. Levesque, vol. 4, p. 161.

‡ Spirit of Laws, c. 13. b. xix.

§ See, on this head, Levesque, vol. 4, p. 158. and Montesquieu, c. 14. b. xix. Spirit of Laws.

the execution of his designs of aggrandisement on the West, prompted him, nevertheless, to accede to a treaty of peace, which left him in possession of Azof, and all the forts taken on the Black sea. He had previously concerted a league, with the king of Denmark, and with Augustus of Saxony, whom the Russian arms had established on the Polish throne, for the dismemberment of the oriental provinces of Sweden, and only awaited the conclusion of this peace, to begin hostilities against her in form. The war was declared without delay, under various pretexts evidently futile.

Concerning its original injustice, a unanimity of opinion seems to prevail among the historians. I shall translate the language of Le Clerc on the subject, a writer who can never be accused of doing intentional injustice to his hero, the czar:—"History," says he,* "furnishes but few examples of a war so unjust as that concerted in 1700, between the kings of Poland and Denmark, and Peter I., against Charles XII. Peter burned with the desire of exercising and training his troops, and of occupying the minds of his subjects so as not to leave them time to reflect on the changes which he had introduced. But his chief motive was to acquire a port on the Baltic. To this end, it was necessary, that he should make himself master of Ingria."

It might be urged in Peter's defence, that Sweden continued to be secretly animated, by her old hatred and jealousy of Russia; that to take advantage of the unfortunate circumstances under which she was placed, owing to the youth of her monarch, and the disaffection of her provinces, was but to retaliate her former aggressions; to anticipate judiciously the blows which she was always disposed, and would certainly proceed to inflict, as soon as she was relieved from domestic embarrassments. Whether this be a full justification, the reader can determine for himself. I would only suggest, that I believe the dispositions of the two governments to have been equally and implacably hostile. It is, however, by no means certain, that Charles would have directed his views of ambition and conquest against Russia, had not Sweden fallen within those of the czar, and been first attacked.

* *Histoire de Russie*, vol. 3, p. 180.

The life of Charles XII by Voltaire, the chef-d'œuvre of the writer in the department of history, is in the hands of every one, and dispenses me, therefore, from speaking in detail, of the celebrated contest between the Swedish monarch and Peter, during nine years of which, the former was the scourge of the north, and the admiration of all Europe. If the motives by which Peter was drawn into this contest did not entitle him to the auspicious result, his conduct in the season of his terrible adversity was such, as to show him worthy in other respects, of the highest favours of fortune. His great qualities shone throughout, with a radiance far surpassing the lustre of any other period of his life. No panegyric can be too lofty for the acuteness and wisdom with which he profited by his own errors and defeats, and of the foibles and mistakes of his antagonist; for the fortitude and buoyancy of his spirit in the most disastrous circumstances; for his cool and steady courage in every difficult juncture, we cannot go too far in our admiration of his indefatigable activity,—of a reach of mind extending at once to all the concerns of present safety and independence, menaced on every side;—of future empire, both territorial and maritime; —of domestic reform and prosperity.

When his allies were paralyzed, his armies scattered and almost annihilated, his capital threatened, by the Swedes; when there seemed scope only for despair, he neither lost sight, nor suspended the execution, of any of his great schemes of aggrandizement. He persevered, with unremitting, and the most minute attention, in the construction of fleets on the Baltic and Euxine; in digging the great canals which were to connect those seas; in augmenting the number and perfecting the discipline of his troops; in establishing schools for navigation and the mathematical sciences; in forming arsenals, in erecting foundries and manufactoryes of arms, and promoting, by public amusements, the refinements of social intercourse among his subjects.

The confidence of Peter arose not merely from the elasticity and boldness of his nature, but from his accurate knowledge of the character and resources of his rival, by whom his own were never understood nor appreciated. Had Charles been duly sensible of

either, he would have accepted the peace which was offered to him in seventeen hundred and seven.*

The presumption of the Swede blinded him to another consideration, which should have had weight with his disciple the emperor Napoleon, and which the latter seems also to have overlooked. "It was not" says Montesquieu, speaking of the obstinacy of Charles, "a declining state that he undertook to subvert, but a rising empire."† We might also refer the succeeding observations of this author to the French hostilities of late years. "The Russians made use of the war which Charles waged against them, as of a military school. Every defeat brought them nearer to victory, and losing abroad, they learned to defend themselves at home.‡

Levesque and some other writers indulge the conjecture, that if Charles, after his victory at Narva, had marched without delay to Moscow, he might have crushed his enemy, and seated himself on the throne of the czars. Although much disaffection prevailed to the government of Peter, and sedition was every where on

* "Mon frere Charles" said Peter "veut faire l'Alexandre; mais il ne trouvera pas en moi un Darius."

† *Spirit of Laws*, b. 10. c. 14.

‡ *Ibid.* Bonaparte might have found a direct and striking example earlier than that of Charles XII, to deter him from tempting the frozen deserts of "the barbarians of the north." I refer to the case detailed in Herodotus, of the Persian monarch *Darius Hystaspes* when he invaded the Scythians with an immense host. These,—whom the father of history qualifies by an epithet, *ιππολόγοςατ*, which the French may be now willing to bestow on the Cossacks their *legitimate* descendants,—resolved to avoid any general battle, and retreated before their invader, as if from fear, spreading devastation on every side, and destroying all means of subsistence and shelter. By this scheme they drew him after them into the interior, where they harassed him with skirmishes, and exhausted him with fatigue and famine. The presumptuous Despot was at length forced to retire, with the loss of the greatest part of his vast army—seven hundred thousand men, and "glad," say the historians, "to escape with his own life, though at the expence of his glory." Whether he ascribed his disaster to the rigors of the horrible climate (*affreux climat*) is not related.—Among other parallels to be found in ancient history for the flight of the French emperor, is that of *Igathocles of Syracuse* from Africa; a tyrant whom he resembles not only in this and other incidents of his life, but in his general character and advancement. (See *Diodorus Siculus*, and Ancient Universal history—Syracuse.)

the alert, at this period, we may well under all the circumstances of the case, question the probability of such a result. By the occupation of Moscow, the Royal Quixote might have accelerated, and at most, would only have retarded the catastrophe which awaited his temerity. In explanation of my own views on the subject of this part of his romantic career, I shall again use the language of Montesquieu, to whose authority the highest deference is due. "It was not the affair of Pultowa that ruined Charles. Had he not been destroyed in that place, he would in another. *The casualties of fortune are easily repaired, but who can be guarded against events, which incessantly arise out of the nature of things.*"*

It is affirmed by Perry,† that had not Peter been victorious at the battle of Pultowa, he would have been dethroned, as everything was ripe for rebellion, even in the bosom of his capital. The Boyars, the clergy and the people had all been more or less affected and exasperated by his attempts at reform. The jealousy of his intentions was universal. Ignorance and fanaticism were clamorous against his whole scheme of domestic legislation, which they denounced as nothing less than treasonable and sacrilegious. In the fifth year of the war, a serious revolt occurred at Astrachan, occasioned by the injudicious rigour of the punishments inflicted on those who refused to lay aside the native costume. One of the ablest of Peter's generals was sent to quell it, and three hundred of the principal rebels were executed at Moscow, on the restoration of tranquillity.

It was while Charles was yet at the height of his power and reputation, that Peter laid the foundations of a new capital, on the banks of the Neva.‡ The history of this event affords throughout, a striking illustration of the vigour of the despotism, and the inflexible resoluteness of the czar.

I class the erection of St. Petersburgh among the most important incidents in the modern annals of Russia. Algarotti styles it

* Spirit of Laws, b. 10. c. 14.

† State of Russia, &c.

‡ See correspondence between Voltaire and the empress Catharine, wherein the latter suggests, that Peter had at one time resolved to make Taganrog on the sea of Azof, the metropolis of the empire. See also Rulhiere—*Histoire de L'Anarchie de la Pologne*. vol. i. p. 118.

the window through which she inspects Europe; and I would add, through which she has received the lights of that quarter. It has served the purpose of an eye in every sense; as an organ of vision and an inlet of knowledge. By means of St. Petersburg, the Russian state was brought into immediate contact with the European commonwealth;—initiated directly into its politics and interests. By means of this city and of Cronstadt, she acquired also the elements of a great naval and commercial power. Peter has been blamed for translating the seat of empire from Moscow, but certainly without good reason. I am inclined to think that were it carried back thither, Russia might soon lose her preponderance in the North, and even relapse into total barbarism.*

Among the prodigies wrought by the Czar at this period, may be reckoned the maritime force which he created, as a counterpoise to that of Sweden. With the aid of foreign architects, officers and seamen, and by pushing his domestic authority to the utmost point of despotic excess, he acquired the ability not only to combat, but to vanquish his enemy on the waters of the Baltic. In spite of apparently insuperable obstacles both of nature and chance;† he formed dock-yards, constructed harbours, and collected an immense mass of materials. Although wholly destitute of a commercial marine, and originally without a sailor of his own, he saw himself at the end of a few years, master of a naval armament, against which the Swedes were incapable of making head. According to general Manstein,‡ he had, in 1719, twenty-eight ships of the line, together with above two hundred gallies; and before his death, could boast of magazines richly stored, of a fine fleet, amounting to between thirty and forty first rates, and a correspondent number of frigates and other vessels of war, of which, too, the crews were principally Russian. In the prosecution of his purpose, he was urged not more by views of defence or dominion, than by a vehement passion for naval affairs, before which, as happened uniformly where his leading inclinations were

* See on this head generally, Coxe's *Travels in the North*. vol. i. p. 461.

† See Manstein for these obstacles, or Tooke's *View of Russia under Catherine*, vol. ii.

‡ *Memoirs of Russia*, p. 413.

concerned—every impediment was made to fall, every consideration to give way.

The example of Peter in this instance may be held out to the United States, equally as an incentive, and a reproach. What arbitrary power guided by an impetuous, intrepid, and inflexible will, was competent to effect in the one case, the patriotism of sentiment and of selfishness, should be able to accomplish in the other. Had the Czar possessed the means and facilities which we enjoy, greater beyond all comparison than those which fell to his share, while the motives to employ them whether of interest or glory, are not less urgent, he would have put himself in a condition to dispute the empire of the ocean, in a shorter time than we have taken to qualify ourselves for the capture of a straggling frigate of Great Britain.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NARRATIVE OF THE ESCAPE OF KING STANISLAUS FROM DANTZICK.

FERTILE in misfortune as the last twenty years have been to crowned heads, the history of the kings of Europe for the greater part of the eighteenth century, offers many interesting examples of adversity; among these, the unexpected elevation, turbulent reign, and deposition of Stanislaus, stands conspicuous. This amiable prince found himself shut up in Dantzick, when news arrived of the defeat of his friend Charles XII. of Sweden, at Pultowa. His rival, Augustus, aided by the Russians, had reduced Dantzick to the last extremity, and it became necessary for Stanislaus to endeavour to escape. The following account of his adventures upon that occasion is an abridgment of his own narrative, contained in a letter from himself to his daughter, the wife of Louis XV. of France.

Augustus of Saxony had offered a reward for the head of Stanislaus; the besieging army lay in every direction around the town; a formidable fleet blockaded the river, and every resource of the besieged was drained to the uttermost. In the midst of men

disposed to make their peace with Augustus at the expense of his liberty or even his life; amid the increasing ruins of the town, and a vast population exasperated by the misfortunes of war, the king began his preparations for flight. It was a bold step to resolve on, but a much greater to execute; for such was his undertaking, that if it failed once, it failed forever.

On Sunday, the 27th of June, 1710, Stanislaus removed to the house of the French ambassador, the marquis de Monti, under pretence of passing a tranquil night, as the bombs began to fall so thick around his palace that they deprived him of sleep. At ten o'clock that evening, habited in a peasant's dress, he left the minister's house.

De Monti, who had contrived his disguise, possessed the entire confidence of Stanislaus. This gentleman filled with honour the post he held. Fruitful in expedients, he seldom failed in the choice of his means, never suffering himself through presumption to neglect that which appeared easy, or through fear to be discouraged at that which seemed difficult: possessing a genius at once superior and uncommon, he could, without art, unite to the most winning candor, all the address of an accomplished diplomatist.

A threadbare coat, a coarse shirt, a very common cap, a pair of country boots, and a rough knotted stick with a leathern string hanging to it, constituted the king's equipment. He mingled his tears with those of *de Monti* as he embraced him on his steps at the back of his house. A few moments after he found general Steinflieft, who, disguised like himself, was waiting for him. They went together to meet the town-major, a Swede, who had engaged to favour the king's retreat, and whom they found near the ramparts. Two small boats conveyed them across the ditches: they were guarded by three men appointed to conduct them to the Prussian states, which offered the nearest and safest assylum.

The major jumped out of the boat, and advanced a few steps before them to get them past a post held by some soldiers and a non-commissioned officer. He had scarcely left them when the king heard him speaking with warmth. He ran towards them at this noise, and getting sufficiently near to distinguish objects, he saw the subaltern taking aim at the major, and threatening to fire if he did not retreat. Twice the major, who had foreseen this diffi-

culty, seized a pistol with a determination to sacrifice this man, if he could not be persuaded by fair words; but reflecting that his death would be revenged by his soldiers, who were governed by the same watch-word, he preferred, after a short pause, revealing to him the secret cause of his coming there. The serjeant desired to see the king; his majesty approached, and after undergoing a strict examination, he made a profound bow, and ordered his men to let him pass.

This first adventure augured badly for the rest of the journey. It was difficult to believe that the secret would be kept by all those who now knew it. The king sent the major back, and once more seated in his little boat with his followers, rowed over the inundated fields in expectation of passing the Vistula before day-break, and thus getting beyond most of the posts of the enemy.

But what was his astonishment when his conductors stopped, after rowing about a mile, at a wretched hovel in the middle of the marsh! They told him that it was too late to pass the river, and that they must stay there the rest of the night and all the next day. In vain did Stanislaus expostulate: in vain represent to them the risk he incurred by stopping within sight of the enemy, and the consequent loss of so much precious time: they were deaf to his reasons, and would not stir an inch further. Fearful, perhaps, that in public they might betray themselves if they did not practise those airs of equality which they were to assume with the king, they now began to exercise them, and soon becoming perfect, made most unbounded use of the privilege.

But what was he to do with men who would take fire at the smallest contradiction? His fate was in their hands: he had trusted it to them. Stepping out of his boat therefore, he entered the house with as confident an air as if it had been a fortified place.

This hut consisted of one room only, and in this he could not find a corner for repose, nor could he have slept, if it had afforded a bed. To quiet his uneasiness and pass away the tedious hours that were before him, he undertook to make himself acquainted with his illustrious associates. A fourth had joined them at the ramparts, although he had been assured that his conductors would be only three in number: he was anxious to sift this man as well as his companions.

The first, who was the chief of the four, appeared to be a light-headed self-sufficient fellow. It was laughable to see him affect with the utmost seriousness the man of authority; assume an elevated and decisive tone, not permitting any one to give an opinion after him, and looking upon the least reply as a kind of rebellion. Stanislaus would have amused himself with this man's singularities, which are not incompatible with probity, if he had not reflected that thoughtlessness is sometimes more fatal than wickedness itself, and if he had not discovered through this rough petulance, other traits that made him a very unfit man to conduct him with safety. One would have supposed, to hear him speak, that his intention was to make the king seek every danger; besides, he seemed totally ignorant of the posts occupied by the enemy. The hope of a large reward had induced him to impose upon the marquis de Monti in this respect; which he did the more easily, as that minister, pressed by time, had not a moment to question him.

The new comer embarrassed the king the most. Stanislaus asked him who he was? He replied with an ingenuous and respectful air, intimating that he knew his majesty, that he was absconding from his creditors, having failed in trade, and was endeavouring to get over to Prussia, where he hoped to be beyond their pursuit.

A bankrupt, thought Stanislaus, a fugitive trader, bound by no tie to keep his secret, and who knew that by betraying him to the enemy, he would not only repair his losses, but receive a reward sufficient for all his future purposes without labour or commerce! what a companion was this!

He took great care, however, not to express his fears; a suspicious conduct frequently creates a traitor, when an appearance of confidence more frequently prevents treason. But all precaution towards this good man was useless. His zeal for the king was sincere and unbounded, and could Stanislaus have looked into his heart, his fears would have soon vanished.

The two others were what are called in German, *Szafaus*, and were both better acquainted with the road than the first; but if ever a germe of honour had been planted in their breasts, it was impossible to distinguish it amidst their brutal and ferocious manners.

The king spent the rest of the night stretched on a bench with his head in the lap of the trader, with whom he could converse best, as he understood the Polish language perfectly. Early in the morning he went to the door and cast his eyes towards Dantzick, which the enemy were constantly bombarding. His compassion for that unfortunate city was extremely increased when contemplated under his present circumstances, and from the spot on which he then stood. "This," said he to himself, "this then is the reward of the many who have been so true to me, and whose fidelity is about costing them their fortunes and perhaps their lives. Yes, my unhappy friends, the miseries you have already endured are shortly to be followed by calamities still greater?"

Overcome by his feelings—his heart penetrated with sorrow, his spirits forsook him. He ceased for a moment to meet with his accustomed calmness these distressing reflections; but fortunately his tears soon concealed from his view the objects before him; and recovering a little, he raised his hands to Heaven, beseeching it not to abandon him in this moment of languor and dejection.

He had just returned within the hut, when a general discharge of artillery from the batteries and fleet of the enemy brought him again to the door. The king conjectured that it was a signal for the surrender of the town. Faint and giddy he fell into the arms of Steinfliecht.

Whilst Stanislaus remained in this despondent state, the Polish lords within the town came to the ambassador's house, where they supposed their master had spent the night. Not seeing him appear, they concluded he was sick; for they knew that he was an early riser. De Monti persisted in declaring that his majesty was well, but had retired to bed late; and to deceive them the better, he begged they would make as little noise as possible. He was making this request of them when the firing was heard. Full of the idea of the king's escape, he could not but believe this to be the signal of his capture, and by an impulse which it was impossible to restrain, he exclaimed: "Great God! the king is taken!" These words that a moment after he regretted so much having uttered, revealed the secret which he alone held. Stanislaus, meantime, was only a mile off, and not only within sight, but within reach of his enemies. In a few moments the news of the king's retreat was

spread through the town, and even into the Russian and Saxon camps.

These were sinister and inauspicious events. The invisible hand of God threw them in his way to teach him to resign himself wholly to his guidance. Humble and pious, this virtuous prince placing his reliance upon a superintending Providence, embarked after night-fall, once more with his conductors. The route was through stiff reeds and shallow water; exposing them by the tracks of the boat to an immediate pursuit. Towards midnight they arrived at the banks of a river, which they supposed to be the Vistula. Under this supposition he parted from Steinflicht and the bankrupt, directing them to ascend the river's bank on foot, while he and his conductors strove to pull the boat through the marsh in the same direction.

Scarcely had they got beyond hearing when the king was informed by his guides that they had mistaken the river near which they were; for that it was the Nering and not the Vistula. During the whole night they continued exerting themselves in this shallow water, expecting every moment to enter the Vistula, or to overtake Steinflicht, until daylight surprized them in the middle of the marsh. It was now necessary to fix on a proper place for concealment. Every house seemed occupied by Cossacks and Russians, and the only alternative left was to chuse one, the master of which might enter into his schemes, either through interest or friendship.

The guides at this moment cast their eyes about, and recollecting a man of their acquaintance not far off, paddled up to his door. They landed, and conducting the king into a small loft, threw him a bundle of straw, on which they requested him to repose, whilst they kept watch below.

Stanislaus had not slept for two nights: he now endeavoured to compose himself to rest, but in vain: his boots were full of slime and water; Steinflicht was lost, and he had himself missed his route: these and a thousand melancholy thoughts conquered his drowsiness.

Unable to sleep, he looked through the only window in the room, and the first object that presented itself to his view was a Russian officer walking with measured steps in the adjoining meadow: two soldiers were close by with their horses: he trembled lest

he should have been betrayed. Hope, which is even more precious than courage, was now upon the point of forsaking him: hope, by which courage is often upheld and often inspired.

These Russians, however, soon rode off, and he retired to his straw, when footsteps were heard upon the ladder that led to his room. It was his hostess, sent by his conductors to warn him to be quiet. She teased him with a thousand impertinent questions, which Stanislaus evaded without discovering himself; and during the remainder of the day kept to his bed, deprived of the power of action in the midst of agitation, and awaiting in silent fear the most deplorable events.

The embassador had put into his pockets two hundred ducats at his departure from Dantzick. The weight of this money was extremely disagreeable to the king, who had been out of the habit of carrying any about him for some years past; he had therefore urged Steinflicht the preceding day to take charge of the whole of it; but this the general declined. Shortly after, the king feeling the inconvenience of its weight, renewed his request, which he again declined. After being a third time pressed, he consented to take the one half. The king was therefore obliged, in some measure, to keep the other half, and, now he was left alone, he considered this event as a special act of Providence, and drew from it in the afterpart of this day, the most consolatory hope; for what would he have done without this gold during the rest of his journey, when money was wanted, not only for his necessaries and comforts, but as bribes to the indiscreet, and rewards to the faithful?

Towards the close of day, Stanislaus came down and joined his conductors: they told him that the Vistula was not far off, and consented at his request to leave the house after dark. He could no longer mistrust men, who, having eaten and drank with his enemies, had preferred his safety to their own interest, and who, amidst the fumes of tobacco and strong beer, had had the courage and honour to guard him faithfully.

After incredible fatigue, principally on foot, sinking to their knees in mud, and their lives being oftentimes in jeopardy, they reached the banks of the Vistula. One of the men had secured a boat on the preceding day, for the passage of the river; he now went in search of it, and after an hour's absence, returned to inform

the king that it was gone, being most probably stolen by the Russians.

This was a sad disappointment: no alternative offered but to tread back their steps. They returned then to the marsh, where, after laboriously paddling for more than three miles, they fixed on a house as an assylum, which Stanislaus had no sooner entered than he was known.

"What do I see!" exclaimed the host the moment he perceived him? "You see one of our comrades," answered the guides: "Is there any thing remarkable about him?" "Indeed I am not mistaken," added this man; "It is king Stanislaus?" "Yes, my friend," said the king with a firm and confident countenance, "It is he himself; and by your face I judge you to be a man of too much honour to refuse me the assistance I now stand in need of."

This simple and natural avowal had the happiest effect imaginable, and is perhaps worthy of imitation: for even if it had not succeeded, it would have been the wisest step at that critical moment. This man was of a frank and open character; rude, indeed, but solid, rational, active, and determined, and one who would not easily have forgiven the king, if he had attempted to deceive him. By giving him his confidence he rendered him a warm friend; had he withheld it, he might have been a dangerous enemy: as it was, he promised Stanislaus to take him across the Vistula, and he kept his word. Full of zeal he left his house to search for a boat, and to fix upon a safe place for the king's embarkation.

It was now Wednesday, the 30th, and the king finding it impossible to sleep, gazed at the country through his garret window. The prospect was fine, but it did not interest him. Grief is not to be cast off at will, and the eye beholds every thing with a sickly hue when the mind is disturbed.

About five o'clock his host returned, and informed him that he had procured a boat belonging to a fisherman, at whose house two Moscovites were lodged, and added, that the danger was exceedingly great, since he himself had been stopped by parties, who were ranging through the country in search of his majesty, and that every person, in whatever dress or station, was strictly examined and questioned.

This was an additional, though not unexpected embarrassment; and Stanislaus, after much reflection, concluded to remain concealed where he was all that night and the following day.

At six o'clock in the evening, of the first of July, the master of the house, more active and judicious than all his conductors together, came in high spirits to announce that the Cossacks had retired; that the passage was free, and the boat ready three miles from where they were.

After dark this worthy man furnished the king with a horse, and preceding him a few steps, departed for the river. But soon, contrary to their expectations, they saw the encampments of the enemy. They proceeded, however, with great caution. The light of the fires in the flying camps was of some service; and the Russians would have been not a little mortified, if they had been told that the king was avoiding them by the blaze of their own fires!

New difficulties occurred in a few moments. The innkeeper, who had gone forward upon some discovery, was arrested, and liberated only by pretending that he was in search of stray horses. The king's conductors now became panic struck; nothing could arouse them to exertion; and as soon as the honest host again departed in search of another road, they laid themselves down on the ground, regardless of the king's entreaties, and almost deprived of sensation. At some fresh noise, however, their chief sprang up, and advised his companions to fly. The king seized his arm, and swore that if they attempted to leave him, he would instantly punish their perfidy by delivering himself and them to the nearest band of Cossacks, whom he threatened instantly to call.

Fortunately, his host soon returned; he assured the king that he could now proceed in safety. His cowardly guides were instantly on foot, and followed his majesty about a mile and a half, when they reached the Vistula: here they had to hide themselves to avoid a Russian cart that drove by. After it had passed, his host brought up the boat, which Stanislaus immediately entered, thankful to find himself at last in a fair way of accomplishing a passage that had been purchased by so much toil and anxiety.

When nearly on the opposite shore, the king took his host aside, and thanking him with great affection for all he had done, put into his hands as many ducats as he could grasp at once in his pocket. This, thought Stanislaus, was the right time for him to

disencumber himself of their weight; and he sought no less to reward that honest fellow, than to discharge a just and sacred debt. Surprised and abashed, the countryman stept back to avoid the gift. "No," said Stanislaus, "you must not refuse this; accept it, I pray: it is an additional favour I ask, and it must not be denied me."

As he pressed the money upon his host with great earnestness, that disinterested and generous man said to him in a whisper, that if to satisfy his majesty he must positively accept of something, he would take two ducats as a memento of the happiness of having seen and known him.

This noble and delicate behaviour was the more pleasing to the king, as it could scarcely be looked for in a man in his humble station. He took two ducats from the hand of Stanislaus with great appearance of respect and feeling, and thanked him as warmly as he could have done had he consented to receive all that his majesty possessed.

Just at the dawn of day, on the second of July, they landed near a large village, and the king, after giving a little rest to his conductors, hastened to continue his journey; for which purpose he despatched one of them to procure him some sort of carriage, let it cost what it would. In a couple of hours the fellow returned, but so drunk that he could scarcely stand. He brought with him, however, a man who was willing to hire him his wagon and two horses, provided he could be secured against the risk of losing his baggage, which consisted of various articles of merchandize, and which he pretended was in great hazard of being plundered by the Cossacks, whom he represented as more expert thieves than brave soldiers. This baggage he valued at twenty-five ducats, which the king purchased and immediately paid him for.

So hasty a purchase, made too by a man who appeared as a poor peasant, excited the attention of the bystanders. Their number increased in a little while, and they examined the king with great curiosity. Meantime the drunken guide, dazzled, no doubt, at the sight of the gold, began with an air of insolence to set a value on his services. He praised his fidelity and even his courage; he called to mind the hazards he had run: in a word, he declared that he would no longer be the dupe of any one, and insisted upon im-

stantly knowing what was to be his share of the reward promised by the king.

Of all the dangers Stanislaus had yet encountered, this was perhaps the greatest. Heated with liquor and governed by cupidity, the fellow's treacherous tongue stammered forth a mournful appeal to his credulous audience. Their compassion was awakened, and the king's secret upon the point of disclosure, when the chief of the guides, in whom Stanislaus had the least confidence, stept forward, and performed an act of which he thought him utterly incapable. Assuming an authoritative air, he commanded silence, and then addressing the drunken orator, "What right have you to complain?" asked he; "Have not we shared in your toils and dangers, and do you see us pretending to claims like these?" Then turning to the people, "Dont believe," added he, "what this man says; it is his foolish way, when in liquor, to believe himself in company with kings and princes: if you listen to him a little longer, you'll see that I shall be some great man, for whom, nevertheless, he will show no more respect than if he believed me to be what I am, a poor wretched peasant."

These words drew upon the drunkard the murmurs that he had endeavoured to excite against the king, and quieted the fears of Stanislaus, who made haste to begone. The turbulent guide was thrown into the wagon, while his majesty and the chief seated themselves among the goods: the third man was sent back to Dantzick to inform the marquis de Monti of their having safely passed the Vistula.

They drove off from the village without daring to ask the road lest they should be traced if pursued. Regulating their course by conjecture, they aimed at reaching the river Nogat, which it was necessary to pass. After traversing several villages, occupied both by Saxons and Russians, without being interrupted by either, they reached, at about eight in the evening, the banks of a river. A boat was near, which the men were preparing to enter, when the king, who was apprehensive of some mistake, asked a man who stood on the shore, whether that was the *Nogat*? "No, indeed," answered he, "it is the Vistula; the *Nogat* is four and a half miles from this."

How fortunate was this information! they were lost without resource if they had repassed that river. Walking into the village,

the king and his companions passed themselves for butchers from Marienbourg, who were desirous of getting over the Nogat to make some purchases of cattle. The inn-keeper represented it as very difficult, since all the boats had been seized by the enemy on account of the Polish troops being in the field on the opposite side. This was a new obstacle; yet, encouraged by the good fortune that had hitherto attended him, he retired to the barn, where he staid till daylight. Rejecting the dangerous advice of his guides, who wanted him to pass the bridge at Marienbourg, a town in possession of the Russians, he again set out for the Nogat. After travelling the computed distance, he stopt for information at a house where the Polish language alone was spoken. The king entered it, and said to the hostess that he wished to pass the *Nogat* for the purpose of procuring cattle, and begged her to point out the best method of accomplishing that object. "Why," said she, "you come at a fortunate moment, and I can spare you the trouble of crossing the river, which is no easy thing at present. I have myself some cattle to sell, and I know by your countenance that we shall soon agree about the price." The king affected to be delighted with this occurrence; "but," said he, "I cannot take them until I return, because I am going after a sum of money that is due to me, and a part of which I will with pleasure lay out in the purchase you propose." "But there is not a boat to be had," said she; "how will you manage?" "In any way you'll please to point out," replied the king with an air that seemed to show that he placed his whole reliance on her; "for," added he, "it is impossible that having continual occasion to communicate with the opposite shore, you should be destitute of every method of crossing to it." "I see," rejoined she, "that you are a good kind of a man, and I will send my son to conduct you about a mile from this, where, on his making a signal, a fisherman who lives on the other side will come over with a small boat that he keeps concealed in his house." The king listened to this arrangement with great satisfaction, and after thanking the good woman, left her house accompanied by her son.

They soon arrived at the banks of the Nogat, when the young man made his signal. In a moment a fisherman came from his hut, dragging along the shore a light skiff, which he lunched and paddled towards them. The king jumped in, taking one of the

peasants with him: the other he directed to stay with the wagon, that could not be ferried over, and to wait the return of his comrade, whom Stanislaus intended to send back the same day.

He was no sooner landed than he raised his eyes to Heaven, and as they overflowed with tears of gratitude, thanked Almighty God for conducting him through so many dangers to a place of safety.

At a village hard by the king purchased another wagon and horses, with which he drove towards Mariendwerder, a small Prussian town, having previously dismissed his guide, making him the bearer of a note to the French minister, containing two words in cypher, denoting his happy escape. In high spirits and seated on the cross-board of this rough vehicle, the amiable and worthy Stanislaus entered that town a few hours after. When arrived at its gates, he evaded the questions of a centinal—he traversed its streets, smiling at the sorry appearance of his equipage and driver. Show and pomp at this moment would not have added to the joy he felt. He had faithfully and wisely administered the affairs of his kingdom during the short time of tranquillity enjoyed by it; his subjects held him in great affection; his conscience was calm and satisfied, and his enemies themselves could not withhold from him their esteem. These were consoling reflections amid his misfortunes. It belongs to those only who have been deservedly overwhelmed by calamities, or who have sustained them without courage, to contemplate them with sorrow.

S. B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

THE following is one of an extensive and diversified series of letters written by an American gentleman of talents and observation, during a late tour through different parts of England. Like many other travellers, the author of these letters wrote them at first partly for his own amusement, and to serve in part as memorandums of places he had visited, objects he had seen, and observations he had made. As is usually the case, under such circumstances, matter presented itself so abundantly from all quarters, that, in a short time, the letters had become unexpectedly voluminous. On his return home,

our traveller's manuscript fell into the hands of a few of his friends, who concurred in advising him to have it immediately printed. This his modesty has hitherto induced him to decline. We have prevailed on him, however, to furnish us with a few of his letters for insertion in the Port Folio. Should they be received by the public with the welcome which we think they merit, they will, at no very distant period, be given to the world in the form of a volume.—The writer of them being in the number of our friends, we shall feel ourselves personally gratified and obliged by any candid and judicious remarks with which we may be furnished touching their general character and fitness for appearing in such a shape.

ED.

Visit to Warwick; castle of the earl of Warwick; the Priory; Guy's Cliff house; paintings of Mr. Greathead.

THE nature of my business and the mode in which I was determined to execute it, obliged me to remain much longer in Birmingham than I had intended, and it was not until the 22nd of August that I bade adieu to this favourite abode of the arts. On this day I set off for London, by the way of Warwick, distant twenty miles.

Immediately after passing through Deritend, which is a suburb of Birmingham, I noticed the brick walls of a very stately house, on a beautiful lawn, a little to the left of the road.—On making inquiry I was told it was once the residence of Mr. Taylor, who suffered with Dr. Priestley and a few others, from the savage fury of a mob in 1791. His house and furniture were burnt; and as a memento and proof of the licentious wickedness of the people, he permits the naked walls to remain,—refusing to sell the ground, and unwilling to improve it. Mr. Taylor has done as I would have done myself under similar circumstances; and to perpetuate more fully the maddeping folly of a people, I would have reared a pillar or monument on the spot, with an appropriate inscription, to express my detestation of an act which was dishonourable to the government, which bade defiance to the laws, made a mockery of justice, and set at nought the sacred rights of individuals. Mobs are disgraceful to any government or to any people; and in addition to the strong arm of the law which should be stretched forth to quell the many-headed monster, all lovers of order should unite to oppose tumultuous assemblages; and the severest penalties ought to be enforced against all who should be found violating the bulwark of every man's right.

My seat was on the outside of the coach, which afforded me an opportunity of beholding much delightful scenery.—A few miles from Warwick, on the right of the road, I passed the residence of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Parr,—a man who claims the first rank in classical literature. His arms were emblazoned on the front of his house. I arrived at Warwick about mid-day.

It being a term for the assizes, I met with considerable difficulty in procuring a room; but having a letter of introduction to Mr. Parks, I found in his hospitality very ample amends for the want of accommodation at the inn where the coach had left me. I was introduced to a most interesting family, with whom I remained several days, enjoying that peculiar gratification which is always afforded by unaffected kindness, and genuine politeness.

I have rarely seen a female with a mind more cultivated than that of Mrs. Parks; and with a taste for literature, she possesses an affability, not commonly associated with the higher order of female talents, which rendered her company and conversation both desirable and interesting.

Her superior mind was evinced on many occasions, and it was strongly marked in the advanced state of her children's education. She gave them by her example and by her precepts, a taste for improvement, which was hastened almost beyond their years; and it might also be said of them, that they loved learning for learning's sake.

Warwick is a small town, containing about seven thousand inhabitants. The houses are generally good, and the streets well paved, neat, and cleanly; they are spacious and regular, forming a junction in the centre of the town. The buildings are principally of stone, which is easily procured, for the whole town is built on a soft rock, and all the principal entrances to the town are cut through it. Some of the public buildings, as the town hall, and the church of St. Nicholas, are worth viewing. The latter has a very lofty spire or steeple.

From the order, quiet, and cleanliness of Warwick, it will soon be discovered not to be a place of trade, and that it is not the seat of manufactures. The only important one is of worsted for the supply of Leicester, Nottingham, and other markets, and is the property of Mr. Parks.

The Avon nearly washes the walls of the town, and is here rather a sluggish and turbid stream.

Warwick has claims to antiquity, and has been the sport of fortune, or it has experienced a variety of fates. The assizes and quarter sessions are held here. Adjoining the court-house is the jail, which is of free-stone, large, and commodious. I had occasion to visit it several times, and was much pleased to observe the uncommon cleanliness which was preserved in it. Prisoners are not crowded together; one, and sometimes two are lodged in the same room, each having a decent bed.

From the jail there is a subterranean communication to the court room, to conduct the prisoners when they are summoned to their trial.

I say I had occasion to visit the jail, and as the result of the business which called me there has led to some important conclusions, they will be hereafter related in detail.

Warwick is not on the direct road to London, but I had taken it on my way to the latter place, that I might see the castle,—the property of the earl of Warwick. It presents a venerable and massive pile, with two towers, and is situated on the northern bank of the Avon, which is here very narrow and deep. The cliff on which it is built is forty feet above the level of the river. I was informed that the deranged state of the finances of the proprietor of this very magnificent and princely abode, did not, at the period of my visit to it, permit him to occupy it.

After passing the outer gate and lodge, I proceeded a little way on a fine gravel walk to the splendid abode of nobility, and was ushered from room to room with the ceremony usual on such occasions, and which scarcely permits visitors to do more than glance hastily at the pomp and magnificence which seize on the eyes. The furniture, the interior finishing, the paintings, busts, and adjacent grounds, are all in a style suited to the magnificence of such a building. Most of the bureaus, escrutoires, and tables, were either of brass inlaid with steel, or vice versa: some were covered with tortoise shell, curiously inlaid with silver, and the tops of others were of various coloured stones, arranged with much taste and neatness. Among a vast variety of objects formed to please the eye of fancy and to gratify a luxurious taste, I saw the bed of state in which

queen Anne once had slept.* It was sacred, and forbidden to be touched by the unhallowed fingers of the plebeian race. To prevent pollution, a lable was attached to one of the posts as a warning to visitors. The paintings have been collected at a great expense, and many of them are from the best schools, and by the most admired masters; at least you are told such a one is done by Corregio, another by Reubens, Titian, Vandyke, &c. Connoisseurs might have distinguished the pieces of each master, and said in what their peculiar excellencies consisted; but, unversed in matters of this sort, I was incapable of designating the fine touches of one, or the defects in another. A full length portrait of Francis Loyola attracted my notice most particularly, for the admirable and animated expression of the countenance. Another, of Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, who so successfully engaged in several actions, the British fleets, about the close of the seventeenth century, is also finely executed.

He is represented with a broom in his hand, in illustration of one he carried at the top-mast head of his ship, declaring he would sweep the enemies of his country from the ocean.

A mere notice or enumeration of all the paintings which adorn the rooms of this magnificent abode, would have taken up much more time than strangers are generally allowed. They are permitted to look, to gaze, and to wonder, but not to examine and to criticise. A painting in full size of Charles II, on horseback, when viewed at the proper distance and place, i. e. from the opposite end of a long and narrow passage, has a fine effect, and the figures almost seem to be in motion.

The armoury, which fills a spacious room, is more for the pomp and parade of show, than for utility. It consists of a very considerable collection of curious guns, swords, pistols, cannons, daggers, shields, helmets, bows, arrows, &c. The armour which was worn by Guy, earl of Warwick, when he slew the Danish champion, Colbrand, was shown to me; as was also the covering of finely polished steel wire, formed into little rings, which once graced the

* The castle suffered to a great amount from an accidental fire in 1694. It was re-built by the aid of parliament; and by a gift from queen Anne. To this circumstance may be probably owing the respect which is paid to her memory, in preserving with so much care the bed just mentioned.

person of the Amazonian queen Elizabeth. Here was a complete coat of mail, such as was worn formerly by warriors in the tented field. Such things carries the mind back to a period, when Englishmen had scarcely emerged from the darkness and barbarity of their origin; and were as much unlike their progeny in their habits, manners, and education, as the latter are from the rude and unpolished savage of the wilderness.

Taste and elegance adorn the grounds adjacent, and belonging to this spacious and superb mansion. Disposed in the finest style, intersected by beautiful serpentine gravel walks, with here and there a verdant copse and grove, the visitor is insensibly led on to indulge in the charms of rural beauties, while silence invites him to pleasing contemplation.

On an ascending grass-plat is the green-house, which is very large, and filled with flowers and shrubs from every quarter of the habitable globe. In the centre of the room, elevated a few feet from the ground, on a white marble pedestal, is the beautiful vase of the same stone, which was dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum, and presented to the earl of Warwick, by his relation the late Mr. Hamilton, who, at the time of its discovery was minister from the court of Great Britain, to that of Naples. This fine monument of the taste of the ancients, and of the perfection to which they had brought the art of sculpture, could contain, as I was told, about sixty gallons. The upper and exterior edge was adorned, in alto relievo, with heads, festoons, bunches of grapes, &c. all of which were in the best preservation, except one head, which had been supplied by a modern artist.

In front of the castle and grounds belonging to it, is the "soft flowing Avon,"—a stream which is rendered memorable from being that on which the prince of the drama was born.*

Near to the castle was formerly a bridge over the Avon of twelve arches. As rendering the domain too public, it has been demolished within a few years, and its place supplied by a very handsome one a few hundred yards above.

* Shakspeare drew his first breath at Stratford, about nine miles from Warwick, and was interred in the parish church there, in 1564. Of the birth-place of this great and original genius, I shall speak hereafter.

Guy's tower is within fifty yards of the castle. I ascended to the top of it by a circular flight of one hundred and thirty-three steps, and from thence had a view of four counties, and a part of Coventry.

Adjacent to Warwick, but on the opposite side from the castle, is the "Priory," an ancient building, the seat of Christopher Wise, esquire.

At the time of my visit, it was uninhabited, the owner having forsaken the old mansion for a residence in Somersetshire, in consequence of an unfortunate alliance in marriage.

This place has all the charms of rural scenery;—fine groves, beautiful lawns, extensive gravel walks, a well cultivated garden, and here and there through the adjacent grounds, a majestic oak, the growth of centuries, casting its dark shade over the green plats, but it had not the charms of society.

All was lonely, dull, and gloomy. Neither the lowing of the herd, the bleating of sheep, nor the barking of the watch-dog, arrested the notice of the visitor, and aroused him from the reverie which such a place was calculated to produce. The interesting objects of this rural spot produced a less pleasing effect on the mind, from the silence which here reigned triumphant, without the presence of animated nature.

One mile from Warwick, and immediately on the bank of the Avon, is Guy's cliff house, so called from the steep bank on which the mansion is built, and because it was once the habitation of Guy, earl of Warwick. It is now the seat of Bertie Greathead, esqr. and is about one hundred and fifty yards on the right of the road which leads to Coventry. How different this from the seat just described.

I was alone when I visited this place, and I had an agreeable walk, principally through meadows, before I got into the main road to Coventry.

Guy's cliff house is said to be the place whither he retired and closed his life as a hermit, after he had defeated Colbrand.

A pit or cell about twelve feet deep, and five feet wide cut in the rock on which the gothic building stands, is shown as the place wherein he lived; and visitors are also shown a rude statue, in the

ancient chapel, cut out of the rock, eight feet eleven inches in height, as being an exact representation of this renowned champion.*

Sir William Dugdale, in his antiquities of Warwickshire, asserts, that in Guy's cell the bones of St. Dubritius the Saxon, were found. I am not disposed to scrutinize the truth of these legends, nor will I doubt their veracity. As no moral ill results from their being told, I will allow others to be gratified as I was, at their recital.

The Avon at this spot is a deep sluggish stream, bordered on one side by fertile meadows, and on the other by steep banks. On one of the most abrupt of these, and almost on the verge of the precipice, stands the spacious and elegant mansion of Mr. Greathead. My visit to this romantic and delightful spot, was less to view its antiquities, or to inquire into the circumstances connected with the life of Guy, than to see the paintings of Mr. Greathead's son, who was represented to me as having attained a perfection in the art which had given him a high celebrity, and rendered his death a national calamity. He died a few years since in Italy, in the twenty-third year of his age. Mr. Greathead was said to be one of the most accomplished men in Europe, uniting all the higher qualities of the gentleman, with the acquirements of the scholar. He had been the constant companion of his son in his travels, embracing every opportunity which Europe could furnish of improving his talents, and directing his taste to proper subjects; when death, that relentless tyrant, who mows down all without distinction, and summons with arbitrary will, whomsoever he pleases, cut short the brilliant career of this extraordinary genius, and blasted

* The celebrated combat between the English earl and the Danish giant, historians say took place in the reign of Athelstan, near the city of Winchester. Though the tale is much enveloped in fable, yet the "ground work of the history" says Mr. Milner, "is founded on so many ancient records, and supported by innumerable traditions, as likewise by a great number of monuments still existing, or that existed until of late, that to reject it savors of scepticism." Certain monuments aid the tradition on this subject. Thus it is recorded in the city of Winchester, that in the north wall of the city, there is a turret called Athelstan's chair, from which the king is said to have viewed the combat. There was also at one time a representation of the battle, in stone, in the wall of the city; and at Guy's cliff "two statues were shown, one of a very tall man, the other of a little man, in the attitude of fighting." The axe which Colbrand used was preserved for many years in the cathedral.

forever the flattering hopes of his parents and friends. His paintings have passed the ordeal of criticism by the first masters, and have been equally admired for their design and execution. His portraits are said to be inimitable likenesses; and he finished one of himself, not inferior to any other.

I recognized among many others, the strongly marked and expressive countenance of Bonaparte, which he had taken from the original in Paris.

For a copy of an historical piece taken from one in the Louvre, he had been offered five hundred guineas.

In a country where genius is so much fostered, and the arts so liberally rewarded, what a loss is such a man! If such were the productions of so juvenile an artist, what was not to have been expected from his pencil, at maturer years, when his taste had been improved, his judgment strengthened, and his mind more richly and amply stored?

The valuable library of Mr. Greathead occupies a distinct and spacious apartment: it is filled with several thousand volumes, and a number of natural and artificial curiosities. While some other visitors were strolling through the apartments, I remained in the library. The furniture is suited to the mansion, and evinces the fine taste of the proprietor.

In the entrance hall my attention was arrested by a number of statues in plaster, but especially by one of the celebrated Venus de Medici; a few marble busts of exquisite sculpture, also attracted and demanded my notice.

The grounds attached to this princely abode, are disposed in an appropriate stile. After spending a few hours at this sequestered, beautiful, and highly cultivated spot, the abode of science and of taste, and in former days, the retreat and burial place of a renowned champion; I returned to Warwick most highly gratified.

Savannah, Geo. March, 1814.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANSWER TO REMARKS ON INSTINCTIVE IMPULSES.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOUR correspondent's second criticism of my last pamphlet on Instinctive Impulses is written with an asperity, which I could not have anticipated when I made the extract of one or two paragraphs from the pen of a lawyer in the Edinburgh Review.

As laws have not been enacted by inspired men, and were many of them introduced at a less enlightened period than the present, without a development of inconveniences by experience, the English writer with propriety, recommends the abolition of *absurd formalities*, of which individuals, (not the expounders of the law) too frequently avail themselves, to defeat equitable claims, or to set aside just titles.

Your correspondent in his first criticism, accused me of *a trick of the most glaring and disingenuous kind, in endeavouring to fire possess the female portion of my readers in my favour*, and now charges me with ungenerous and absurd accusations of the gentlemen of the bar, throughout the United States: surely I have not displayed much policy in this selection of my objects for a combat; for who would not prefer a controversy with Ladies to one with Lawyers—in truth, I neither intended to flatter the former nor to offend the latter, and it was with equal surprise and regret, that I found myself suspected with *thinking that the gentlemen of the bar one and all deserved the gallows*. Fortunately for me your correspondent, appealing to my candour, asks whether I have not found as much information, refinement, and private worth amongst them as in Europe, and I thank him for the opportunity thus afforded of expressing with sincerity, my high estimation of their learning, eloquence, and integrity, combined with polished manners and cordial hospitality: I could with pleasure say more, but must restrain the *Impulse*, lest the language of truth should be misconstrued into flattery to avert further acrimony.

If a government were to prescribe a particular mode to build houses, I should not expect architects or builders to relinquish their professions, because they could not prevail upon the government to introduce more convenient plans; neither can I condemn lawyers for adhering to preceding incongruities, because legislators have not established perfection in jurisprudence.

The author of the paragraphs quoted by me from the Edinburgh Review, after "unfolding the sources of that superstitious veneration, which veils the head indiscriminately to whatever has long stood in the place of worship, and which considers *precedent* and *usage*, as at least equal in authority to *equity* and *common sense*," laments with lord Hale, that, "sages are afraid to reform the laws," and concludes with expressing his astonishment, "at the singular adherence of the American States to the common law of England, a system in many points equally repugnant to their government and their circumstances."

Can it be denied that there are different forms of proceedings in the several states, and that there are different rates of interest for money? In short, must not every candid man allow the propriety of gradual improvements, for simplicity and uniformity?—Your correspondent indeed, gives an instance of speedy process in Pennsylvania for the recovery of a claim, but does not the *law's delay*, of which Shakspeare complained, exist in other states? Having mentioned interest, let me ask whether the ancient law is founded in justice which prohibits compound interest? Suppose a mortgagee after postponement from lenity and after the delays of foreclosure proceedings in chancery, obtains payment after the expiration of fifteen years, will not his debtor have gained about 8,000 dollars on the retention of 10,000 dollars so long?—Does not the law in this case encourage the borrower to withhold payment of his loan, and is it equitable that a debtor should be tempted by the law itself to a breach of punctuality, and an act of injustice?—A thief may purloin a small sum, but here a defendant may keep your money for several years with the law to support him, and even when the chancellor gives his decree, how does the mortgagee's account stand? *viz.*

Loss by not receiving compound interest,	-	-	\$ 8,000
Cost of lawyers and travelling,	-	-	500
Vexations apprehension and risk,	-	-	1,000
Sacrifices to meet engagements in consequence of mortgager's default,	-	-	1,000
			10,500
What is he allowed?	-	costs,	\$ 10.

After this the mortgager appeals to gain further delay, and a similar result takes place after the mortgagee perhaps has lost his health or his life.

I acknowledge with satisfaction, that I have enjoyed the hilarity of the firesides of gentlemen of the bar, and partaken of their hospitality, with, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" but I never retired with ingratitude and malignity, to pen a sentence of invective and reproach; of this heavy accusation, my conscience acquits me, and I trust that your correspondent will eraze this count from his declaration. He will never find me one of those, who, "having visited this country for my own gratification, afterwards abuse it for the amusement of friends abroad"—The *natural desire* to see perfection in those we love, makes us solicitous to have little defects removed, and a similar *impulse* prompted me cursorily to intimate that the laws were capable of improvement—Law I admit is the security of life and property, and expenditures on courts and jurists are the price we pay for liberty; but may not useless forms and unnecessary circumlocution, render protection more burthensome than is requisite? I have seen fortifications strengthened, by the removal of superfluous and endangering outworks—I have perceived religion purified by the abolition of frivolous rituals, and I imagine that laws may be simplified by expunging some useless formalities.

Upon reconsideration of your correspondent's remarks, I am induced to hope that he is a friend in disguise, who deeming my essay calculated to do good, has adopted this apparently unkind mode to bring it into notice, and to draw me into the field of argument, where he says, he will be happy to break a lance with me on some future day.

As my disposition is to avoid controversy, and as I perceive that my formidable antagonist has the power to "make the worse appear the better cause," I must decline his challenge—Should I have the happiness to become acquainted with him, I will apply to him the anecdote related of the king of Prussia, who seeing general Laudon modestly stationed at the bottom of his table, exclaimed, "come up general, I had rather have you on my side than opposed to me."—

It will require time to particularise evil, and to suggest remedies in compliance with your correspondent's request; for I am convinced that he would not wish me to be precipitate in reformation. If, however, he will kindly cooperate, I think we may diminish litigation about one-third, and thereby add much tranquillity, if even we shall not augment the security of the community. I can fancy him to exclaim, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

ASIATICUS.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have just glanced with great satisfaction through the last number of the "Emporium of Arts and Sciences," conducted by professor Cooper, of Dickinson college, and published by Kimber and Richardson, of this city. In the estimation of those acquainted with the vast and varied resources of the editor, conjoined with his attention and never-tiring industry, his name alone must stamp a value on every work in which he is concerned. In furnishing materials for that which we are now considering, he appears to move peculiarly within his own province. For the extent and correctness of his knowledge of the principles and processes of the arts and manufactures, in Great Britain, France, and elsewhere, perhaps Mr. Cooper is inferior to no man of the present or of any former period. His sources of information appear to have been books, correspondence by letter, and personal observation; and he has evidently profited most amply of them all. His business now is merely to empty on paper a part of the rich and multifarious storehouse of his mind, and a volume is formed.

Into the last number, in particular, the editor has contrived to throw a great variety of matter, all of it important, and some of it not a little curious and amusing. As a specimen of the latter, we extract the following "Remarks" from his own pen, warmly recommending the entire work to public attention.

The preceding series of papers on isinglass, glue, rope-making, and tea trays, suggest methods of saving scraps and fragments that would otherwise be thrown away as useless. The parings of leather might be further applied,

as in England, to the making of snuff boxes, pocket inkstands, segar boxes, &c. The articles are reduced to shavings, macerated in warm water, and pressed in moulds of the required shape and size. They are then dried and varnished, the black with black japan, the brown with amber varnish.

In the hot summer of the year 1780 (the summer of the memorable lord George Gordon Riots) I attended during the long vacation of the colleges at Oxford, a course of anatomical lectures under Mr. Sheldon (who afterward published on the anatomy of the lymphatic system.) After that course, I, with several other anatomical students, attended veterinary dissections at a repository for dead horses in St. John's, Clerkenwell. I there was taught how usefully the meanest and most trifling articles might be employed under the direction of scientific skill: and I have from that time ceased to wonder at the pre-eminence in manufactures which the English have obtained, who so well know the value of saving and of using, what the negligent ignorance of foreign artists would abandon as worthless. We have a tolerably good poem on the life and death of a blood horse, "The high mettled racer," tracing his progress from being the favourite of the turf, through all the grades of hardships, till he is worn out with hunger, labour and blows, in the cart of the scavenger; I fear, a faithful account, not much to the credit of British humanity. I will now trace the progress of a *dead horse* through all the stages of his posthumous utility, greatly to the credit of the skill and frugality of that most ingenious people, as economical manufacturers.

A gentleman's horse dies. The routine of disposing of the dead animal, is this.

He is sent to the saddler, who gives credit for him at a guinea. The saddler gives notice to the currier, who has the horse conveyed to some repository for dead horses; where he is skinned, and the currier takes away the skin, leaving the carcase. The skin, is depiled by lime, dressed and tanned in the usual way: the offal of the skin cut off by the currier is sold to the glue maker: the offal of the leather during the process or after tanning, is laid by and sold to the makers of snuff-boxes, &c.

The dead horse is a subject for dissection to young students in comparative anatomy, who pay for the licence of going to the repository, a guinea a quarter. The flesh is then cut off, boiled, and sold to people who hawk it about the streets of London in wheelbarrows, as cat's meat and dog's meat, at 1 1-2d. per lb.

The hoofs, are sold to the makers of Prussian blue. The bones, are sold to two descriptions of manufacturers: 1st, to the makers of cart-grease, who reside at the outskirts of London, and boil the bones for the sake of the fat and marrow; which, when cold, is skimmed off, and mixed with an equal quantity of tar to make the composition necessary to grease carriage wheels. Or, secondly, they are sold to the manufacturers of volatile alkali, who make spirit

of hartshorn, and sal ammoniac out of them, by distilling in large iron cylinders. The bones thus boiled down, used in my time, to be sent back again to a steam mill near St. John's, Clerkenwell, where they were ground into a coarse powder, and sold as a top dressing for grain crops. T. C.

Delaplaine's Repository of the portraits and lives of the heroes, philosophers, and statesmen of America.

Proposals for a semi-annual publication entitled as above, have been this moment placed in our hands. Believing the work calculated to prove creditable to our country—to awaken and diffuse among us sentiments of patriotism and honourable devotion to the American character, we hail its intended appearance with a peculiar welcome, and hasten with pleasure to announce it to the public. The forward state of our arrangements for the present number of the Port Folio, prevents us from dwelling on it at this time. We must therefore, till another occasion, rest content with recommending it to the patronage of our fellow citizens, and wishing it a degree of success, corresponding to the laudable views of its publisher.

THE author of the original anecdotes of Peter the Great, we understand, has now in the press, another edition of that work. He proposes to enrich this volume with many new anecdotes of that celebrated personage. Every thing connected with Russia has become unusually interesting. The important part which she is acting on the theatre of nations, renders us peculiarly alive to the genius of a monarch, who first reformed the ferocious and turbulent character of his people, superseded brutal force by law and justice, and by the combined agency of arts and letters, turned savages into men.

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The following persons have been elected members of that body since January, 1813:

FOREIGN.

Andrew John Rezjus, professor of natural history, &c. in the university of Lund, in Sweden.

Constant Dumeril, professor of zoology in the Jardin des Plantes, &c. Paris.

DOMESTIC.

Alexander Wilson, ornithologist, (since deceased);

George Pollok;

Benjamin R. Morgan;

John Sergeant;

Nicholas Biddle;

W. P. C. Barton, M. D.;

William Meredith;

Charles Chauncey;

Reuben Haines;

William Hemble, junior;

James Cutbush;

Reverend Frederick Beasley, D. D. provost of the University of Pennsylvania; *all of Philadelphia.*

John E. Hall, of Baltimore.

N. S. Allison, M. D. of Burlington, New Jersey.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE ON GENIUS. BY H. C. KNIGHT.

HUNGER blight thee, and thy Peers!
Surfeiture thy dreams await!
PENURY! mid clouds of fears,
With Scorn and cold Neglect, sit'st thou in ghastly state?
Hast thou heart of flint or steel?
Meagre Prince of mining care!
Can'st not mortal gauntness feel?
Bid'st thou Genius feed on air?
Hunger shrink thee, ruthless foe!
Repletion rack thy fitful rest!
Seek thy nurse, to Famine go,
Drain again her barren breast!
Incompetent thine art is found,
To pinion Genius to the ground.
As veil the sun eclipsing clouds,
So Genius haggard Want enshrouds.
As bursts through clouds the solar beam,
So Worth through mists of wo will gleam;
So blazon Genius to deserv'd esteem.
Blush, Scotia, blush, thy BURNS was poor;
Misfortune dar'd on him to lower,
An heir unstinted to the Muses' dower.
Still look'd he in Fortune's face, and smil'd;
Still warbled he on his wood-notes wild;
And cares discarded, in their stead,
With Love, and his coy Muse, poetic dalliance led.
Genius not local bars oppose,
Though Penury scowl o'er his way:—
Imposing JOHNSON proudly rose,
Majestic burst through clouds to day,
Drowning in floods of light, his glimmering, fading foes.
A flower on greenest banks of Helicon,
Full blown, ere others bud, rose CHATTERTON.

Cowl'd in a mist of black distress, was by,
Foul fiend of sooty wing, Adversity!

Who daily round the flower did walk,
'Till, last, unwatch'd, he pluckt it from its stalk.

Idol belov'd! whom Muses vaunting cite,
(Akin to later Dermody and White,)

Thy Muse, enmask'd, in antique garb bedight,
Hid not thy mental sun's unwonted light,

Too soon, alas! withdrawn, and set in endless night!

For no meteor Hope, shed her gladdening ray,
Through the fogs of affliction, eclipsing thy day.

COLLINS! to Lyrists not entire unknown,
Born wed to woes, peculiarly thine own,

Yet, intermittent, through the shades thy star of genius shone,
When deigned thy pensive harp to sigh its touching tone.

Lo! DRYDEN stemming the repugnant tide,
The stubborn wave surmounting with indignant pride.

Alas! with truth it should be said,
Immortal Dryden wrote for bread,

And many a brainless hind far more luxuriant fed!

Famish'd—he drank Castalian dews!

Humble—he woo'd the loftiest Muse!

Oft with the inspiring, and adoring Nine,
Held his rapt spirit colloquy divine.

Proudly thy name the tide of Time shall bear,
Triumphant riding through the distant, unborn year!

And OTWAY, heart-appealing bard,
Doom'd wast thou to struggle hard;

Though true to Nature swell'd thy lays,
Thy patronage was—starveling praise!

Lo, BUTLER, laughing-genius ripe!
Worthy thy peerless Archetype!

Thou Bard of two-edged wit! thou Man of various lore!
Complaining Echoes murmur thou wast poor.

But genius such as thine,
Needs not a lisp of mine,

That Kings did quote, and Courtiers admire,
Thy colonelling Sir Hudibras, and disputatious Squire,

Who did such feately charge at holy Bigots fire.

Fortune! though thou scowl and lower,

Mightier than thou is Genius found!

Penury! he spurns thy power,

Firm to chain him to the ground!

Let drop the sympathetic tear,

O'er humbled Genius wail.

CERVANTES was to Want an heir,

Quixote conceiv'd in jail!

That child of learning, child of fun,

Enamour'd Humour's darling son;—

To kindred souls, alas! an ill-according tale!

Father of Genius! HOMER, thou,

Though ever-verdant chaplets now,

Entwine thy hoary, sainted brow,

Wast doom'd to stroll and sing;

Though oft thy home was bleakest air,

And storms behowl'd thy rugged lair,

Constrain'd the scorn of fools to bear,

Thy Muse ne'er flagg'd her wing.

Peace to thy Shade, great Master of the Epic Lyre!

And, oh! prophetic tell—if mortal may aspire!

What unborn Bard shall wed thy widowed Muse of fire!

Oft doom'd to suffer while on earth;

Born under baleful star,

To fight through Envy's war,

Triumphant Genius springs to birth.

While these to Civic honours rise,

And those make Peru's mines their prize,

No sordid care his vision haunts,

For intellectual wealth he pants,

And scorning grovelling Lucre's taunt,

Toils proudly through the labyrinth of want.

All hail! Tempëan vales! Idalian bowers!

Strong-featur'd Cliffs! and moon-reflectèd Towers!

Dear haunts that Genius woos,

Congenial to his Muse.

Stretch'd on the moss-grown bank, I see thee now,
 A melancholy grandeur decks thy brow;
 Deep lines of thought spread o'er thy cheeks
 And thine eyes' frenzy thy rapt soul bespeaks.
 Boundless thy fame shall fly,
 Each rancorous shaft defy,
 And though thine high-born offspring sleep—shall never die.
 Though Envy rob thee of thy due,
 Envy, mother of the viper breed!
 And Prejudice that looks askew,
 Daughter of Envy, jaundice-eyed;
 With all their carping force allied,
 Are blind to award thy rightful meed;—
 Their strength shall fail to tear thy bays,
 Or blot thy name from after days;
 For, when thy spirit quits the earth,
 Thy death shall prove thy second birth.
 From the womb of the tomb,
 Will pinion'd Merit, soaring rise;
 There Fame is born, there Envy dies.
 Be grave-paid honours, **GENIUS**, thine;
 Be thine ashes held divine!

LINES

Written at the Falls of the Passaick

In a wild tanquill vale fringed with forests of green,
 Where Nature had fashioned a soft sylvan scene,
 The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer
 Passaick in silence roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,
 No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
 Here the wild flowret blossom'd, the elm proudly wav'd,
 And pure was the current the green banks that lav'd.

But the spirit that rul'd o'er the thick tangled wood,
 And deep in its gloom fix'd his murky abode,

Who lov'd the rude scenes that the whirlwind deforms
And gloried in thunders, and lightning, and storms,

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
The noise of the warwhoop still rang in his ears,
And a fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears.

Oh! deep was the horror, and fierce was the fight,
When the eyes of the red men were shrouded in night,
When by strangers invaded, by strangers destroyed,
They ensanguin'd the fields their forefathers enjoy'd.

Lo! the sons of the forest in terror retire,
Pale savages chase them with thunder and fire,
In vain whirls the war-club, in vain twangs the bow,
With thunder and fire are his warriors laid low.

From defeat and from carnage the fierce spirit came,
His breast was a tumult, his passion was flame;
Despair swells his heart, fury maddens his ire,
And black scowls his brow, o'er his eye-balls of fire.

With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd,
With its fragrant wild flowers and its wide spreading shade,
Where Passaick meanders in silence unseen,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He riv'd the green hills, the wild woods he laid low,
He bade the pure stream in new channels to flow,
He rent the rude rocks, the steep precipice gave,
And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

A scene of strange ruin he scatter'd around,
Where cliff pil'd on cliff in stern majesty frown'd,
Where shades of thick foliage embrown'd the dark wood,
And rainbow and mist mark'd the turbulent flood.

Countless moons have since pass'd in the long lapse of time,
Cultivation has softened the fractures sublime,
The care of the white man has lighten'd the shade,
And dispell'd the dark gloom from the thicket and glade.

But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye
On rocks rudely torn and groves mounted on high,
Still delights on the cliff's dizzy border to roam
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.

A MERCHANT'S COMPLAINT.

IN a cold empty warehouse I peevishly write,
With no spark to warm, but the Muse's dim light;
Dim light! ay, to me—for these coquetish lasses,
Shed all their bright radiance on pitiful asses,
While I am left pining alone in the dark,
And praying, in vain, for one—only one, spark;
Which I ne'er can obtain, though so humbly I bow,
And flatter these *cloy ones* with many a vow;
Though I swear to be faithful to them and to Love,
If they'd only but warm me with sparks from above;
Though I tell them how often I puzzle my brains,
And beg that their *Museships* would pity my pains:
But, alas! I am spurn'd from their shrine with disgrace—
“Thou merchant! begone, learn to herd with thy race!
“In vain 'tis thou begg'st the bard's glittering wing,
“In vain, that thou seekest with poets to sing,
“In vain, would'st thou soar, like a poet, from man,
“Remain where thou art with thy *gold-seeking clan!*
“No fire is needful in paltry accounts,
“Such fire would *falsify* real amounts;
“*Invention* to you should we dare to impart,
“Twould soon grow subservient to mercantile art;
“Each page it would silent and slowly invade,
“Of your *daybook* and *ledger*—then *credit* would fade;
“You'd have lyrical *journals*, iambic *receipts*,
“Your *blotter* you'd fill with your amorous feats;
“In blank verse you'd draw *notes*, if we let you alone,
“And sign other gentlemen's names for your *own*;
“You'd draw *bills* on the public for praise or for fame,
“Which would all be protested and *ruin your name*;

"To grant your request would be doing a wrong,
 "For then we'd have nothing but very bad song;
 "One *merchant* would set an example for dozens,
 "(Though they're no more like poets than sixty-third cousins)
 "Your whole tribe of *merchants*, of captains, and sailors,
 "Would be steering for fame like a fleet of dull *whalers*;
 "And Mercury, god of *thieves*, *merchants*, and *money*,
 "Would issue his mandates in accents of honey.
 "From Olympus' vast heights to the furthermost region,
 "His subjects from him would all catch the contagion,
 "The *market* for poetry soon would grow *dull*,
 "When like *cocoa* and *coffee* the *market* was full,
 "And from one to another your lines would be toss'd,
 "A going, a going! at less than prime cost!"'

J. H.

POOR MARGARET DWY. BY H. C. KNIGHT.

"Is not that Margaret by the fence,
 Tying her tattered shawl together?"
 Yes—the poor girl that's lost her sense;
 And wanders out this bitter weather.

Rise with the sun, and you will see
 Her narrow path-way o'er the dew;
 And late at evening, o'er the lea,
 Her pallid visage meets your view.

In moody laughter chattering wild,
 She'll stand and talk, of 'kerchief bare;
 Anon, become a little child,
 And sob aloud, and vacant stare.

Oft I have wept to see her weep,
 For she was once a blithsome maid;
 Till lull'd in love's oblivious sleep,
 She was by ruffian man betray'd.

Oh! when her William prov'd unkind,
 And from her to the army fled;

She lost the treasure of her mind,
And left her sense among the dead.

Poor Margaret once was Virtue's child,
And cherish'd with the fondest care;
But now she wanders dark and wild,
A maniac, lovely in despair.

Her father lives beyond the Mill,
And hopes to lure her senses home;
Her childless mother loves her still,
And grieves to see her senseless roam.

“Oh!” she will say “my Meggy dear!
I would not go—the chill air blows;—”
“No, dearest mother! do not fear;
I will not go,”—and out she goes.

Poor thing! she knows not what she will;
She'll feel the cold, and not complain;
She'll beat her bosom blue and chill,
And love the pleasure of the pain.

See, Margaret's gown is torn and tatter'd,
And bleed her feet with many a thorn;
Oh! as her gown, her mind is shatter'd,
By the cold world's reproach and scorn.

But few short months, and all would say,
When they this ruin'd maniac met,
Or at the church, or by the way:—
“Good-day,” to gentle Margaret.

For then she wore a rosy cheek,
And had a smile for rich and poor;
And pensile from her blushing neck,
Her William Gartrand's miniature.

But since lorn Margaret Dwy has given
Enticing man her sex's jewel;
Few friends has she save pitying heaven,
For heaven is kind when friends are cruel.

PART SECOND.

“One, two; one, two; false was my Willey!
 Hush! my poor heart, thou throbbing fawn!”
 ’Tis Margaret, and the eve is chilly,
 Poor undone thing! her sense is gone.

One hour, her heart’s with tempests tost,
 Next, calm and sunny as high noon;
 One hour, her brain with frenzies crost,
 Next, dull and cheerless as the moon.

“Trust not to man,” will Margaret say,
 For he will swear, and then deceive ye;
 He’ll win your love, and then betray,
 And to a scoffing world will leave ye.”

Sometimes she’ll tell of all her shame,
 And virtue call a precious pearl;—
 “But William was not all to blame,
 Poor Margaret was a silly girl!”

“Oh! my poor heart, ’twas done to prove me,
Dear Meggy is not yet forgot!—
 My Willey!—did not Willey love me?
 I lov’d my Willey—did I not?

“Hush! crying baby!—lul-la-bye!
 Sleep on thy mother’s aching breast!
 Hush! dying baby! do not die!
 Ah! die—in heaven is better rest!

“My suckling died!—he’s cold and dead!
 I’ll find his little grave, and weep!
 When Willey shall his Margaret wed,
 No more my innocent shall sleep.

“My Willey is not dead?—no!—no!
 But where is Margaret?—all forlorn!
 Well, well, poor Margaret soon must go—
 They whisper Margaret’s sense is gone!

"Feel my poor heart—one, two; one two;
Ha! little starling, what a rage!
Stop fluttering, this will never do;
Poor bird! it can't get out the cage!"

Alas! frail, erring human nature!
Passions corrode and taint the heart;
Indulged—they mar each mental feature;
Restrained—becoming grace impart.

And virtue is a jewel rare,
Which brighter grows the more we use;
But when neglected by the fair,
Will tarnish, and its value lose.

Should ever William Gartrand hear
The ruin of his Margaret Dwy;
Oh! many a pang his breast will tear,
Of keen regret, and agony.

For, senseless, still her lot is grief,
Else, why so pallid as a corse?
Ah! ignorance is faint relief,
And intervals of sense—remorse.

MOONLIGHT—A CANZONE. BY THE SAME.

How delightsome by moonlight to muse on the Hills,
Ere the dew from the vials of heaven distils;
When the features of nature are softened serene,
And our minds sympathetic attune to the scene.

Her fragrance the prodigal Season bestows;
The moon-shadows dance when young Zephyrus blows;
While o'er the rapt-senses half-dying there floats,
From the night-bird a few sadly-musical notes.

Our souls in such seasons devotional rise,
And through the gray vista up-soar to the skies;
There perch on the MANTLE OF LOVE, and impart
Warm, hallow'd emotions, untainted by art.

CHANSON IMPROVISE'E.

To a lady who maintained that we are all fond of scolding.

BELLE, je n'en disconviens pas,
 Ton discours en raison abonde,
 Oui, tout va grondant ici-bas,
 Et là-haut le tonnerre gronde.
 Même la gent des saints pourpris
 Semble à gronder souvent se plaire:
 Quoi de mieux que du paradis
 Suivre la conduite exemplaire?

Combien de fois dame Junon
 A mons. Jupin lava la tête,
 Quand du terrestre cotillon
 Hallait faire la conquête!
 Et ne sait-on pas que Vulcain,
 Jaloux des flammes conjugales,
 A son immortelle catin
 Fit souvent force mercuriales?

Maints du sexe à barbe au menton
 A gronder assez bien s'escriment;
 Même il en est, le croira-t'on?
 Qui dans ce grand talent vous priment:
 Et l'espègle hymen par ébat,
 Par fois joint grondeur et grondeuse;
 Lors faut ouir le beau sabbat
 Qui règne en leur case orageuse!

Mais de Thémis suivons les lois,
 A tous, justice soit rendue:
 Tout l'univers crie à la fois
 Qu'a ton sexe la palme est due.
 Quel orgueil! que l'homme eût pour but,
 Pauvre et chétive créature,
 D'exceller le prime attribut
 Du chef-d'œuvre de la nature!

Voila dans ce cercle pompeux
 Comme Iris brille sur son siège!
 La douceur embellit ses yeux,
 Le souris sur sa bouche siège;
 Ses lèvres distillent le miel,
 Son front candide est sans mélange;
 Près d'elle on croit jouir du ciel;
 Elle est parfaite, c'est un ange.

Mais qu'on la guette en sa maison,
 Où son naturel la domine:
 Vraiment c'est bien un autre ton,
 Sa donne a su changer de mine.
 A tout gronder dès qu'il fait jour,
 Voyez comme elle s'evertue:
 Le soleil achève son tour,
 Qu'elle ne s'est pas encor tue.

C. B.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE vernal being the season of poetic inspiration, when the breezes from every thicket, copse and grove come fraught with melody and balm, and all Nature seems attuned to harmony and numbers, we flatter ourselves that the influence will be practically felt by many of our *genuine sons of song*. It is not to the host of mere metre-mongers we would be understood as addressing ourselves. With such we are unambitious of cultivating an acquaintance. Of all the jingling in this jingling world, not excepting that of an election-day discussion by ale-house politicians, or of a tea-table circle when scandal is the theme, from the jingle of words without ideas—*voces inanes*—rhime without reason—we pray to be delivered. The jarring of a crackt bell, the ringing of a frying pan when beaten by a hammer to hive a swarm of bees, or even the discordant squeaking of a fiddle split and out of tune, is the quintessence of harmony when compared to such strains.

Our appeal is to those buoyant and elegant souls—*mentes diviniores*—and of such our country is abundantly productive—that vibrate responsive to the touches of Nature—calm when she is calm, and sweet as her own melody when she is in tune, but loud as her thunders and impetuous as her tempests, when she sets the example, and that pour out their very essence commingled with their song—“thoughts that breathe with words that burn.”—It is beings of this description with whom it will be our pride and delight to hold repeated converse, and whose favours for this miscellany we courteously solicit. Nor will they, we are persuaded, be insensible to our request, when informed that their productions are intended more especially as a repast for the elegant, the witty, and the fair.

That we may not be deemed too severe in our judgment and fastidious in our taste, we will simply observe, that from various communications now in our possession, we are perfectly satisfied that we do not look for higher excellence in our poetic effusions, than the correspondents of The Port Folio are able to furnish.

We shall be under obligations to any of our readers, lovers of French literature and votaries of the muses, who will favour us, for the next number of The Port Folio, with a neat translation of the French *jeu d'esprit* contained in the present.

It is a fact founded in the nature of man, as well as established by the experience of ages, that national songs and airs rank with the most powerful means of diffusing, among the great body of a people, a glowing and permanent love of country, and of inspiring the warrior with an enthusiastic passion for glory, and an invincible resolution in the hour of battle. In the bosom of the “intrepid Swiss,” even when removed to the most distant countries, and amidst the distracting din of arms, the notes of his “native air, so sweet, so wild,” never fail to awaken, with the most lively sensibility, all his fondness for his native hills. Conjoined with other causes, the Scotch are strongly attached to the land of their fathers, through the medium of their patriotic ballads and

excellent music. Nor is it extravagant in us to say, that no inconsiderable portion of the superiority of the British in naval combats, has arisen from the soul-inspiring sentiments and airs of their sea-songs.

Persuaded as we are of the truth of these observations, and impressed with the importance of essaying, by every practicable expedient, to entwine around our country more closely and indissolubly the affections of her children, it is our intention to hold out, from time to time, such motives as, we flatter ourselves, may be somewhat instrumental in producing on our own countrymen, through the medium of appropriate airs and songs, the same effects which are, by similar means, produced on the people of other nations.

Pursuant to this resolution, we offer for the best NATIONAL SONG, with which we may be furnished by the tenth, or at furthest the fifteenth of June next, so that it may appear in the July number of The Port Folio, and be ready to be introduced at the celebration of the anniversary of our independence, the sum of FIFTY DOLLARS—the premium to be paid in money, or in any other form more agreeable to the successful competitor.

The song *may* be adapted to some popular tune now in vogue; but it will be considered more meritorious, and be, therefore, the more acceptable, if set to a new, bold, and striking national air.

Writers, on this occasion, will at once perceive, that no sentiments of local or party policy will be at all admissible. They will be further sensible of the indelicacy, and therefore impropriety, of levelling any thing offensively against foreign nations, whether at war or in amity with the United States. The praises of our own nation furnish for the poet an ample and gorgeous theme, and have no necessary connexion with the abuse of others.

Let each song that may be transmitted to us, in this patriotic and honourable competition, be accompanied by a sealed letter, containing the name and place of residence of the author, and also setting forth under what form the premium, if deserved, will be most acceptable.

It is to be distinctly understood, that we reserve to ourselves the privilege not only of deciding on the relative merits of the compositions we may receive, but also of determining whether or not any one of them be worthy of the premium. On nothing

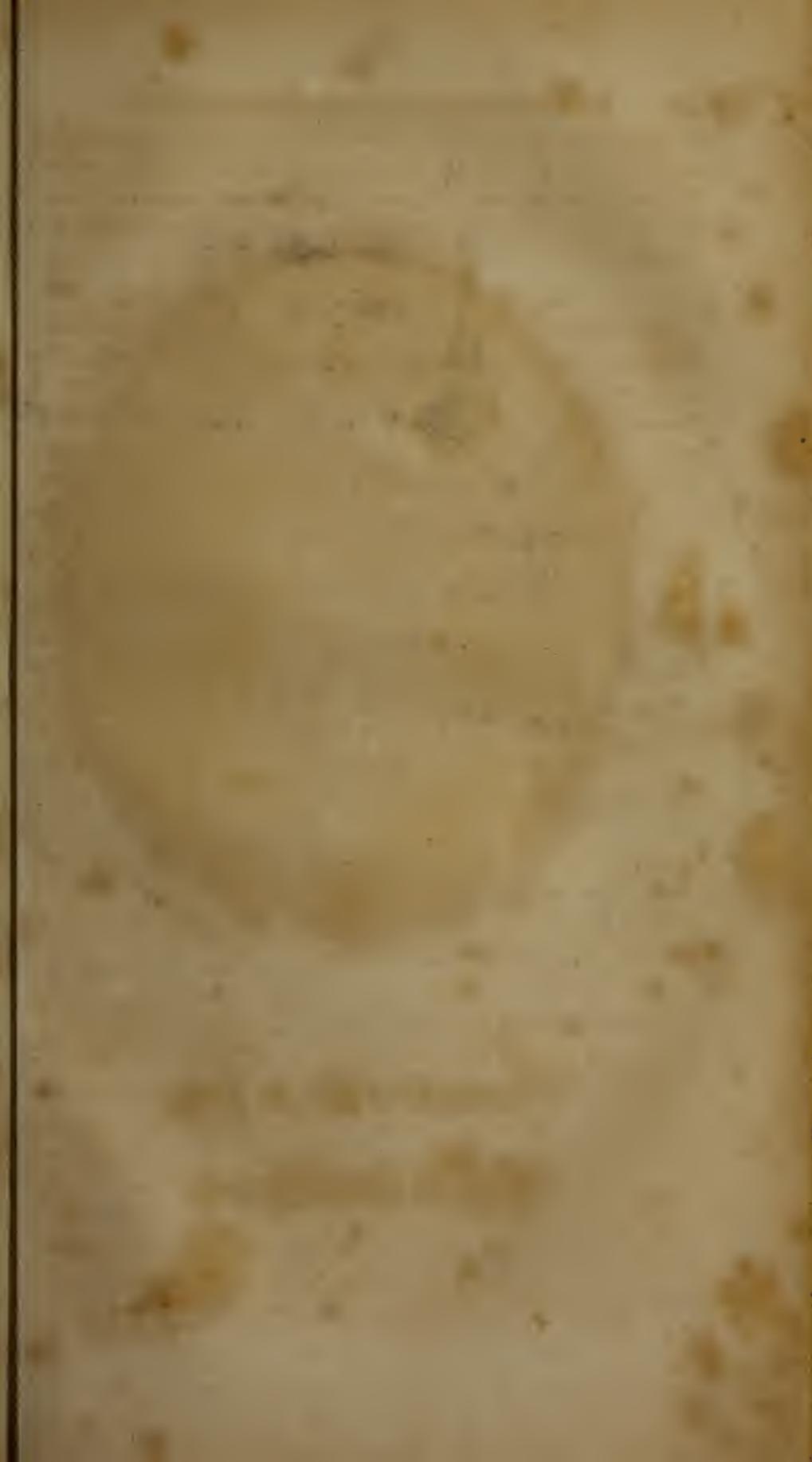
short of excellence will we bestow either approbation or reward. On the present, as well as on all future occasions of a like nature, the names of unsuccessful candidates shall be honourably concealed.

We will feel greatly indebted to any of our western correspondents who will favour us with biographical notices, or materials for such notices, of major general Harrison, and the youthful hero of Sandusky, colonel Croghan, or either of them. Our obligations will be the weightier if such notices can be accompanied by correct likenesses, from which engravings may be taken. It will be our delight to honour in the pages of *The Port Folio* those who have done honour to the American character.

Have we no Horace in Philadelphia, to laugh at the foibles and follies, and to apply, as it may seem meet, the gentle corrective lash to the vices of the day? A Juvenal the state of society does not yet require. Had the friend of Mæcenas begun to rally and ridicule a little earlier, perhaps even Rome herself would have afforded no ground for the dismal invectives of the graver satyrist.
Verbum sapienti.

We defer till the next number of *The Port Folio*, the commencement of our strictures and observations on the Rev. Dr. Smith's celebrated essay "on the causes of the variety in the complexion and figure of the human race."

Several valuable communications intended for the present number are necessarily excluded for want of room. In our next they shall receive the attention they merit.





RICHARD DALE ESQ.

late of the United States Navy.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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NO. VI.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF COMMODORE DALE.

THE subject of this memoir is still living. We, therefore, feel ourselves restrained by a sense of delicacy, as well as by a regard to that unaffected modesty, which is generally an accompaniment, and always an ornament of real merit, from indulging our feelings in the well-merited eulogy of his public services, and his private character. We shall content ourselves with a simple narration of the prominent circumstances of his public life; and in so doing, furnish materials for his posthumous biographer, who, uninfluenced by considerations of the kind we have alluded to, will be enabled to do justice to his subject.

RICHARD DALE was born on the sixth of November, 1756, in Norfolk county, Virginia. He is descended from a family highly respectable, though not wealthy. His parents were both natives of Virginia. His father left five children, of whom Richard was the eldest. Having manifested, from an early period of life, a strong predilection for the sea, his friends were induced to comply with his wishes. Accordingly, when only twelve years of age, he entered on board a vessel commanded by his uncle, with whom he sailed from Norfolk for Liverpool, in November, 1768. He returned the following summer, and remained at home until the

spring of 1770, when he was bound apprentice to colonel Thomas Newton, a respectable merchant of Norfolk. In the employ of that gentleman he made several voyages to the West Indies, during which nothing of moment occurred, except two accidents, which are worthy of notice only as being the commencement of a series of misfortunes that awaited him. The first was a fall which he received from the spars, lying across the belfry and the gallows, to the kelson, a distance of eighteen or twenty feet, without, however, sustaining any material injury. The other was of a nature no less formidable. As the vessel was going rapidly before the wind, he was knocked overboard by the jib-sheets, and was not, without much difficulty, rescued from so perilous a situation, after having been in the water about an hour.

In 1775, we find him the chief officer of a valuable brig belonging to colonel Newton, in which, to the entire satisfaction of his employer, he continued till the spring of the following year. A period had now arrived which opened to his daring spirit and adventurous disposition, prospects much more congenial and tempting than those which arise out of the service of the merchant. The war of the revolution had commenced; and he had too much of the feelings and temperament of the soldier to remain inactive. He is, accordingly, presented to us in the early part of the year 1776, engaged as a lieutenant on board a vessel of war belonging to the state of Virginia, which was fitting out not far from City-point, near Norfolk.

While in the execution of his orders to go to Sandy-point, in James river, in a small river craft, for the purpose of procuring cannon, he was captured by a tender belonging to the Liverpool frigate, carried to Norfolk, and put on board a prison ship, in which he was confined for several weeks.

During the time he remained in this situation, he was visited by Bridges Gutteridge, who had been his schoolmate, but who had not yet declared in favour of the popular cause, having then the command of a tender in the service of the enemy. After much solicitation, and many plausible and seductive arguments, our young adventurer was induced to join the fortunes of his former companion and friend. In May (1776) they made a cruise together up the river Rappahannock, during which they had an engagement

with several pilot-boats, and were happy to escape, with the loss of several men killed; young Dale himself being badly wounded, having received a musket ball in his head. He was carried to Norfolk, where he was confined a long time by his wound. This period he improved to the salutary purposes of reflection, and of firmly resolving, to use his own words, “never again to put himself in the way of the balls of his country.” Soon after his recovery, upon his return from Bermuda—whither he had gone with William Gutteridge—he was captured by captain John Barry, commander of the United States’ brig Lexington, and on the same day entered as a midshipman on board said brig. This occurred in July, 1776. Not long afterwards, the brig, whilst cruising, was struck with lightning: Dale, with many others, were prostrated, senseless, upon the deck. They were all, however, providentially restored in a few minutes.

Soon after this the brig arrived at Philadelphia. Dale still continued in the same vessel, the command of which now devolved on captain Hallock—captain Barry having been appointed to the command of a frigate.

The Lexington sailed in the autumn of 1776 for Cape François, and a cruise. On her return to the United States, in December following, she was captured, by the Liverpool frigate, off the capes of Virginia. In consequence of a sudden and tremendous gale, the captors could only take out the captain and five of the crew: Dale, who was then master’s mate, being one of the number. The officers and crew, who remained on board, retook the brig, and carried her into Baltimore. Dale was landed, with some of his fellow prisoners, at Cape Henlopen, in January, 1777. He immediately repaired to Philadelphia, which he had no sooner reached, than he was ordered to join the Lexington again, now commanded by captain Henry Johnson. This vessel sailed from Baltimore for Bordeaux, in February or March, with despatches. Her passage was short and very successful, many valuable prizes being taken by her. Without delay she proceeded to Nantz, to join the United States’ ship Reprisal, of sixteen six-pounders, captain Wicks, and a cutter, commanded by Samuel Nicholson, carrying ten four-pounders; the three vessels to cruise in company, under the command of captain Wicks.

This little squadron, sailing from Nantz on a cruise, in May (1777) took and sunk many prizes, and did great injury to the coasting trade of the British islands. In the English channel they fell in with an English seventy-four, which gave them chase. In consequence of this it became necessary for the vessels of the squadron to separate. They soon afterwards reached French ports; the Reprisal having had a very narrow escape, which was not effected without the loss of her guns.

After a detention of the vessels, by the French government, for more than two months—for some cause which was never explained—young Dale sailed in the Lexington from Morlaix for the United States on the eighteenth of September, 1777. On the following morning, discovering a cutter ahead, lying by, they made all sail, and stood directly for her. They soon discovered her to be an English cutter, mounting ten six-pounders. An action was commenced by the cutter between seven and eight o'clock, A. M.; at which time, such had been the extreme negligence on the part of the commanding officers of the Lexington, in not making the necessary preparations for action, that there was not even a match ready. They were, therefore, obliged to fire their guns by means of their muskets, until matters were in a state of better preparation. The action became very warm. A calm succeeding, the Lexington could not get as near the enemy as was wished. The action was sustained for nearly two hours, with the most determined resolution. This, considering the manifold and heavy disadvantages under which the American vessel laboured, was not a little astonishing, and must be regarded as evincive of that heroic, unconquerable gallantry, which is now an acknowledged characteristic of American seamen. Being, however, much cut to pieces, with the loss of several brave officers and men, and having expended almost their last shot, the American commander deemed it prudent to avail himself of a breeze, which just then sprang up, to crowd sail and get off. In this he succeeded for a short time; but, between one and two o'clock, P. M. the cutter overtook him. The action was renewed with increased obstinacy on both sides. Having maintained the unequal conflict for one hour—not only the shot of every description, but all the iron, and other articles which could be used as a substitute for shot, being expended—the brig reduced literally

to a wreck—the first lieutenant, sailing master, captain of marines, and a number of men being killed, and many more officers and men severely wounded—no alternative was left but to strike their flag to the cutter.

Notwithstanding its unsuccessful issue, we cannot but consider this action as reflecting lustre upon the American name; particularly when we take into view the great superiority in the crew of the cutter, which not only exceeded that of the Lexington in numbers, but consisted entirely of picked men. Of the Lexington, on the other hand, both the officers and crew were without experience, but few of them having ever been in an engagement before.

About three or four days after this action, the surviving officers and crew of the Lexington arrived in Plymouth. The former underwent a rigorous examination before twelve judges, the object of which was to ascertain to what country they belonged. Both officers and men were committed to Mill prison, upon a charge of high treason. In this loathsome abode, they were subjected to a most cruel and severe confinement. They were exposed, moreover, to every indignity, which was thought due to men considered as *rebels*, and suffered every privation that could embitter the loss of liberty, or add to the pain and mortification so intolerable to their high and patriotic spirits, of being rendered useless to their country at this most interesting and momentous crisis.

In this situation they remained four or five months, when, in consequence of a general complaint respecting the treatment of American prisoners, and of the sympathy which their sufferings had excited even in the hearts of their enemies, the sum of sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds sterling was subscribed for the benefit of these unfortunate men. The subscribers appointed a committee to inquire into the matter, who, with the sanction of the government, visited the prison, supplied the Americans with money, provisions, and clothing; in short, with every thing that could alleviate their sufferings, and render their condition supportable. It is gratifying to record such acts of disinterested philanthropy: they dignify and enoble our nature, and are worthy of universal imitation.

Notwithstanding their situation was thus rendered as comfortable as a state of confinement could be, they were determined upon at-

tempting an escape. Captain Johnson having communicated his plan to young Dale, and every arrangement having been made, they effected their purpose at night, in the month of February, 1778. After wandering about for more than a week, encountering every difficulty, and suffering still more severe privations, they determined, as the best means of avoiding detection, to divide their company, and pursue different courses. After a variety of adventures, Dale and his companion reached London, and immediately embarked on board a trading vessel bound to Dunkirk. The tide being ahead they could not proceed far. On the same day, while at anchor, an officer, with a press-gang, came on board and arrested them, on suspicion of being prisoners from Mill prison. The following day they underwent an examination, after which they were recommitted to the same prison from which they had escaped. Here, for forty days, they were confined in a dungeon, appropriately denominated the "black hole." After the expiration of this term, they were restored to the more enlarged liberty of the prison, but not to all those privileges and indulgences which formerly rendered their situation, comparatively, comfortable.

About three months afterwards, Dale was again committed to the "black hole," for singing what were termed rebellious songs.

In February, 1779, he again escaped from prison, repaired without delay to London, where, by fortunate management and address, he procured a passport from the proper authority to go to France. In a very short time he arrived at L'Orient, where he joined, in the character of master's mate, the renowned Paul Jones, then commanding the American ship "Bon Homme Richard."

We have now reached a most interesting epoch in the life of our adventurer. He had hitherto acted in a very subordinate capacity, contending with difficulties the most discouraging, and adversities that would have subdued to despondency a spirit less resolute and inflexible than his. His bosom now beat high with exultation at the opening of brighter prospects. He beheld, in the character of his commander, a pledge of happier fortunes, and enjoyed, in anticipation, a brilliant career of glory.

After three months of unremitting employment, in manning the Bon Homme Richard, in which great difficulty was experien-

ced, Dale was selected by the discriminating eye of captain Jones, to be his first lieutenant. This mark of approbation, from one who was so good a judge of merit, and knew so well how to appreciate it, gratified his ambition, and encouraged and animated his hopes of fame.

The Bon Homme Richard sailed on a cruise about the latter end of July (1779) in company with the Alliance of thirty-six guns, the Pallas of thirty-two guns, the brig Revenge of sixteen guns, and a cutter of ten guns—all under the command of Paul Jones. They cruised very successfully for some time off the western coast of Ireland, when, upon consultation with the different commanders, except captain Landis, of the Alliance, who, on account of some misunderstanding, declined any communication with captain Jones, it was determined to proceed to the North Sea with the Bon Homme Richard, the Pallas, and the Revenge. The town of Leith being marked out as the first object of attack, every preparation was made to set fire to it, unless the extremity should be prevented by a compliance with their terms—to wit, a ransom of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Fortunately for the town, when they were within a short distance of it, a violent gale sprung up from W. S. W., which obliged them to run down the Firth, and go to sea. Two or three days afterwards, when off North Shields, every thing was prepared to burn the shipping in the harbour, but the captains of the Pallas and Revenge thinking the adventure too hazardous, it was abandoned.

Since the commencement of their cruise, they had taken and destroyed many valuable vessels, and proved a most serious annoyance to the enemy's trade.

We come now to the most prominent circumstance in the life of our subject—We allude to the engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, an English forty-four—an engagement which was certainly one of the most interesting ever fought; and for deeds of gallant intrepidity, and noble daring, is not surpassed, if equalled, by any in the annals of naval history.

The splendor of recent victories has so fixed attention, and engrossed admiration, that the achievements of those who were the champions of their country, in “the times that tried mens souls”—who proved their devotion to her cause, by services the most

arduous, by captivity and wounds, and who ought to be regarded as the fathers of our navy—seem almost forgotten. Under these circumstances, we feel it to be an incumbent duty, on all occasions, to contribute our humble efforts to snatch from oblivion, the merits of those who, having given their best days to the service of their country, are emphatically entitled to its grateful remembrance.

We shall, for these reasons, enter with some minuteness into the details of the engagement to which we have alluded; and we are the rather induced to this, as the public have never been in possession of an authentic and correct narrative of it.

On the nineteenth of September, 1779, the Bon Homme Richard, the Alliance, the Pallas, and the Revenge, being off Flamborough head, on the north-east coast of England, a fleet of several hundred vessels was descried. The Alliance joined the squadron that afternoon, not having been seen before since she parted company off Ireland. Her captain refused obedience to the signals from the Bon Homme Richard, during the chase and action. The part she took in the engagement we shall notice hereafter. The Revenge took no part in the action. The chase was discovered to be the Baltic fleet, homeward bound, under convoy of the Serapis, of forty-four, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty guns. The commander of the Serapis made a signal for the merchant ships to stand in for the shore. After some manœuvring on the part of the enemy, which did not evince a disposition to court an engagement, the Bon Homme Richard brought the Serapis to close action: about the same time captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, engaged the Countess of Scarborough. About ten P. M. the bowsprit of the Serapis got foul of the mizen rigging of the Bon Homme Richard. While in this situation, the two ships were lashed together; the starboard bow of the former to the starboard quarter of the latter. A boarding party from the Serapis attempted to board. The officer who headed the boarders, and many men, having been killed, the rest fell back. The action now became very warm. The Serapis let go her anchor, expecting that the two ships would clear each other. She then brought up with her head to the wind—the Bon Homme Richard with her stern to the wind, along side of each other. They remained in that situation till the

Serapis struck her colours, which was done about twelve o'clock at night.

Properly to appreciate this splendid victory, we must take into view the great superiority of the enemy in the strength of his vessel, the number of his guns, the weight of his metal, and the amount of his crew; add to this the disadvantages under which the action was sustained for a very considerable time on the part of the Bon Homme Richard.

The Serapis was what was denominated a double-decked forty-four gun ship—she showed two rows of ports. She was almost a new vessel, and, in every respect, one of the finest, or, to speak more technically, one of the warmest frigates of her class. The Bon Homme Richard was an old ship, having made many voyages to the East Indies, for which trade she was originally designed. On the score of tonnage, both ships were about equal.

The Serapis, though rated a forty-four, mounted a greater number of guns; she carried twenty eighteen-pounders on her lower deck, twenty-two nine-pounders on her upper deck, and sixes on her quarter-deck and forecastle—the precise number we are unable to state. The Bon Homme Richard carried forty-two guns—six eighteen-pounders on her lower deck, twenty-eight twelves on her upper deck, and eight nines on her quarter-deck and forecastle.

With respect to the crews of the ships, they, nominally, were equal; but from that of the Bon Homme Richard there had been sent previously to the action, several detachments to man prizes. Besides this, just before discovering the Baltic fleet, a second lieutenant, a midshipman, and six men, were despatched in a pilot-boat to take some small vessels that were in sight: these did not return till after the action: so that the crew was considerably reduced; and there was left on board but one lieutenant, and a very inadequate number of subordinate officers. The crew of this ship, moreover, was a heterogeneous compound of Americans, and natives and subjects of almost all the European nations—so that in conversation many of them could not understand each other.

Besides these original disadvantages, there were others of a more alarming nature, which were the consequence of accident during the battle, or of damage received from the enemy, under

which, however, the bloody conflict was maintained for one hour. Two of the eighteen-pounders on the lower deck burst the first fire, and did considerable damage: they blew up part of the upper gun-deck. The guns in that direction were no longer serviceable. Many men were killed and wounded by the accident. About an hour before the enemy struck their colours, it was reported and believed on board the Bon Homme Richard, that she was sinking. So great was the consequent alarm, that the master at arms let loose all the prisoners, who had been confined in the after hold, that they might, in the general effort to preserve life, take care of themselves. They became exceedingly terrified; and occasioned much confusion on board. The pumps were constantly at work. The carpenter was ordered into the pump-well to ascertain the depth of water in the ship. His report was, that it was up to his chin. Lieutenant Dale was then ordered down to the lower deck, to see how near the water was to the lower ports. To allay the excessive alarm, he reported that he did not perceive that she had settled much in the water. At this critical juncture, one of the captains, who had been let out of confinement jumped on board the Serapis, and informed her captain, that if he would hold out a little longer the American ship must strike, or sink; adding, that in order to give them a chance of their lives, all the prisoners had been released. This information infused fresh spirit into the officers and crew of the Serapis. The action was renewed by them with invigorated exertion, and with a desperation of courage which a confidence of victory was calculated to inspire. At this dreadful and critical moment, moreover, the action, on the part of the American ship, was completely at a stand, in consequence of the communication with the magazine being stopped. The sentinels who were placed in the passage leading to the magazine, seeing many strange faces, deemed it prudent to bar all access to it. Lieutenant Dale went below to ascertain the cause of withholding the powder. He now, for the first time, knew that the prisoners had been let out. Having explained the matter to the sentinels, and taken the proper precautions against a recurrence of the difficulty, he returned to the deck. By this time the contest was reduced to three guns on the enemy's lower deck, and three on the quarter-deck of the Bon Homme Richard.

About this period a circumstance occurred, which, as it is characteristic of captain Jones, may be worthy of notice. The surgeon of the ship came up from the cock-pit in great apprehension, and asked the captain if he would not strike, as the vessel was sinking? "What! doctor," said Jones, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Here, help me get this gun over." The doctor, however, not caring to step beyond the sphere of his immediate duty, soon found his way back to the cock-pit.

Our readers will, no doubt, inquire after the fate of the other vessels, originally in company with the Bon Homme Richard. It will be recollectcd that the Pallas engaged the Countess of Scarborough. The action was maintained for some time with great spirit. Victory, at length, declared in favour of the Pallas, the American ship.

It is with pain that we take any notice of captain Landis, of the Alliance; but his conduct is a necessary link in the chain of our narrative. Besides, a statement of it is necessary, to account for the comparatively unfavourable result of the engagement—unfavourable, so far as regards the disappointment of the hopes of the American officers, of taking or destroying the whole of the convoy.

Landis paid no regard to the signals from the Bon Homme Richard during the chase and action; but at the commencement of the action the Alliance took her station between the Serapis and Bon Homme Richard, and the Countess of Scarborough and Pallas. In this situation she remained perfectly inactive and aloof from danger, until the Countess of Scarborough struck to the Pallas; whereupon Landis made sail for the Pallas, to know what ship she had taken, and also to ascertain what ship was engaged with the Bon Homme Richard. Upon receiving the information sought for, he made sail towards the latter ship, with the intention, as he afterwards said, of assisting her. It was long, however, before he reached her; and when he did, he was hailed and ordered to lay the Serapis aboard on the larboard side—but, notwithstanding the night signals were made, and the night was sufficiently light to discover the relative situation of the two ships—disregarding his orders, he fired a broadside into the Bon Homme Richard, which killed her master's mate, boatswain's

mate, and wounded many of her men, without doing any injury to the enemy. After this Landis stood some distance, on his course, and then tacking, ran down athwart the stern of the Serapis, and the Bon Homme Richard's bows, and fired another broadside, which raked both ships.

Shortly after this the Serapis struck her colours. Lieutenant Dale swung, by means of a rope, from the deck of the Bon Homme Richard to that of the Serapis. He was the first on board, and was followed by a midshipman and several men. There was but one man on the deck of the Serapis at this time; the rest were below. Those on the upper gun-deck, not knowing that their flag was struck, made a feeble resistance, which was soon overcome, and quiet possession taken of the ship.

The condition of the ships was such as might be expected from the length and sanguinary obstinacy of the engagement. They had been lying nearly two hours along side each other, at such close quarters, that in loading the guns, the rammers touched the side, or were protruded into the port-holes of the other ship. The wadding lodged in the rigging and hulls; and, at times, both vessels were literally enveloped in flame.

During the action, one of the men in the maintop of the Bon Homme Richard ventured out on the mainyard, which passed directly over the main-hatchway of the Serapis, and dropped some hand grenades into her. These coming in contact with some cartridges which had been left on the decks, the whole exploded, and the consequences were most destructive, very few of those who were near escaping unhurt.

Lieutenant Dale, after taking possession of the ship, found himself deprived of the use of one of his legs, in consequence of a severe wound which he had received in the ankle, but which he had scarcely felt during the bustle of the engagement.

On board the Bon Homme Richard there were forty-nine killed, and sixty-seven wounded; many of the latter having lost their arms and legs. According to the accounts of the officers of the Serapis, at the time, her amount of killed and wounded was precisely the same.

The Bon Homme Richard being in a very shattered condition, and it being impossible to free her of water, it was thought

best to abandon her. Her crew was accordingly removed to the Serapis. She sunk the next day. The rest of the squadron sailed for the Texel, where they arrived in eight or ten days. Here captain Jones took the command of the Alliance, Landis having been ordered to proceed to Paris, and thence to America to stand a trial for his extraordinary conduct during the cruise and action. The captain of the Pallas took command of the Serapis. The Alliance sailed from the Texel, in January, 1780, on a cruise, and arrived in L'Orient in the following March. Jones went to Paris;—Landis, who arrived at L'Orient in his absence, availed himself of this opportunity to attempt a recovery of the command of the Alliance. By tampering with many of the officers who had served with him, and aided by the influence of Arthur Lee, one of our public functionaries at the French court, who was not well disposed towards Jones, he succeeded in attaining his object. Landis endeavoured to prevail upon lieutenant Dale to join him. But he remained faithful to his commander, refusing to acknowledge the authority of Landis, and avowed himself willing and anxious to attempt a recovery of the ship, even at the hazard of his life. The king of France authorised Jones to use the guns of the fort to stop the Alliance. He did not, however, avail himself of this authority, as he was unwilling to hazard the serious consequences that would have ensued to the ship and her crew. The Alliance sailed for America in July.

The king accommodated Jones with the Ariel, a British twenty gun ship that had been captured by a French frigate. After some time spent in manning her, and preparing her for sea, they sailed for America in October. They had not proceeded far, when they were reduced to the greatest extremity of distress, in consequence of a tremendous gale. They were obliged to return to port, where they refitted, and sailing again for America about the first of January, 1781, arrived at Philadelphia on the eighteenth of February following.

In May, 1781, the bay of Delaware was much infested by the refugees, who intercepted supplies going to Philadelphia. Two schooners belonging to the state were armed and manned from the Ariel. Lieutenant Dale was ordered by Jones to proceed with them down the bay, to disperse these marauders, and convoy the

public stores to the city. This service was successfully executed.

About this time Jones was appointed to the command of a seventy-four, then building to the northward. He solicited lieutenant Dale to go with him; a proposal which he declined, thinking it would be a long time before she would be ready for sea.

In June, lieutenant Dale was appointed to the Trumbull frigate, of thirty-two guns, commanded by captain James Nicholson. That vessel sailed from the capes of Delaware some time in July, 1781. She had been out but a few hours, when she fell in with a British frigate and sloop of war. They gave chase to the Trumbull. The latter had her foretopmast and foretopgallant-mast carried away in the chase, and was otherwise much crippled in her sails and rigging. The night being exceedingly dark and stormy, captain Nicholson supposed he might elude the enemy by putting his ship about before the wind; this was done—but he had not proceeded far before he found his ship immediately along side of the enemy, who seemed to have anticipated this manœuvre. So great was the surprise, that the Trumbull was entirely unprepared—the men not at their quarters, and it was with great difficulty that they could man even a few of the guns. Under these circumstances, having been so much crippled by the gale, and the enemy's force being so vastly superior, the Trumbull struck her colours, after a spirited but short resistance. Lieutenant Dale was wounded in this rencontre.

The second day after this he arrived at New-York, a prisoner—was put on parole on Long-Island; soon afterwards exchanged and returned to Philadelphia, in November, 1781.

The government having no immediate occasion for his services, he engaged in the merchant service; having no relish for an inactive life. He entered on board the Queen of France, a large ship mounting twelve sixes—first as chief officer, afterwards as captain. In the latter capacity he sailed in the spring of 1782, for L'Orient, in company with a formidable squadron of letters of marque. During the voyage they made many valuable prizes. The Queen of France having separated from the rest of the squadron, fell in with a British privateer brig, mounting fourteen sixes. A severe conflict ensued, in which both vessels sustained very serious damage.

They parted by mutual consent. Captain Dale returned to Philadelphia in February, 1783.

Upon the conclusion of peace, there was no provision made for the navy nor its officers. Captain Dale became interested in a large ship in the London trade, in the command of which he sailed for London, in December, 1783.

From this period to May, 1790, we find him, unremittingly and lucratively employed in the East India trade, in which he commanded several of the finest ships engaged in that employ. In September, 1791, he married, and until June, 1794, continued engaged in the merchant service.

About the latter period, the goverment appointed six captains for the naval establishment, for which provision had just been made. Captain Dale was one of them, and the fourth in rank.

He was appointed to superintend the building of a frigate, of the first class, at Norfolk. The government, however, afterwards deferred building her. He immediately obtained a furlough, and sailed in the command of a valuable ship for Canton. He continued industriously engaged in this trade till May, 1798, when he commanded the ship Ganges.

About this period our disputes with France seemed to be approaching to a crisis. War was generally expected. Under this apprehension, the government purchased several large ships, for the purpose of converting them into ships of war. Captain Dale was appointed to the command of the Ganges, one of the purchased ships. She was equipped for service; mounted twenty nine-pounders, and had a crew of one hundred and fifty men.

Soon after this, some misunderstanding arose with respect to rank: captain Dale obtained a furlough until the matter could be adjusted. In May, 1799, he sailed for Canton, in the command of the ship Canton, mounting twenty guns, with a crew of seventy men. He returned to Philadelphia in April, 1800, and was happy to find that the point of rank had been settled to his entire satisfaction. He received orders from the navy department to hold himself in readiness, as employment would soon offer. Accordingly, in May 1801, he was appointed to the command of the squadron of observation about to sail from Hampton roads to the Mediterranean. On the twenty-first of May he hoisted his broad pendant on board

the frigate President. On the first of June he sailed with the squadron, consisting of the following vessels; the President, captain James Barron; the Philadelphia, captain Samuel Barron; the Essex, captain William Bainbridge; and the schooner Enterprise, lieutenant Andrew Sterrett. The squadron arrived at Gibraltar on the first of July. They found lying there, the high admiral of Tripoli, in a ship mounting twenty-six nines and sixes, and two hundred and sixty men; and a brig of sixteen guns, and one hundred and sixty men. He had arrived only the day before the squadron. It was very evident that the bey of Tripoli had declared, or was about to declare war against the United States; and that it was the intention of the admiral to cruise against the American vessels in the Western ocean, although he disavowed any knowledge of hostile intentions on the part of the bey his master. Had the admiral got out, he would have swept the ocean of the American trade, which at that time was very active in those seas. It became an object of primary importance to prevent his escape; and for this purpose captain Samuel Barron, of the Philadelphia frigate, was ordered by the commodore to lie off and on Gibraltar, in order to watch the movements of the admiral, and if he ventured out, to capture him. Despairing of eluding the vigilance of the blockading vessel, the admiral very soon dismantled his vessels, and discharged his crews; and thus one considerable means of annoyance was, to all useful purposes, destroyed.

The hostile intentions of the bey were placed beyond a doubt, by authentic information obtained in the Mediterranean.

After distributing the other vessels of the squadron in different directions, wherever their protection was most needed by the American trade, the commodore repaired to Tripoli—arrived off that place in July. He opened a correspondence with the bey, without producing any satisfactory result. A strict blockade of the port was kept up for some time.

Nothing could have been more opportune than the arrival of the squadron in the Mediterranean at that time, as the Tripolitan corsairs had been ordered to capture all American vessels they should fall in with. So efficient was the protection given to the American trade, by the vigilance and exertions of every officer of the squadron, that not a single capture was made.

In March, 1802, the commodore sailed for the United States, and arrived in Hampton roads in April following.

In the fall of 1802 he received an order from the navy department to hold himself in readiness to take command of the squadron which was to sail in the following spring for the Mediterranean. In the order, he was informed that he could not have a captain under him, as he had before. However sensible of the honour conferred upon him, in thus selecting him the second time for so important a command, he did not hesitate to decline the appointment. A proper regard for the honour of his country, and for his own character, would not permit him to return to the command in a less dignified station than he had enjoyed before. The alternative was presented, of acceptance, under such humiliating terms, or resignation. The commodore did not hesitate to choose the latter, particularly as there were captains out of employ, who were anxious for the appointment.

From that period commodore Dale has enjoyed the tranquillity of private life, in the possession of the merited esteem of his fellow citizens; a large and respectable portion of whom have recently testified their respect for him, by electing him president of the "Incorporated Washington Benevolent Society of Pennsylvania."

Such has been the life of commodore Dale. Our business has been to narrate facts; his merited eulogy we leave to his future biographer.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A PEEP AT THE PALACE.

AFTER attending a lecture of Dr. Chapman, delivered to the Medical Class in the Pennsylvania University, in which he exhibited to them the human brain, and descanted with his usual ability upon its constituent parts, and their various functions and uses, I was led into a train of reflections upon the very curious contrivances, and wonderful structure of that delicate and admirable organ, which above all other parts of the human body, certainly has the highest claim to the distinction bestowed on it, by des Cartes and other philosophers, of being the seat of the soul.

of man. The more I reflected upon the subject, the deeper was the interest I felt in it, and the more eager the curiosity which was awakened to investigate it still farther. Actuated by these views; I resolved to commence a course of experiments for myself, to try whether new lights might not be thrown upon a subject which has been hitherto enveloped in great obscurity—These experiments have terminated in some discoveries, that have enabled me to introduce quite a new theory, which I trust, will be followed by the most important benefits to mankind—These wonderful discoveries, and this new theory founded upon them, it is now my province to communicate to the public, a circumstance upon which the reader may be assured, I do not a little congratulate both him and myself.—But before I proceed to the promulgation of this my grand system, from which I sanguinely anticipate, that mankind will derive the most substantial advantages, and I the most durable fame, I was going to invoke the genius of Hippocrates, of Galen, of Harvey, of Syddenham, and as many worthies among the sons of Esculapius, as there are saints in the Romish calendar; but upon recollecting that the heads of these sage and illustrious personages present to me aspects too grave and serious, and of too inflexible muscles to be suited to my present views, I feel rather inclined to address myself, on this occasion to the spirits of Cervantes, of Sterne, of Swift and Rabelais, to inspire me with thoughts and expressions fitted to convey to the knowledge and recommend to the attention of mankind, this truly original and wonderful statement.

But to proceed without further delay, to the fulfillment of my great purpose, I have to remark, that the learned Dr. before-mentioned in his demonstration of the brain, informed us, that just above the surface of that organ, there is a thin membrane, to which anatomists have given the appellation of the pia mater, and above this, also, there lies one, more hard and solid, which they call the dura mater. These membranes, continued the professor, have received the appellation of mater, say the physiologists, from the circumstance of their having been considered, whether fancifully or not, as the origin or mother of all the other membranes of the body. This is the received theory—Now, with all due submis-

sion to the learned Dr. and his physiologists, I am inclined to think, that they have derived this denomination from a very different cause, which has been hitherto unknown to philosophical science.—The membrane called the dura mater, is the circus, on which queen Mab performs her nocturnal excursions. The journey which she takes by night is this, she passes through the auricles of the heart, then along the spinal marrow into the brain, and concludes with many a circuit on this, her race ground—All this time, as her airy chariot passes along, it excites the most delightful images, and awakes the fondest hopes; and hence these coverings of the brain, have received from her the names of the mother, the pious or indulgent mother. Moreover, the professor remarked, that in the anterior part of the brain, below the lateral ventricles, there is a cavity, called the infundibulum or funnel—anatomists (said he) have hitherto been unable to discover any purpose, which this cavity answers. Now as it is admitted as an axiom, or self-evident proposition, in all philosophical investigations, that the Creator does nothing in vain, it must be intended to serve some useful end—What this purpose is, I have happily discovered. In this infundibulum, or cavity, there is a horny or vitreous vase, about the size of a nutshell, which has all the clearness and beauty of glass, without its frangibility. This vase I have, from the most abundant experiments on the subject, been led to conclude is the place, down into which queen Mab glides, when she and her team are fatigued with their race, to obtain rest and refreshment, and which I have chosen, on that account, to denominate the palatium Reginæ Mabæ, or palace of queen Mab—The reason that this vase has hitherto escaped the observation of anatomists is, that, in all their dissections of the head, they destroy it; for in order to avoid this result, the parts of the head must be separated with great skill and delicacy—Now this palatium Reginæ Mabæ, is possessed of a property, which will lead to discoveries of the highest importance to mankind, viz. that it invariably assumes the shape of the object which predominates in the fancy at the time, or of something which aptly symbolizes that object. Thus, for instance, in the lover, it takes the form of his mistress, in the miser of his bags of gold, in the ambitious man of the in

signia of office, in the Dr. of his last specific, in the lawyer of his fee, and the divine of a rich benefice, and, when that is obtained, of the mitre.

The experiments I have made on this point, are extremely curious and worth detailing to the public. They will serve to elucidate a subject, which has hitherto remained one of the impenetrable arcana of nature. And, in the first place, to go methodically to work, I have observed, during a long course of experiments, that the brains of different persons, are variously affected, by the excursions of queen Mab, and the titillating effects of her chariot wheels, according to the firmness or laxness of their consistence—In some, the brain is in so fluid a state, that the passage of this fairy queen, makes no impression, or but a momentary one, like the course of a ship through the ocean, which closes after her as fast as she plows her way through it; and these are such persons, as have only negative qualities; they form no plans with ardour, and are slow and phlegmatic in their execution—There are many of these among the Dutch, and the present generation of Italians and Spaniards. In others, although the brain, is of some firmer consistence, yet, it is not stable enough to sustain without injury, the carriage of queen Mab; these, if they are lovers, have their brains addled, and become fools; if statesmen, buoyed up by too sanguine expectations, form projects, and embark in undertakings, that lead to their own and their country's ruin: In some, the brain is of the most exquisite texture, but, being as it were overwrought, the very perfection of the workmanship, exposes its possessor to the most formidable evils; men of this description, if disappointed in love, pine and languish until death overtakes them, or lay violent hands on themselves; if foiled in their schemes of interest or ambition—have not fortitude enough to bear up against the stream of adversity, but are eaten up and destroyed by melancholy and regret. Of the first of this class were Sappho, Petrarch, Chatterton, and of the second were, Cardinal Woolsey, the emperor Charles Vth, and a long list of discarded ministers of state, and men who have failed in their projects of aggrandizement. In others, the brain is not only of the most finished contexture, but is also, of so sound and solid a consistence, that the nightly visitations of this

fairy queen, only awaken within them the most pleasant images, and stimulate them to the performance of the most laudable acts. Of such a conformation are the brains of all those, who have enriched the world by the productions of their genius, or improved and embellished it by the exercise of their active virtues—the sages and heroes, both of ancient and modern times. I once opened the head of one of our most celebrated demagogues, who, by disclaiming, on all occasions, all interested or ambitious motives, and his loud bawlings for the liberties of the people, had so ingratiated himself with them, that he had rendered himself their idol, who never appeared in public, but to be hailed with the loudest acclamations, and instead of finding his protestations of disinterestedness and love of country, verified by this proof, I perceived to his utter confusion and dismay, that the palace of queen Mab had assumed the form of himself, seated, like an eastern caliph or sultan, upon something that appeared to be a throne, holding in his hand a golden sceptre, apparently issuing out his decrees in a peremptory tone, whilst the cringing multitude below, were bowing obsequiously to his nod—This trial unmasked him, who was in heart, if he had never had it in his power to become so indeed, his country's traitor—At another time, I saw the man, who from an awful sense of duty and a genuine love of country, had found it necessary to oppose the inclinations of the people, had fearlessly encountered all the storm of popular fury, and even breasted himself to the shock of public odium; who for the most faithful and disinterested services, had met with no better return from his fellow-citizens, than ingratitude, scorn and contumely; when tested by this magic symbol, I have seen this man exhibited, standing meekly in the midst of the people, scattering favours around him; which proved, that the ruling object of his desire was to do them good. In those cases, in which I have made experiments upon the heads of the clergy, the result has been similar—The ostensible object of pursuit, has rarely corresponded to the anti-type within. Never, in a single instance, have I seen the professions of those, who were most frequent and clamorous in their pretensions to zeal, the most sanctimonious in their manners, and ready to disparage the piety, and decry the holiness of others, justified

by this test. In these instances, the emblem within, took sometimes the appearance of bubbles that glittered, and seemed, every moment, ready to burst, which betokened popular applause to be the object of ambition; at other times of fat benefices, and even on some occasions, so preposterous are the expectations of some men, of the mitre itself. So uniformly have I found, in cases of this nature, when the mask was thrown off, that the hypocrite was discovered, that I have contracted a strong prejudice against all loud and obtrusive pretensions to religion. Never but in a single instance, in all my experiments, have I seen this symbol, take a form, which is the only one it ought ever to exhibit, in those who devote themselves to that high, important and holy calling, and there, it appeared in a man, meek and unassuming, active but not noisy in the cause of his master; animated by an enlightened but not furious zeal; no railer against the piety of others whose views of things happened not to correspond with his own; but solicitous chiefly to have his own heart right before God, and his conscience void of offence; charitable in his opinions of others, severe to himself alone—In this man, the symbol within displayed the appearance of a magnificent temple, which although there were no lights to be perceived in it, was most splendidly illuminated, by the lustre of the materials of which it was constructed, and the glory of Him who resided in it. This temple obviously typified the heavens above, and denoted that the heart of its possessor was in that blessed abode.

In the cases mentioned, I applied myself to make experiments that might not only establish my system, but be of serious and important benefit to my fellow-citizens. In other instances, I have made them for my diversion. On opening the head of a coquette, I found the form of a youth as fair and comely as Adonis, but to my surprise, he retained his post but a very short time, being supplanted by another who approached, but soon shared the fate of his predecessor, his place being taken and occupied by a third, and he was soon expelled by a fourth, and so on in continued succession, as long as I had an opportunity of observing it. In the head of a beau, I found the figure of himself dressed in an elegant suit of clothes, in that of a young lady, a superb carriage and

horses richly caparisoned; in the head of a poet, I found a sprig of laurel represented, in that of an epicure a large turtle. In the head of an English boor I had occasion to dissect, I found the resemblance of a beefsteak, in that of an Irishman, a white potatoe; in that of a Frenchman, a fricasseed frog; in that of a Dutchman, a pipe, and in that of an American, a liberty cap.

And now I am willing to leave the matter to the decision of an enlightened and generous public, whether I do not deserve the thanks of the present generation, and the grateful recollections of posterity, for this my useful and noble discovery? Must not the mind of him, who can thus trace nature through her secret operations, have received the most finishing touches, from the plastic hand of the great contriver of all things? Yes. The public must not accuse me of vain glory, when I avow, that I confidently anticipate, that this essay will purchase for me the smiles of prince Posterity. Like Archimedes, I am ready to exclaim, with rapture, Eureka, or with the Latin poet, *exegi monumentum ære perennius* —and if Newton has immortalized himself, by discovering the principle and laws of gravitation, Harvey the circulation of the blood, Columbus, a new world; and thousands of others, by discoveries and inventions of greater and minor importance, I see no reason under the sun, why this my sublime discovery, should not entitle its author also, to a niche in the temple of Fame. I candidly assure the reader, that my expectations are very sanguine, as to the destiny of this my production. I already feel the “wreath of immortality,” pressing on my brow. Do but reflect, courteous reader, upon the numberless advantages, which not only the present race, but all succeeding ages, will derive from this my happy discovery; I have provided by this means, a talisman, which will at once, by its magic touch, dissolve all the illusions of error, throw off the masks of hypocrisy, and detect the numberless artifices of fraud and imposture. Do the people wish to distinguish their real from their pretended friends; to ascertain who are worthy of the confidence they are inclined to repose in them; and whether those among their rulers, who most flatter their prejudices, yield with the greatest pliancy to their inclinations and passions, and are the most frequent and boisterous in professions of devotedness to their

service, and vigilance over their liberties, are seeking their country's welfare or their own aggrandizement? Let them take a peep at the Palace—Do our presidents, governors, and men in authority, in their appointments to posts of honour and trust, feel anxious to determine who will serve their country with greatest zeal, fidelity and attachment, and who will if opportunity offers, betray, degrade, or ruin her? let them take a peep at the Palace. If our churches, are desirous to discover who are most fitted to be placed at their head; our congregations, who among their pastors are the most truly devoted to their holy task, those who are most clamorous in their protestations of zeal, bitter in their invectives against others, and fruitful in all the arts of worming themselves into popular favour, or those meek and quiet spirits who hold on through life the “noiseless tenor of their way,” approving themselves to their God, by a scrupulous and conscientious discharge of all their duties to him, and to their fellow-men, by the uniform purity, uprightness and integrity of their conduct; let them take a peep at the Palace—When clients wish to try the zeal of their counsellors; rich heiresses whether their lovers are in pursuit of their persons or their fortunes; if the merchant would test the honesty of the customer, and the customer the justice and honour of the merchant; if the employer would ascertain the attachment of his dependant, and master the fitness of his servant; if one friend would discover the sincerity of another; husbands the fidelity of their wives, and wives the inviolable affection of their husbands; if lovers are solicitous to determine the tenderness of their mistresses, and mistresses the devotion of their adorers; let them all take a peep at the Palace. To take a peep at the Palace, will, I trust, in future, serve all the good purposes which Momus could have contemplated from having a glass placed before the heart of his man, that all his secret thoughts and purposes might be revealed. It will banish all dissimulation, hypocrisy, artifice, and imposture from the intercourse of men, and introduce the reign of candour and ingenuousness, sincerity and truth.

TRISMEGISTUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Address delivered before the Trustees and Pupils of the Philadelphia Academy, April 6th, 1814.

IT was the sentiment of Mr. Locke, that man is born with no innate ideas: that he owes his information to the channels of sensation and reflection. In this we concur: not however without admitting that since the fall of our common ancestors in Eden, our nature has received a propensity to evil, which in every age and in every clime, has incited men to violate the commands of their Creator. The opening intellect of a child offers to the parent, the nurse and the preceptor, a soil favourable indeed to the growth of immorality, but in which, with the blessing of heaven, may be sown those seeds of virtue and wisdom, which having blossomed on earth, shall acquire a full maturity in the paradise of God.

Our youth are our fairest hopes. On the correctness of their education depends the honour or degeneracy of the ensuing generation. Pericles, the Olympian, in his oration at the funeral of the young Athenians who perished in the Samian expedition, compares the loss which the commonwealth experienced by the destruction of its youth, to the deprivation the year would sustain by the destruction of the spring. A right education is the vernal blessing of society, its absence is an evil for which nothing can compensate. Nations have usually prospered in proportion as their youth have been humanized by the liberal arts: Of the importance of a careful education to the safety of a state, the Persians were so persuaded, that it was entrusted among them, not even to parents, but was placed under the regulation of the public officers. Where measures strict as these have not been adopted, the wisdom of legislators has shown in the plans which they have recommended for the tuition and culture of juvenile minds. Rome owed much of her glory, especially in the latter periods of the republic, to the care she employed in enlightening the intellect of her citizens before they attempted to usher laws from the senate, execute them in the forum, or vindicate them in the field. The territory of the Athenians was small, but their attention to mental cultivation procured them poets and philosophers, orators and statesmen, who have equally astonished and enlightened the world. From boys

amusing themselves with the hoop and the marble, the future generals and counsellors, the physicians and divines of our country are to arise. Girls with their dolls and their samplers, are to become the mothers and matrons of society. The adage is not more antique than correct. Great reverence is due to children; about to occupy the stage of human affairs, from which *we* must, of necessity retire, the part they shall hereafter act will, in a great measure, proclaim our folly or our prudence, our concern for the welfare of our offspring and of society, or our unnatural and culpable indifference to both.

It is the province of education to open, invigorate, enrich and direct the faculties of the understanding. The mind commences its voyages in quest of knowledge, and returns laden with foreign stores infinitely more valuable than the gold of Ophir. These it delights not only to review, compare and arrange, but to appropriate also to the great purposes of life and happiness. Habituated to literary labour, it has no leisure for the vanities and vices of the times. It is qualified for acting in solitude as the entertainer of itself, and in society as the oracle and delight of others. Under the influence of science, the manners of youth become softened and dignified, and the interests of religion and virtue advanced.

It is with pleasure that the friends of learning and humanity observe something like a new æra commenced in the annals of literature. As though minds like bodies, were sexual, learning has for ages been regarded as the prerogative of the male sex alone. Females a century ago were thought sufficiently accomplished in the art of delineating, if with their needles they could form on coarse canvas a house or a peacock. The poetry prescribed them, was the lullabies of the nursery and the Babes in the Wood, and their historic reading scarcely extended beyond the memoirs of Margery Two-shoes and Robinson Crusoe. Such were deemed proficients in writing who used not a cross for their signatures, and in arithmetic who could compute the amount of the contents of a market-basket. They knew enough of geography to distinguish between land and water, and in astronomy to trace themselves and exhibit to their children the lines and features of the man in the moon. Happily for society the scene is changed. Experiment has fully proved that the mind of a female is as sus-

ceptive of literary as of benevolent impressions, as congenial to reading and reflexion, as to tenderness and fidelity. The mass of social happiness is, by the education of females, greatly promoted. Man need not now desert his habitation to seek a friend conversant with letters, he finds one in his amiable and cultivated companion. His heart is not pained at observing his children made familiar with the legends of ignorance, amused with the fairy, or terrified with the horrible church-yard tale. Their inquisitive minds he finds entertained with solid truth and moral anecdote. Virtuous and dignified principles are instilled. The volume of nature and the volume of inspiration he sees ever lying open in his family, and the instructed mother alternately reading to her charmed little ones, sweet and salutary pages from each. His domestic felicities heighten, while he joins himself in the delightful employment. Unquestionably much of the greatness of the Gracchi of Julius Cæsar and of Augustus, was derived from the moral qualities and cultivated intellects of Cornelia, Aurelia and Attia. Among the causes of the decline of Roman glory, committing the care of children to Grecian menials is justly enumerated. When an ambassador of Persia asked the wife of Leonidas why women were so highly valued in Lacedæmon, she answered, *because they alone know how to make men.*

Is the imagination of a female more excursive than that of man, and her temper more inclined to levity?—learning will impart to both a pleasing sedateness. Women have more leisure than men: but as the Roman philosopher observes, “Leisure without books and a taste for them is death and the burial to a person even when alive.” A good education not only soothes and beguiles those hours of secret sorrow which so frequently fall to the lot of the female, but prevents the passion for dissipation and dress, for news and scandal, which vacancy of mind too generally produces. The pleasures of science are innocent, rational and exalted. When lady Jane Gray in her chamber was asked why she went not out to enjoy the pastime and amusements of the park, she answered, “All their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means. My book hath been so much pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more and more, that in respect of it, all other plea-

sures are to me but trifles and troubles." The light which has arisen in civilized society, on the subject of the improvement of the female mind, like that of christianity when it arose on Greece and Rome, and put an eternal end to the worship of spurious divinities, is too strong ever to be extinguished.

Education has been divided into *physical, intellectual, and moral*. The first embraces such instructions as are promotive of health. It proposes means for correcting any menacing deformity arising from rapidity in growth, from the freaks of mimicry, or from inelegance of habit. It enjoins a due attention to air and exercise, and forbids intemperance and luxury, together with those modes of attire and midnight amusements, which are rendering so many of our youth the victims of premature and pulmonary disease. Though to impart this kind of instruction be the immediate province of the parent and the physician, the judicious teacher will find opportunities for assisting their endeavours by prudent hints and inculcations of his own.

Intellectual education is that by which the powers of the mind are cultivated, and in which chiefly consists, the employment of schools. It explains the objects around us. We call it Natural History when it illustrates the properties and designates the species of animals, such as birds and fishes, insects and quadrupeds. Botany makes us familiar with plants, while chymistry teaches us "the intimate and reciprocal action of all the bodies in nature upon each other." Geography spreads before us the surface of our earth. Mineralogy conducts us to its deepest caverns. To the astronomer, the heavens present their beauty and harmonious grandeur, while Geometry assists in ascertaining the distance of objects whether in earth or sky. By the use of letters we can hold correspondence with our distant friends, and converse with the lives of ancient heroes and patriarchs. When Truth is presented to the mind, Logic asserts her high character, and Rhetoric arrays herself in robes of beauty. Painting charms the eye, Music the ear. Grammar assists us to convey our ideas with verbal propriety, and Arithmetic to arrange the business and discharge the obligations of social and commercial life.

Moral education includes all that relates to personal duties, the rights of societies, and the administration of justice in cities

and empires. It presents man to us as the subject of understanding, will, and a variety of passions. It points us to the divine majesty as a being spiritual and wise, powerful and immense, holy, just and merciful. It inculcates it on us as our duty to esteem, to revere, and to confide in his venerable character, and to fulfil the solemn duties of public, social, and private worship. We are here instructed as to the nature of the obligations we owe to ourselves and to society around us, and qualified to adorn our several spheres as husbands or wives, masters or servants, parents or children, magistrates or people. The branch we are now considering embraces what are called ethics, politics and jurisprudence, or the whole of moral philosophy. Let it be well understood, that this part of education may best be collected from a careful perusal of the holy Scriptures, and a constant attendance in the sanctuaries erected to the honour of Jehovah.

It will be readily perceived, that in few institutions can a circle of information wide and varied as this be trodden. The Trustees of the Young Ladies' Academy of Philadelphia, in conjunction with its successive teachers, have selected and employed such parts of it as seemed best calculated to inform and accomplish the female mind. It must be a consideration peculiarly gratifying to the lovers of literature and virtue, that several seminaries are established in our city, as well as in various other places in the union, which offer to our daughters advantages equal perhaps to any that Europe itself can boast. Since the foundation of this institution in the year 1787, it has experienced many changes, arising from vicissitudes in its teachers, and other causes necessarily incidental to similar establishments. At no period, however, has its reputation been higher, and, as I understand, its pupils more numerous than at the present. Seven years ago, when our worthy friend Mr. Bassett accepted the office of principal, its state was comparatively low; but by the exertion of his respectable talents, by his excessive labour and pious zeal for the welfare of his pupils, it has acquired in this city, a standing highly honourable—a reputation not a little distinguished. It is with extreme concern that the trustees have witnessed the declining health of their principal, in consequence of his assiduous exertions and cares, and that it now devolves upon them to announce to the parents and guardians of their pupils, that he has

been obliged to relinquish his arduous office. Worn down in your service, he deserves and will carry along with him, your best wishes and your pious prayers.

Allow me, dear sir, in the name of the trustees, to assure you of our high and cordial esteem. May returning health renew your capacity for public usefulness. Bear with you the persuasion that the faithful instructor of youth is among the most valuable members a community can enjoy. You have an ample interest in the sincere regards of your numerous pupils, and, what your correct estimation must value infinitely higher, an interest I trust in the favour and friendship of that God, whose praises you have taught these children to celebrate.

It is a consolation which, amid the revolutions of life, we are permitted to realize, that when one fountain of blessing is dried up, another usually opens in its stead. When the conducting cloud disappeared before the Hebrews on the margin of Jordan, the ark was brought forward from the midst of the people, and became their leader. The board of trustees instruct me to announce that they have elected Mr. Henry J. Hutchins to be the successor of Mr. Bassett. I have not the honour of a personal intimacy with this gentleman, but I am informed on authority which I cannot question, that he received the first rudiments of a classic education, under the eye of a worthy divine, and near relation, who resides in the city, and has for many years been employed in conducting a female academy, and, as I understand, deservedly.

He pursued his classical education at Princeton, and finally received the honours of the University of Pennsylvania. He is esteemed for his literary attainments, the suavity of his manners, and the integrity of his heart. The trustees respectfully recommend him to the patronage of the public, and hope he will experience their liberal support.

My worthy predecessors in addressing you, to whose wisdom and eloquence I have no pretensions, have usually closed their virtuous effusions, by an address to the pupils of the institution.

Permit me, young ladies, for a few moments, to solicit your attention.

The manner in which you have performed your exercises, has given to all present, entire satisfaction. It bears honourable testimony to your industry and perseverance. Let me exhort you to be industrious still. "An idler" says the sagacious Cowper,

"An idler's like a watch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands."

Habits of industry in one department of duty, will become translated into others. Augustus seldom wore any other garments than those which the wheel and the shuttle of the empress Livia, or his sister Octavia had prepared. Conceive not your studies terminated when you leave this seminary. You must be students all your lives. After the utmost diligence you will descend to the grave with many lessons still unlearned. But of whatever else you may be ignorant, I beseech you seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Be particularly cautious in the choice of your society, and steadfast in your adherence to truth and chastity. Mr. Addison well observes "a virtuous mind in a fair body, is a fine picture in a good light."—Would you be esteemed, be virtuous! cherish a high degree of respect for your fathers and mothers. The amiable and only daughter of Zimmerman at the age of twenty-five, after a lingering affliction, died in her father's arms. Her last words were "to-day I shall taste the joys of heaven." A pleasing and sentimental instance of her habitual dutifulness, his affection has recorded; "a rose" says he, "was my favourite flower. She presented one to me almost daily during the season; I received it from her hand with the highest delight, and cherished it as the richest treasure." You can as yet form no correct estimate of the sensibilities of a parent's heart.—O never, never give them pain. To the care of a good and protecting Providence permit me to commend you, and to hope, that through the grace of a mediator your final portion may be life everlasting..

To the audience whose interest in the welfare of their children and young friends has so obviously discovered itself, with every sentiment of respectful consideration, I return thanks for their obliging attention, and announce that the duties of the evening are closed.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ACCOUNT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

DEVOTED as the Port Folio is to the encouragement and promotion of sound and liberal instruction among the youth of our country, it is with no ordinary degree of gratification that we are enabled, by the favour of a distinguished and much esteemed correspondent, to lay before our readers the following article. The source whence it is derived precludes all doubt touching the verity of the statements it contains, and the author of it is in every way qualified to judge of the subject on which he writes.

We are prepared to rejoice, with our fellow-citizens at large, at the introduction of reforms and improvements into seats of science and seminaries of instruction in any quarter of the United States. We would be wanting, however in candour, were we to withhold the acknowledgment, that, in the reputation and usefulness of the University of Pennsylvania, we feel a peculiar—a superior interest. Looking back to no very distant period of time, we behold this seat of learning flourishing in vigour, and varying in character with the oldest and most celebrated institutions of our country. Nor, under proper regulations, do we perceive any obstacles of sufficient magnitude to prevent the return of that brilliant era, that golden age in the history of the establishment. We will even assert our confident belief, that no such obstacles can be shown to have an existence.

We are no strangers to the fact, that solid objections are supposed to exist, and that strong prejudices are actually entertained by many, against the establishment of colleges and universities in large cities. But after the most faithful and deliberate consideration we are capable of bestowing on the subject, we are firmly persuaded that these objections are invalid, and that the prejudices have no foundation in truth. If we derive our evidence from history, the great teacher of all that is most correct and excellent in relation to fact, it will inform us, that Athens, Alexandria, Rome, and Constantinople were successively, in ancient times, the seats of the best and most celebrated schools for the education of youth that the world was any where able to exhibit. Nor is the history

of our own times wanting in an abundance of similar instances. In France, Italy, and Germany, some of the most celebrated schools that these countries afford—those too which have sent forth into the world the most illustrious characters, are known to be established in large cities. The same thing is true in relation to the schools of Russia and Sweden. Those of the large cities are, in no respect, inferior to such as are established in more retired situations. Edinburgh and Dublin, two very large and populous cities, are peculiarly renowned for the extent and excellence of their academical institutions. Even our own country exhibits an example highly honourable in favour of the position we are endeavouring to establish. Columbia college in New-York, under the government of a code of wise and efficient regulations, administered by her present able and energetic Principal, is fast rising—perhaps, we might have said, has already risen—to an equality with any of her sister institutions in our country.

Corroborative of the evidences of history are those which we derive from a careful examination of the reason and nature of things. As far as the influence of example is to be taken into account—and we know that on the minds of youth it is eminently powerful—it is likely to operate more unfavourably in country towns and villages than in large cities. It is a truth, which, by men of observation will not be denied, that, in proportion to numbers, there prevails in the former a much larger amount of *idleness*, *dissipation*, and *crime*, than in the latter places. Assailed by a combination so powerful and enticing, both habits of study and moral principle are in danger of being, in a serious degree, relaxed and unsettled. In addition to other considerations, the ambition of youth will be excited to higher exertions by frequent exhibitions of their attainments in elocution, composition, and general scholarship, before the enlightened and dignified audience of a large city, than before that of a country or a country village.

But without dwelling on the matter generally, or entering into any further details, we cannot refrain from congratulating most sincerely the citizens of Philadelphia on the long wished for and invaluable opportunity which is now presented to them, of instructing their youth in the elements of whatever appertains to the scholar and the man of science, without removing them from their

own superintendance of their morals, habits, and manners, and the innumerable felicities of their own firesides.

In the reputation and usefulness of the University of Pennsylvania a new and important era has just commenced. The ability of the professor of languages has been too long attested, and is, therefore, too well established, to need our commendation. As respects the provost and vice provost, recently elected, time, we are confident, will verify our assertion, that their talents and qualifications would do honour to the high and responsible stations they hold, in any institution, whether of this or of foreign countries. Ardently devoted to the duties of their vocation, and determined to derive celebrity to themselves from that of the school whose interests they superintend, the issue of their exertions cannot be doubtful, in case their fellow citizens repose in them the confidence and extend to them the patronage to which they are entitled. Let youth of talents and good dispositions—such as would do credit to other institutions—be placed under their care, and we have no fear as to the disappointment of our anticipations, or the falsifying of our predictions.

Warmly recommending to the citizens of Philadelphia, and of the United States in general, the interests of the school of languages, arts, and sciences, in the University of Pennsylvania, we shall proceed, without further preface, to lay before our readers the article which we have too long withheld from them, and to which our remarks have been only introductory. ED.

As our colleges are the nurseries of science and the places from which we are to derive, in continued succession, a sufficient number of learned and able men to fill the several offices of church and state; as well as to adorn the walks of private life; and, moreover, as it is in them that the minds and morals of our youth are formed, and from them, as their source, that the taste and literature of our country derive their character; every thing which relates to such institutions cannot but be regarded as interesting to the public. It is on this account, that the writer of this article, takes the liberty of obtruding upon the attention of his fellow citizens, a brief statement of the new arrangements which have lately been made in the above-mentioned seminary, in order that when

fairly and fully apprised of the particulars they may be able to determine the degree of confidence and encouragement it merits from them. It is far from his intention to give an inflated and exaggerated representation of the improvements recently attempted in this institution, or to endeavour to attract to it a share of public patronage to which it is not entitled: he has in view nothing more than merely to communicate such a plain and unvarnished account of its present establishments as will enable his fellow citizens to decide upon its claims for themselves.

There are, at this time, in the University of Pennsylvania, three professors in the department of arts—(of the department of medicine, it is not the purpose of the writer of the present article to speak, at this time, since its reputation has been long established, and his countrymen are well acquainted with the talents and efficiency of those who occupy the several chairs)—To each of these professors are allotted distinct branches of science. From the professor of languages the students are to receive all their knowledge of the languages, of antiquity and ancient geography. From the professor of natural philosophy, all their knowledge of that science and the various branches of the mathematics; by the professor of moral philosophy, they are instructed in ethics, in history, in logic, and in the belles lettres. Three years constitute the allotted period of college study, and one of the new dispositions made in the college lately is the plan adopted by the faculty, of making the senior class in the grammar school, correspond to the first class in the other seminaries of the union, and requiring of its members, as preparatory to their entrance into college, to pass through that course of instruction usual in this class—It is contemplated, however, by the friends of this institution, that, as soon as its funds will admit of it, another professor shall be appointed, and thus the pupils will enjoy the advantages of collegiate instruction and government for a longer period of time. A committee has just been appointed by the board of trustees to consider of and report upon the expediency of procuring a professor of oriental languages, and it is more than probable that this chair will be immediately filled. A professorship of history and of eloquence are also contemplated—We mention these circumstances merely to show the more extended plans of the trustees, and their large and liberal views in reference

to the affairs of the seminary—They have already made full and ample provision for the education of youth—The apparatus is, perhaps, one of the most extensive and complete in this country, and has, by the present professor of the department of natural philosophy, been put into perfect order, and transferred from the room which formerly held it, to one on the south of the building, the best adapted to that purpose which the writer of this ever recollects to have seen—A large hall, before occupied as the grammar school, has been elegantly fitted up as a place of public worship and speaking, both of which exercises are regularly attended to in the morning of every day. In this hall public exhibitions are held, at which the youth are made to declaim in presence of the citizens, in order to excite their ambition to excel, and improve them in the art of public speaking; upon which their future reputation as legislators, as pleaders, and as divines, so materially depends. In order, if possible, to excite the young men to industry and to rouse a spirit of emulation, dies have been purchased by the trustees, and medals are prepared to bestow on those who, at their examinations, shall distinguish themselves in scholarship, and these medals will be distributed among them, in future, in exact proportion to their moral and intellectual merits and their proficiency in their studies. In addition to what has been already mentioned, a literary society, upon a respectable and permanent foundation, has been instituted, whose sole object it is, to strengthen and support the discipline of the college and extend and consummate its system of instruction and improvement. These are the means which are now resorted to, to give a new impulse to this literary institution, and it is hoped that they are such as must prove effectual in advancing its growth and prosperity. The board of trustees who superintend its interests are, for the most part, men of the highest talents and respectability in the city, and many of them zealous and active in their endeavours to raise and support it.

To the inhabitants of this great metropolis it certainly should be a matter of pride and congratulation to have the means of instruction to their children brought within the reach of their own doors, insomuch, that while they remain under the full control of domestic government, the best safeguard of their moral conduct,

they can receive, at the same time, all the advantages of a finished education—Under these circumstances, it is ardently hoped, that if the arrangements lately made in the University are such as meet the approbation and claim the confidence of the citizens, they will not permit it to languish and decline for the want of that countenance and support, which it is in their power to afford it.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TOMB OF ELIZA JENNINGS, FROM THE FRENCH OF MALLET DU PAN.

IN the month of April, 1775, I was crossing the Alps by the road of the Great Saint Bernard.—Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, the company with which I was ascending this dangerous pass, reached the summit of the mountain. We stopt to rest ourselves at a house built in the tenth century, by Bernard de Menthon, for the relief of weary travellers. The heat of the sun had subsided and the sky was overcast. Thick vapours moved heavily along the tops of the rocks, and covered the narrow valleys beneath us. The hospitable monks who have charge of the house, pressed us to remain with them all night, predicting the extreme darkness which soon followed.

By six o'clock the frozen surface of this elevated spot was mantled in the deepest gloom. The clouds driven from the northwest, flew swiftly over us, whirling themselves round the huge cavities of the rocks, which repeated with a loud noise the sound of the distant *avalange*. The snow fell in dusty particles, and shut out every surrounding object.

The monks were abroad in the midst of the storm, exercising the humane duties of their station, and prepared to stretch forth a helping hand to the benighted traveller, without regard to rank, religion or nation. From the top of the craggy rock, they brave the tempest to hearken to the voice of distress: unmindful of the piercing cold, they clear the road of new fallen snow, and penetrate to the verge of the deepest chasms; there, waiting for the unhappy wanderer, they guide him to the single, safe, and certain

road: oftentimes they drag him from under the drifted snow, and restoring him to life, transport him in their arms to their comfortable convent, where, cherished by the kindest care, he lives to bless them for their noble charity.

For more than an hour, five of the religious with their servants, had been absent upon this benevolent duty, when the barking of the dogs announced their return. In a few moments the doors were opened to ten persons, perishing with cold, fatigue and fright. Clean linen and reviving cordials were ready in a moment, and distributed without distinction amongst the sufferers.

This party consisted of an English Baronet, his wife, a very handsome young lady of about twenty, the delicate paleness of whose face, made her beauty more interesting, and their servants.

We sat down to an abundant supper. I addressed the new comer in English. He had heretofore spoken in monosyllables only; but hearing his own language, he became somewhat sociable, while the lady, who had maintained a mournful silence, in spite of the great attentions of the good monks, now joined in our conversation.

I spoke of the danger they had been in, and learning from them that they were going into Lombardy, where they had principally resided for the last two years, we agreed to keep company as far as Verceil.

The image of the fair lady followed me to my cell. The recollection of her soft voice and touching melancholy, kept me from sleep. Suddenly I heard her in the adjoining room, address a prayer to God, expressive of her deep distress. She accused herself of having deserted a father, become wretched by her misconduct; she sighed and wept in the greatest grief. I joined in her invocations, and asked for her the blessing of a tranquil night, and my wishes were fulfilled.

On the summit of the Alps, the wide spread book of nature seizes upon the mind with an interest, superior to the fables of romance; yet, I dwelt upon the fancied pictures of the novelist, when I contemplated this charming woman. Her countenance expressed the sweetest affability, through which was seen the fire of passions softened by modesty. Her complexion was fair, her eyes of the mildest blue, and her mouth most exquisitely beautiful, ornamented with the finest teeth.

In descending the Saint Bernard the next morning, picturesque views burst upon the eye in every direction. The Englishman became animated, and whilst admiring the fertile plains below, the distant green hills and numerous villages of the *Val D'aost*, communicated to me in part, the cause of his residence in Italy. Sir James Black, for such was his name, unwilling that his friends should know in what country he and his wife resided, had purchased an estate called Pusiano, in the Milanese, bordering on the Lake of Coma, and remote from all frequented roads. Lady Black, whose mind was rather relieved of its habitual distress, than fully occupied by the great objects before us, leaned upon my arm as we walked down the steep declivities, and seemed apprehensive that her husband would reveal too much. We might have reached Vercceil in two days; but pleased with each others society, we lingered on the road more than four. Seldom have I parted from any persons with more regret; but duty called me to Turin, while the baronet and his lady turned off towards Milan, having urged me in vain to accompany them to their solitude. Unable to comply with their polite and pressing invitation, then, I promised that, in the spring following, when I should again visit Italy, I would spend a few happy and tranquil days with them.

The next year, a letter from sir James reminded me of my engagement, and I repassed the Alps. Whether the recollection of those who expected me, added to a presentiment of their misfortunes, or the aspect of the surrounding grounds disposed my heart to sadness, I know not; but certain it is, that, as I approached his abode, an involuntary gloom seized upon me:—I arrived at Pusiano depressed and low spirited; and yet when I recall to mind the peculiar features of the objects in view, it is impossible that they should have caused this dejection. It was the day after Pentecost. The country around dressed in verdure, and in flowers, embalmed the air with delightful fragrance; the road lined with citron and lemon trees, formed here and there small arbours of the deepest green; fruitful orchards spread themselves through the valley, and up the sides of the hills; the birds sang in the sweetest harmony; the *Adda* meandered from the smooth bosom of the lake, in which a flock of swans were washing their bright

plumage, surpassing in whiteness the alabaster of the neighbouring mountains; the fresh breeze of the morning gave to vegetation unusual brilliancy, to the husbandman alertness and gaiety, and to all nature, joy and contentment. How, in the midst of such scenery, could affliction approach my heart!

Arrived at the castle of Pusiano, I was conducted to a terrace on which sir James was walking with Hervey's meditations in his hand. He embraced me with a shivering emotion. Not less affected than himself at the sight of his black dress, the words died away upon my lips as I inquired for his wife. Alas! what a subject for a first meeting. The tears of the unfortunate sir James informed me too soon of his loss. Lady Black, had been dead more than three months, and I who had anticipated so much happiness in the cultivation of her friendship, came now to her asylum but to weep over her ashes!

After this painful meeting we sat down to breakfast, though without appetite or conversation. Sir James soon left me in the company of a Scotch clergyman, named Howell. This gentleman possessed a mind well stored with learning, and a heart disposed to sympathize with his disconsolate friend. Passionately fond of Virgil and Milton, he had engraved sentences from their sublime works in every grove around. With delicate attention to the sufferings of sir James, they were selected as a balm to the sickened heart: intended rather to soften than to dissipate every painful recollection; mitigating as it were the distressing thoughts of past events, without destroying the pleasing melancholy that so frequently accompanies a recurrence to them.

Sir James soon returned to the breakfast room, and in a few days became sufficiently composed to ride and walk with me about his grounds. He had conducted me several times across the fine lake that washed the walls of the terrace. Purified by the running streams that issue from it, and move unagitated and slowly over sand and stones, its waters are ever pellucid and fresh, reflecting in their calm bosom the cloudless beauties of an Italian sky. The oars of our skiff divided its azure surface without ruffling its quiet, or disturbing its transparency;—leaving only a rippling furrow to mark our course.

I had observed a small island near which we always passed, but on which we never landed. A thick tuft of trees seemed to cover every part of it. Sir James in the morning would leave the house, without regarding weather or company, and embark alone for this little island. These mysterious visits excited my curiosity, and I ventured one day to request him to steer our boat to its banks. He took me by the hand, and with great tenderness begged me to excuse his reserve upon that subject: "I did not invite you here, continued he, to witness my sorrow, and I have concealed from you the monument of its cause; but your compassionate friendship dispels my scruples. Come then with me to that island, the abode of everlasting grief, and where I must spend my days in expiating my errors, in weeping over my victim." We soon approached its shores. My unsteady steps now touched those banks which I would willingly have seen recede from me, however much they had just before been the object of my curiosity. An avenue of poplars, up which we passed, led to the centre of this little territory, in which was a mound of grass crowned with lofty trees. We walked round it in profound silence, when following the course of a brook that soon lost itself amid rough rocks and scattered shrubs, we penetrated a thick wood, beyond which stood a circular railing of iron. Sir James took a key from his pocket and opening the railed door, introduced me to the interior. At sight of it I trembled, and followed the baronet with difficulty. "You are agitated, said he, endeavouring to conceal his own emotion: This is the spot where my wife reposes: here kind Providence will one day unite us." As he spoke he covered his face with his hands: grief smothered his voice: he knelt before the tomb of Eliza, and bathed it with his tears. My own could not be suppressed: they moistened the mausoleum upon which I leaned.

When a little recovered, I cast my eyes around. A quickset hedge that lines the inside of the railing, conceals the monument from every outside beholder. In the middle stands a tomb of black marble, surrounded by sycamores planted without order: a simple inscription records the name of Eliza, her place of nativity, the day of her marriage, and that of her death: In the centre of the vault an opening is left, through which a peach-tree rears its head,

covered with youthful leaves, sure harbinger of spring: on a dark slab behind are inscribed these lines from Pope:

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.

Sir James led me to a seat, and taking both my hands within his, spoke to me thus:

“ I am born rich, of illustrious parentage, and with strong passions; three advantages that often prove fatal. My younger days were wild. Bred up to the navy, in which many of my ancestors had distinguished themselves, I fell into the greatest irregularities whenever I returned to England. My behaviour ruined my reputation with the thinking part of the community; but the world seemed to forgive it, and its example encouraged me to continue; yet pleasure had neither destroyed my native decency, nor the principles of my education. In my visits to an aged uncle, I became acquainted with miss Jennings. She was the first woman who had inspired me with respect: she pleased me without yet touching my heart: she reformed me even before I loved her. My partiality soon increased to a violent passion; I offered to marry her; my parents consented, but the father of Eliza inflexibly rejected me. He was a virtuous but proud merchant, whose rigid morality abhorred my connexion with his daughter, as an alliance with dishonour and opprobrium. He warned her of the hazard she ran, told her of my wandering profession, that kept me so much from home; of my old habits, liable to return the first moment my love should cool: described to her the distressing situation of a young woman deserted and despised, burthened with the duties of matrimony without their delights, and bound for life to a libertine, whom she would soon detest, because he would be unworthy of her esteem. Driven to despair, and following the violent bent of my disposition, I formed the plan of taking miss Jennings from her father’s house, and of marrying her in opposition to her family. She received the proposal at first with sentiments of horror; her affection for her father triumphed over her love, and my entreaties were vain. The sincerity of my attachment, and my inconsolable sorrow, conquered at length the parental fondness of Eliza. Some scruples yet remained, but I persuaded her that

her father would yield to the evidence of my total reformation. Unhappily she believed me, and half dead with conflicting sentiments of love and duty, she deserted her paternal abode, to accompany me to Scotland, where Mr. Howel gave us the nuptial blessing. It required all my ascendancy to prevent Eliza from instantly falling at her father's feet to implore his pardon. This step would have proved as unavailing as did a letter we sent him full of the most touching expressions of repentance. Mr. Jennings informed the messenger that, if the laws would not restore to him his child, he would himself tear her from my arms. I knew full well that he would execute his threat. Eliza trembled at the thoughts of such an attempt, which might draw down upon my head the horrid guilt of parricide; to prevent such fearful consequences of a first violation of parental rights, we fled to the continent, and thus, in escaping the vengeance of an injured father, consigned the evening of his life to solitude and misery.

The agitation of this unhappy separation affected the health of my wife. The sweet repose of the mind was gone: my efforts could never again restore it, but it was my duty to continue my endeavours. The climate of Italy was favourable to her delicate frame, this estate was for sale: the retired beauties about it induced us to fix our residence here. The first cares of a new establishment, the rural charms within our reach, the salubrity of the country,—all united for a time to reanimate the languid life of my Eliza. She expected soon to become a mother, and fondly hoped to soften by that event the recollection of the cruel circumstances which gave it birth. But alas! our paternal malediction followed us even to this sequestered spot. Eliza's child was still-born, and he who violently took her from her happy home, was her only comforter under this heavy disappointment. From that moment the attractions of this place vanished. My wife grew daily worse: the image of a father, whose tenderness had never ceased, until his daughter became unworthy of it; who had been her friend, the instructor of her youth, which he had so sedulously formed for virtue and for happiness,—that father now left without wife or child!—a prey to these afflictive thoughts, forever upbraiding her with ingratitude and disobedience, the wounded heart of Eliza bled unceasingly. Remorse engendered new disorders, which

increased our anguish, and embittered every moment of our lives: they even soured the angelic temper of Eliza, she became reserved: refused to ramble in my company: we concealed our tears from each other—my wife, because I did not occasion hers to flow —myself, to avoid adding *my* grief to that with which I saw her penetrated; and thus we sighed in secret;—we, who had become inseparably bound by our errors!

In so violent a crisis I thought the best remedy was to return with Eliza to England, and to attempt once more a reconciliation with Mr. Jennings. But this aged gentleman, half inclined to pardon his daughter, had refused to me his forgiveness. He demanded that Eliza should be restored to her paternal roof. If, unhappy woman, she had been left to her own feelings, I doubt not she would have sacrificed me to filial piety, the influence of which is ever powerful over a virtuous mind. The most lasting of our attachments is the first we feel;—that which nature inspires in the cradle, and which a thousand kind offices bestowed upon our infantile days, contribute to nourish and increase. It is a religious and tender sentiment, to which we are recalled from the tumult of passions, by a loud and terrible voice. I dreaded its effects, and not sufficiently generous to strengthen the wavering resolutions of Eliza, I tore her a second time from her father's arms. Mr. Jennings did not oppose me. He even sent to his daughter a large sum of money, with her jewels, and an old servant who lived in his family at her birth, and whom he commanded to accompany his young mistress, wherever I should conduct her.

"As we passed the Saint-Bernard," continued the baronet, "you witnessed the melancholy of Eliza; you saw in her countenance the early waste of grief and consumption: It increased from day to day. In spite of the climate, in spite of the assiduity of art and of my prayers, my beloved Eliza expired in the twenty-first year of her age, in the arms of her murderer! Before she died, she called John, the old family servant, to her bed side, and gave him a letter for his master, desiring him to announce to her father, her death, her repentance, her excessive sufferings; to conjure him to restore me to his friendship, and to comfort and cherish me as his son.

When the hour arrived for me to pay the last solemn duties to my wife, whose room I had never left, I fell deprived of all sense. This lethargy was followed by maddening fits of despair. I had all the funeral preparations removed, and ordered the body to be embalmed; I placed the coffin under my piano. Day and night, for a whole month, I touched the keys of that instrument, that seemed to pour forth the melodious notes of Eliza; and by playing her favourite songs, I could fancy the shade of her lovely person listening at my side. In the midst of these illusions I had this vault constructed. I have given to the island the paternal name of the unhappy victim who reposes under these shades. This peach-tree I planted with my own hands upon her sepulchre. Every morning I visit it, every morning I water its roots: I see it grow from the ashes of Eliza; she lives again in its stalk and in its leaves. The first peach that ripens on it is destined for Mr. Jennings. When I gather it, I will assemble here from the whole district, all the heads of families; they shall witness the expiation of my offences against the holy authority of nature, and this day of solemnity shall serve to honour and sanctify the memory of Eliza."

He ceased, and in mournful silence led me through the gate to the boat. We devoted the day to meditation and sorrow. In the year 1777 the baronet first celebrated his festival. The island, the mausoleum, the peach-tree, exist now as they were then. Traveller, when you traverse Lombardy, do not forget to visit the tomb of Eliza.

S. B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE REIGN OF PETER THE GREAT.

(Concluded from our last, page 456.)

THE decisive victory of Pultowa, which left the Swedish monarch no means of personal safety, other than a precipitate flight into Turkey, placed the Czar in a situation speedily to effect the conquest, in which he had already made considerable progress, of the Swedish provinces of Ingria, Carelia, and Esthonia. By the

original treaty of partition with Augustus of Poland, the two last were pledged to the republic; but the defection of the king, compulsory indeed, and his inability to make an impression on them himself, furnished Peter either with the right or the pretext of grasping the whole.

The political relations of Russia now wear another aspect. It will be no longer *Muscovy* of which I shall have to speak, but a power holding the dictatorship of the North; occupying a larger space in the eyes, and exerting a more efficient influence over the affairs of Western Europe, than Sweden possessed even in the days of Gustavus Adolphus.

Peter lost no time in improving the vast consideration and strength which he had acquired, to the advancement of his favourite project, of a complete incorporation with the European system. He formed new treaties with Prussia and Denmark levelled against Sweden; drew the emperor of Germany into the league, and aimed at taking part in the war of the Spanish succession, by which Europe was then convulsed.* His attention was, however, soon more strongly attracted to another quarter. A sudden rupture with the Ottoman Porte, occasioned by the intrigues of Charles with the Divan, or, as some writers allege, by those of Russia with the Moldavians and Wallachians, to incite them to throw off the Turkish yoke, called forth all the ardour of the Czar, and the array of all his means, for the accomplishment, at one vigorous assault, of the fond wish of planting the Russian eagles on the minarets of the Seraglio.

The campaign which followed gave a striking example of the vanity of human hopes, and the varieties of character often blended in the same individual. After having established a regency at home, and issued a proclamation, offering emancipation and the exclusive exercise of the Greek worship to the inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia, the Czar proceeded thither at the head of a considerable force, accompanied by Catharine, with whom he had not long before publicly celebrated his nuptials. I shall not attempt to detail the particulars of his march, during which his usual sagacity and caution appear to have given place to a

* Bruce, p. 159. He offered to assist the emperor of Germany with 25,000 men at his own expense, against France.

rashness and confidence worthy of his old antagonist Charles.* It will be enough for me state, that he found himself at last on the banks of the river Pruth with but a slender supply of provisions and ammunition, surrounded by two hundred and fifty thousand Turks, the sight of whom furnished the first intelligence of their approach. Inevitable destruction seemed to impend over his troops, who were greatly reduced in numbers, and exhausted by fatigue and abstinence. After they had sustained with the utmost intrepidity the attacks of the enemy during three days, and nearly expended their ammunition, Peter conceived that no alternative was left but unconditional surrender, or a desperate attempt to force his way through the assailants in the night, in order to escape by Transylvania into Hungary.

With the determination of hazarding this attempt, he yet suffered himself to be overpowered by the sense of his danger and misfortune. The fortitude and presence of mind for which he had always been distinguished, deserted him on this occasion. While his wife and the principal officers of his army deliberated of their own accord, in council, on the best means of extrication, the conqueror of Charles lay stretched alone in his tent, a prey to chagrin and despondency.† Catharine forcibly interrupted his solitude, roused him from his dejection, and obtained his consent to suffer the expedient of a negociation to be tried. A proposal for terms, accompanied by all her jewels and whatever gold could be collected from the officers, proved successful with the commander of the Mahometan army. Whether the Turk was softened into compliance, or dismayed at the prospect of the attack which the Russians threatened in case of a refusal, it is not material for me to inquire. The treaty which he compelled Peter to sign as the price of safety, stipulated for the restitution of Azof, the demolition of the port of Taganrog; and the razure of all the fortresses which Russia had constructed on the frontiers of Turkey. These conditions were more favourable than the Czar could have hoped to obtain, but must have occasioned him inexpressible mortification, since they involved a relinquishment, for the moment, of his designs of empire on the Euxine, and the destruction of his ships

* See Bruce's Memoirs, p. 41, et seq. for this transaction.

† Voltaire Histoire de Pierre le Grand.

in that quarter. Such, besides the loss of twenty-six thousand men, was the issue of the campaign of Pruth.*

On his return from this ill-advised expedition, Peter remitted nothing of his usual zeal and activity in despoiling the Swedes, improving his resources, and multiplying his relations with the European commonwealth. He reduced the whole of Finland, augmented his navy, recruited his army, gained a signal victory in person over the Swedish fleet, threatened Stockholm, and marched a body of troops into Pomerania and Mecklenburg. He married his son Alexis to a princess of Wolfenbuttel, sister of the empress of Germany, and his niece, Anne, to the duke of Mecklenburg. He built, also, additional foundries and arsenals, and took various arbitrary, but at the same time, efficacious measures, for increasing the commerce and population of his new capital.

Notwithstanding the ruthless and indiscriminate severity with which he had hitherto punished offences against the state, the most pernicious disorders had crept into the domestic administration, particularly during his absence. His attention engrossed by foreign concerns, was not attracted to these disorders until they had nearly paralyzed the whole frame of his government. The army and navy were without pay; many thousands of the labourers employed on the public works had perished miserably for want of subsistence; the people, withal, groaned under the heaviest exactions, and the public revenue was consumed. Upon inquiry by a military tribunal erected for the purpose, these evils were traced to peculations of an enormous amount, and the worst practices of malversation, in which most of the dignitaries of the empire were found to be implicated.†

The chief favourites and confidential ministers of Peter, the high admiral, the president of the admiralty, the grand master of the artillery, were on the list of culprits. The system of fraud extended through all the public departments, over the whole empire, embracing, also, according to Bruce, an incredible number of officers of secondary rank. With the exception of those whose services were indispensable to the Czar, few even of the suspected were spared the torture, exile into Siberia, and the confiscation of

* See, on this affair, Mably *Droit public de l'Europe*, vol. 6.

† Bruce's *Memoirs*, p. 138.

their property. The governor of Archangel was shot; the *vice-governor* of St. Petersburg and several *senators* suffered the *knout*, and had red hot irons drawn over their tongues.

In spite of these terrible examples, and of a new arrangement in the fiscal economy devised to prevent like abuses for the future, the same state of things recurred; the very individuals whom the partiality or necessities of Peter prompted him to pardon on this occasion, and reinstate in his favour, such as prince Menzikoff and admiral Apraxin, were again convicted of similar enormities. I recite this transaction because it bears instructive testimony to the nature of the domestic rule of Peter, and to the impossibility, in an extensive empire, with a despotic head, of protecting the people from the bitterest oppressions, whatever may be the dispositions or the vigilance of the monarch; a truth of which the subsequent history of Russia down to the latest period, will furnish abundant evidence. The conduct of the great officers of state illustrates, moreover, the composition and spirit of the Russian government of the era under consideration.

It is in the genius of despotism, as it was the studied aim of Peter, to destroy all distinctions but those of place; to beat down all pretensions of birth or moral dignity; to endeavour to fix in every mind the idea of no relation between men, but that of master and slave. "History" says Bruce,* "scarcely affords an example where so many people of low birth have been raised to such dignities as in Czar Peter's reign, or where so many of the highest birth and fortune have been levelled to the lowest ranks in life." This observation might be extended to the reign of Catharine the second. The circumstances of both in this point of view, are calculated to remind us of the following remark of Dr. Robertson, in his Introduction to the history of Charles V. "Human society is in its most corrupted state at that period when men have lost their original independence and simplicity of manners, but have not attained that degree of refinement which introduces a sense of decorum and propriety of conduct, as a restraint on those passions which lead to heinous crimes."

Charles the twelfth returned to his dominions towards the end of the year 1714. The war had antecedently begun to languish

* Memoirs, p. 155.

on the part of the allies. The associates of the Czar, among whom was George the first of England, as elector of Hanover, conceived a violent jealousy of his increasing power and ambitious designs, which seem, indeed, to have extended even to the acquisition of the Swedish possessions in Germany, allotted to them respectively in the scheme of partition. By force of arms and intrigue, the kings of Prussia and Denmark, and the elector, had made themselves, separately, masters of Stettin, Vismar, Bremen, and Verden, to the exclusion of the Russian troops and the sensible disappointment of Peter. They proposed to turn their arms against him in Germany, in case he refused to evacuate Mecklenburg, of which he retained possession, under the pretext of supporting the reigning duke against a disaffected nobility. They were at no loss to understand his real object; which was to annex it to his empire by means of an exchange, and thus secure his introduction into the Diet. The king of Denmark, whose plan of seizing upon Scania he had caused to miscarry, by refusing, in violation of his engagements, to cooperate at the proper season in a descent upon that province, accused him of a scheme to involve Denmark in ruinous expenses, and finally usurp Copenhagen and the Sound.

A mutual consciousness and mutual impeachment of treachery, paved the way for a speedy and total revolution in the politics of the North. Dissentions had also arisen between the Czar and Augustus of Poland from the same cause, and contributed to the same end. Peter had wrested from Sweden the provinces which he particularly coveted, and sufficiently broken her power. He had no longer any thing to hope from his allies. What remained was to establish an overruling influence in Germany at their expense. This object could be best promoted by a peace, or an alliance with Sweden. Charles was inclined to a reconciliation, and the celebrated Baron *de Gortz* his minister at the Hague, the prince of political intriguers, was on the alert to take advantage of the new dispositions of Peter. De Gortz opened a secret communication with him through Menzikoff, and propitiated him further, by magnificent plans for his aggrandizement in Germany, to which Sweden was to lend her aid.

While this negotiation was on foot, Peter, having made the necessary arrangements at home, and stationed his armies so as to

protect his interests during his absence, resolved to undertake a journey to the south of Europe, with the view of obtaining a more perfect insight into its politics, and promoting an extraordinary intrigue, on which I shall presently touch, committed to the management of Gortz at the Hague.

The Czar visited the Hanse Towns, Holland, and France, pursuing indefatigably all the ends of general instruction and state-policy, proper to an insatiable avidity for knowledge and dominion, united to the keenest sagacity and the deepest cunning. His reception at Paris was worthy of the magnificent and elegant spirit, for which the French were then preeminent, among the nations of the world. All the honours within the power of the court, the public bodies, and the general society to bestow, were lavished upon the illustrious guest;—every ingenious and complimentary refinement of the most delicate and polished courtesy was exerted to flatter and amuse his fancy;—every source of knowledge was laid open to him with the most liberal and winning condescension. He inspected minutely all the objects of curiosity, and the noble establishments, which abounded in this metropolis; but was,—characteristically,—most attracted by those appertaining to the mechanical and military arts. The Academy of Sciences installed him a member of their fraternity; a distinction to which his acquirements entitled him, and the justness of which is the more creditable, as Peter was the first Czar of Russia, who had ever ventured to sign his name to an official paper.

He studied with eagerness and advantage, the gorgeous monuments of art and science; but seems to have contemplated with indifference, and without profit, the fine model of civilized and polished nature exhibited in the French capital. The lessons of government and self control inculcated by the political and social constitution of France, were lost upon him, if we are to judge from the complexion of his public and private life, after his return to Russia. He could discern and admire the superiority of European forms of existence, but was insensible to the advantages which such a despotism as the French,—if despotism it could be called,—enjoyed over his own, or generally, over the Asiatic, in the genius of its administration, and the temper of its subjects. France then flourished in the full fruition of what she has since so deplorably

lost;—the soul of ancient chivalry; “that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound; which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity; which kept alive even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.” France then flourished under“all the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society.”*

While at Paris, Peter was not less intent upon political, than other objects. He proposed a treaty of alliance to the duke of Orleans, who governed France as regent during the minority of Louis XV. The *Marechal de Tessé* was appointed to confer with his ministers on the subject. His designs of supremacy in the North and preponderance in Germany, and his hostility to the king of England, are fully developed in their negotiations, which are to be found reported at length in the Memoirs of the Marechal.† He succeeded, after much discussion, in obtaining the assent of the regent to a treaty of defensive alliance, which was soon afterwards signed at the Hague. It was accompanied by secret articles, which admitted the unarmed mediation of France between the contending parties in the North, and bound her to form no engagements with Sweden contrary to the interests of Russia, on the expiration of those which then subsisted. It also recognised the guarantee of the Czar to the treaties of Utrecht and Baden; and stipulated for the appointment of commissioners to negociate a treaty of commerce, of the most liberal nature. This, however, was never attempted.

The treaty above mentioned is the more remarkable, as it was the first formal introduction of Russia into the general system of Europe. She had, before, been confined to that of the North, in which the princes, and especially the emperor of Germany, were anxious to see her retained. The *Diplomatie Française* properly remarks, that the occurrence was owing to the subtlety and activity of the Czar, and not to any arrangements or advances of the

* Burke. *Reflections on the French Revolution.*

† Vol. 2—or in the *Histoire de la Diplomatie Française*, vol. 4, p. 447, et seq.

French government, " who rather wished to hold back, and practise reserve towards so aspiring a power."*

The dexterity and forecast of Peter in this transaction, are more to be admired than his ingenuousness or probity, if he were a party—and of the fact no doubt can reasonably be entertained—to the great revolution concerted some little time previous, between the Baron *de Gortz*, and Cardinal *Alberoni* prime minister of Spain. The outlines of their plan, which looked to the entire subversion of the balance of power, and a new political order throughout Europe, embraced,---a solid peace between Sweden and Russia; —the establishment of Stanislaus on the throne of Poland, in whose favour Peter was to sacrifice Augustus;—the deposition of George the first of England, and the elevation of the Pretender;—the expulsion of the regent from France, and the forcible substitution of the Spanish monarch in his place. Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, and Carelia were to be ceded to the Czar in perpetuity; Mecklenburg was also to be his, in order that he might become a prince of the empire, and, at some later period, emperor of the Romans: The duke, his relative, was to be indemnified with the duchy of Courland, and a part of western Prussia, at the expense of Poland;—all the districts and cities wrested from Sweden by the allies of Peter, were to be torn from them, and restored to Charles, who, as soon as the season was favourable for navigation, was to make a descent on England with a body of ten thousand men, and join the party of the Pretender in Scotland.

The contrivers of the plot were indefatigable in their exertions for its success, and abundantly supplied with pecuniary means. They maintained a confidential correspondence with the Russian ministers of state, and arranged with them the terms of a coalition treaty. Peter himself, although he held secret interviews with Gortz on his return from France, affected to be ignorant of the whole extent of his designs, and for some time kept

* Cette union nouvelle fut plutôt due à la sagacité et à l'activité de Pierre le grand, qu' aux démarches du gouvernement Français, qui, au contraire, paroisoit vouloir rester en arrière, soit qu'il craignit de sacrifier la Suede à la Russie, soit qu'il crut devoir agir avec réserve à l'égard d'une puissance, qui semblait vouloir prendre un vol si élevé.—4 vol. p. 461.

aloof, waiting, as Le Clerc observes,* to profit by circumstances as they might arise.

These became every day more auspicious, and a congress was at length determined upon, ostensibly for the negociation of a peace between Sweden and the allies, but, in fact, for the final adjustment and ratification of the conspiracy. The island of Aland was selected as the theatre of the conferences of the plenipotentiaries, of whom *Gortz* was the oracle and leader. Peter stationed himself in the vicinity, with his guards, in order to watch over their progress. “*Alberoni and Gortz*,” says Voltaire, “now thought themselves on the point of distracting and disorganising Europe from one end to the other. A cannon-ball, discharged by accident, from the bastions of Frederickshal, in Norway, confounded all their hopes. Charles XII was killed; the Spanish fleet beaten by the English; the conspiracy working in France detected and crushed; *Alberoni* driven from Spain; *Gortz* beheaded at Stockholm; and of this terrible league, the Czar alone remained erect—committed on no side, and able to give the law to his neighbours.”†

On the death of Charles, the new government of Sweden adopted a policy quite opposite to that which informed the conferences of Aland. It resolved to continue the war with Peter, contracted a strict alliance with England, Denmark, Poland, and Prussia; confirmed them in their conquests, and, as the price of its concessions, was to enjoy their aid for the recovery of Finland and Livonia. The emperor of Germany, alarmed at the Czar’s aggrandizement, became also a zealous member of this formidable coalition.

The menaces and preparations of his new enemies had, however, no other effect than to heighten the activity of Peter, and overwhelm Sweden with fresh calamities. He renewed the war upon her with double violence, carried his armies into her territory, detached his *Cossacks* within two leagues of Stockholm, spared nothing which the sword or fire could reach, and after two

* *Histoire de Russie*, vol. 3, p. 413.

† For this affair of *Gortz* see *Levesque*, 4th vol.; *Le Clerc*, 3d vol.; *Bruce*, p. 190; *Williams's History of the Northern Governments*, vol. 2, p. 165-9; see also *Cobbett's Parliamentary History*, vol. 7, p. 397, for secret correspondence of *Gortz*, laid before the British Parliament by George I.

years of the most destructive and barbarous hostilities,* compelled her to sign the famous treaty of Neustadt, under the mediation of a French minister;—a treaty which even surpassed his most sanguine hopes. He secured by it, Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, a part of Carelia and Finland, several of the most valuable ports of the Baltic, and their adjacents islands, &c. &c. Sweden lost the principle of her vigor, her succulent juices, in losing the two first mentioned provinces, and speedily sunk into the comparative insignificance from which she has, only of late, been rescued, by the genius of a French soldier of fortune. Her strength and her influence transmigrated with them, and served to swell the bulk and quicken the vitality of the gigantic power which was thenceforth to rule the North, and overawe all Europe.

In contemplating the attitude in which Russia was placed by this treaty, well might Peter assume, as he did immediately after, the title of Emperor, and accept from his senate the surname of Great. The contest with Sweden, of twenty-one years duration, had cost him, indeed, incredible fatigue and anxiety, a vast amount of treasure, and an immense number of men; but it left him with a formidable fleet, a veteran and disciplined army, experienced commanders, the highest consideration in Europe, and a mighty “arch of empire,” stretching from the shores of the Baltic to the eastern ocean.

The restless and grasping spirit of the Czar did not allow him to remain in a state of repose. The splendid peace of Neustadt

* See Bruce, p. 213–18—Gordon, vol. 2, p. 163. This writer bears testimony also to the horrible ravages committed under the orders of Peter, by the Russian troops, in Poland, where he first made them stationary, and commenced, in this way, the scheme of usurpation which Catharine II completed. “In one of the campaigns,” says Gordon, who was an eye witness, speaking of the irruptions into Sweden, “six considerable towns, eleven stone palaces, one hundred and nine noblemen’s seats of timber, eight hundred and twenty-six farms, three mills, ten magazines, two copper and five iron forges, were demolished by admiral Apraxin. Major general Lacy laid waste two towns, twenty-one noblemen’s seats, five hundred and thirty-five farms, forty mills, sixteen magazines, and nine iron works, whereof one was of so great value, that the proprietors offered three hundred thousand dollars to preserve it—but in vain. The Russians destroyed not only what was upon the earth, but even what was under it; they ruined several iron and copper mines forever,” &c. &c.

having deprived him of all pretext for immediate encroachment on the West, he directed his victorious arms towards the South. He had long meditated, says Voltaire,* the project of acquiring the empire of the Caspian, and thus opening his dominions to the commerce of Persia, and of a part of India.† With a view to its accomplishment at a suitable juncture, he had caused accurate charts of that sea to be taken for his use in 1716, and scattered political emissaries over Persia.

The opportunity which he so eagerly sought, now presented itself when most desirable. The lawful sovereign of Persia was struggling against a rebellious vassal, who had expelled him from his capital, and usurped his crown. In the general disorder, a predatory horde belonging to the neighbourhood of Caucasus, assailed and massacred a Russian factory, settled near the western shore of the Caspian. Peter demanded redress of the unfortunate monarch, who was unable to do him justice, and who solicited aid for himself.

The preparations of the Czar were already made for war. His army, composed of thirty thousand of his veterans, and of a still greater number of Cossacs, Kalmucs, and Tartars, was instantaneously set in motion. On entering Persia, at their head, he published a manifesto, declaring that his object was not to invade her provinces, but to punish the violence committed on his subjects, and reestablish the rightful monarch on the throne. Notwithstanding this asseveration, which was meant to lull the Ottoman Porte, the latter took the alarm, when it was known that the Czar had reduced Derbent, and subdued the whole territory of Daghestan.

The career of the conqueror was arrested by the arrival of a Turkish ambassador in his camp, who denounced war on the part of his master, unless the Russian troops were withdrawn. A rupture with Turkey, at this crisis, was what Peter had many strong reasons to deprecate. His army, moreover, was threatened with a scarcity of ammunition and provisions, in consequence of the stranding of the vessels laden with his supplies. After some

* Histoire de Pierre le Grand, p. 344.

† According to Perry, he entertained, also, the idea of carrying the commerce and the arms of Russia into the Mediterranean, through the Dardanelles.

deliberation, he resolved to desist from the further prosecution of his enterprise, and having left a sufficient force behind to secure his conquests, retook the road to Astrackan and Moscow. His dexterity achieved soon after, a compromise with the Porte, who was allowed to strip Persia on the side of Georgia, while Peter obtained from the son of the unfortunate sovereign, whose cause he had affected to espouse, the cession of the cities and dependencies of Derbent and Baku, and the provinces of Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Asterabat, under a promise of assistance, which was never afforded.

Bruce, who had a command in this expedition, has given a minute and entertaining account of it in his *Memoirs*.* When all circumstances are considered, there would seem to have been on the part of the Czar, more of cupidity, than judgment either in the attempt or in its execution.

He lost one third of his forces merely by fatigue and sickness. The provinces which he acquired were, besides, found so onerous, as to induce the empress Anne to return them to Persia, in consideration of some slight commercial advantages. I may add, on the authority of general Manstein,† that from the year 1722, in which Peter entered Persia, to the time that the Russians evacuated it, in 1739, there perished a hundred thousand of them victims to the climate.

I have now brought the Czar to the conclusion of his military life. It was not here, indeed, that ended his projects of warfare. He had never ceased to look wistfully towards the Black sea. The Turks, after the unfortunate treaty which they compelled him to sign, affected his imagination, as did the Parthians that of Cæsar after the overthrow of Crassus, and were marked out in the same way for vengeance and subjection. "The truth is," says Manstein,* speaking of the rupture between Russia and Turkey, in 1735, in the reign of the empress Anne, "that Peter the Great had already projected the war; having never been able to digest the peace of Pruth. He had prepared large magazines on the Don, amassed a great quantity of materials for building flat bottomed boats to go down the Dnieper and the Don, at Woronetz, Nova

* B. 8th. throughout.—Also Levesque, B. 7th, and Gordon. Vol. 2. p. 253.

† Memoirs, p. 59.

Paulowska, and other places on the frontiers; as also, ample provisions of arms, ammunition and clothing for the soldiers; in short, every thing was ready for opening the campaign, when death prevented the execution of his designs.”*

Peter survived the Persian expedition only two years. In this interval he employed himself with unabated zeal and activity, not merely in such preparations as those of which Manstein speaks, but in framing and executing plans of internal reform. The religion, laws and customs, institutions and arts of the empire, were all thrown into the crucible at once, and exposed to the same furious menstruum. The violence exerted on one side, and the resistance opposed on the other, justifies the remark made by the king of Prussia with respect to the Czar’s attempts on the genius of his nation;—that it was *aqua fortis* eating iron.

The vigorous constitution which Peter had received from nature, was undermined by an excessive use of strong liquors, inordinate fatigue, domestic chagrin, and the irritability of his temper. He died in 1725, at the age of fifty-two. Some writers attribute this catastrophe to the agency of poison administered by Catharine: but there seems to be no good foundation for the conjecture, and it is no more than conjecture. His course of life is sufficient to account for his premature dissolution. When we consider the severity and continuity of his toils, the licentiousness of his youth, his habitual revels, the keen afflictions with which he was visited, the tempestuousness of his whole existence public and private, we can only be surprised that his frame was not sooner overpowered.

While yet a minor he married Eudoxia, the daughter of a Russian colonel. His infidelities, in which he displayed as little delicacy or moderation, as in the indulgence of his palate,† gave rise in the first years of their union, to serious domestic feuds. These were inflamed to the utmost pitch of exasperation after his establishment on the throne, by the superstitious attachment of his wife

* Memoirs, p. 89. The entertaining Dutch traveller *Corneille le Bruyn*, accompanied Peter on a visit to Woronetz, and gives a full account of his great naval preparations at that place. See *Travels into Muscovy*. Vol. 1. p. 62.

† “Il aimoit les femmes,” says Voltaire, “autant que le Roi de Suede son rival les craignoit, et tout lui étoit également bon en amour comme à table. See also Gordon. Vol. 2. p. 207.

to ancient customs, and her injudicious opposition to his schemes of innovation.

Eudoxia was at length repudiated in contempt of all religious forms,* and consigned to a convent. She left behind her a son called Alexis, to whom Peter while he acknowledged him as presumptive heir to the empire, seems to have extended the aversion which he bore the mother. Alexis, overlooked in the midst of the great enterprises which absorbed his attention, fell into the hands of the clergy and the malcontent Boyars; imbibed their envenomed prejudices against the new system, and contracted the dissolute habits of the old school.

Peter, when it was too late, provided other instructors for him, who also betrayed their trust. In Catharine, the second wife of his father, and in Menzikoff the chief favourite of both, Alexis had enemies for whom his destruction was of the utmost importance, by reason of what they had to dread from his resentment in the event of his elevation to the throne, and of his being the chief obstacle to the accomplishment of their own views on the supreme power. Their influence and intrigues, his own vices and indocility, and the birth of another son by Catharine, to whose interests the Czar was ardently devoted, marked him out as a certain sacrifice to prejudice and policy.

Intimidated by paternal menaces not only of exclusion from the throne, but of capital punishment, and misguided by the counsels of his early advisers, he fled to Vienna soon after Peter had set out on his second journey. Not finding himself secure under the protection of his brother-in-law the emperor Charles 6th, he proceeded to Naples, whence the exhortations of the Neapolitan viceroy, and a solem promise from Peter of unlimited pardon, drew him back to Moscow, at the expiration of a year.

No sooner had he placed himself in the power of the enraged and implacable Czar, than he was compelled formally to renounce the inheritance of the sceptre, in favour of Catharine's son, and then enjoined under pain of forfeiting the stipulated pardon, to specify the accomplices and advisers of his flight. By means of the most inhuman devices, the disclosure was made to extend to all those, with whom he had ever communed idly or confidentially on the subject of his father; to transactions of any early date, and

* Le Clerc. vol. 3. page 143, et seq.

to his devotional confessions. New interrogatories were propounded, when it was discovered, that he had concealed particular facts, either through design or inadvertence. It is impossible to read the narrative of this examination, without feeling compassion for the wretched victim, whatever may have been the defects or vices of his character, and horror for the barbarity of the father, whatever may have been the dignity of his motives.

On the allegation of contumacy and disloyalty, Alexis was at length solemnly tried, and condemned to death, by a special tribunal. Soliman I, of Turkey, Philip II, of Spain, and Peter, had recourse to the same expedient to legalize the murder of their offspring. The fetwa of the Mufti, the decree of the inquisition, and the sentence of the Russian council were obtained with equal facility. The day after his condemnation, Alexis expired in prison in violent convulsions: and—if we are to credit the most direct and unimpeachable testimony*—under the operation of poison given at the command of Peter.

All those whom he had implicated, even in the most ambiguous manner, and in the slightest degree, were punished with sanguinary rigour. Numbers of his household, and several dignitaries both civil and ecclesiastical, of the highest order, perished on the rack; others were beheaded; and many exiled into Siberia. His mother Eudoxia, who was accused of maintaining a close correspondence with him, and who had engaged in an amorous intrigue, was scourged with rods, and her lover impaled; an archbishop was broken alive on the wheel, and his body committed to the flames; some of the nuns, her companions were knouted,† &c. “All this happened,” says Voltaire, “after the Czar had visited France, where every thing tends to inspire mildness and indulgence. It must be confessed that if Muscovy has been civilized, she has paid dear for her refinement.”

Had not Peter pursued with inexorable vengeance the supposed advisers of his son, some considerable time after the demise of the latter,‡—had he not set aside the irreproachable offspring of Alexis, to make way, in the inheritance of the throne, for Catharine and the successor whom she should appoint §—it might, perhaps, be admitted, that his conduct, in this fell tragedy,

* Bruce's memoirs, p. 186—Coxe's travels, vol. i. p. 513; 524. † Bruce, p. 183. ‡ Bruce, p. 195. § Idem. p. 226, and Levesque, 4th vol. p. 156.

proceeded from an unbounded patriotism superior to every sympathy of nature, and every principle of equity.*

On his return from the Persian expedition, he solemnized with great pomp, the coronation of Catharine, and, to pave the way for her succession to the empire, issued a decree which ordained, that the sovereigns of Russia should ever afterwards be considered as having the power to nominate the successor to the throne, *seeing that their authority had no limits on earth.*

This regulation has been condemned by the majority of writers who have had occasion to mention it, as the source of the many pernicious revolutions by which the palace was afterwards distracted.† Montesquieu alluding to it, remarks, “that such a settlement produces a thousand revolutions, and renders the throne as tottering, as the succession is arbitrary.” The reasoning of Peter is however just, and conformable to the unquestionable maxim of the same writer, “that in a despotic state, in countries where there are no fundamental laws, the succession to the empire cannot be fixed; that it is in vain to establish here the succession of the eldest son; as the prince may always choose another.”‡

The most opposite features are to be traced, as well in the political as in the private character of Peter. While he laboured on the one hand, to soften the manners of his subjects by the means I have already mentioned, he set them on the other an example of grossness and ferocity in his own person. The secret chancery established by his father Alexis, in comparison with which the Star-Chamber of England, and the Lion’s mouth of Venice might be termed foundations of charity, continued to flourish; the rack, the wheel, and all the engines of barbarous tyranny were incessantly employed, during his reign. He abolished the use of the epithet slave, and the prostrations before the sovereign, usual with all ranks anterior to his time: But he still aimed at consummating the despotism of which he was the personification. He exacted the most abject submission to every caprice of his will, and confounded all classes in the same degrading modes of chastisement.

* Levesque chap. 6th, vol. 4th, for full history of this transaction. Le Clerc. Russie Ancienne, vol. iii. b. xi.

† Levesque 4th vol. p. 454. Coxe’s travels in the north, vol. i. p. 515.

‡ Esprit des Lois, b. v. chap. 14.

Towards the emancipation of the serfs he might have done more, by the general force of his character and authority, by the complete subjection under which he had reduced the nobles, than any one even of his successors. So far, however, from loosening, he rather riveted their chains. This was effected through the system of taxation and recruitment which he introduced, and which still subsists.*

He attempted to frame a code of laws; but the task is inchoate at the present day.† The tenor of his personal rule was utterly irreconcileable with any thing like regular or solid jurisprudence. The attention which he gave to the civilization of the lower orders, was confined to the establishment, in some of the villages, of schools for arithmetic which soon disappeared,‡ and to the regulations concerning the relinquishment of their hereditary customs, which produced so untoward a reaction. The academies which he founded in the great cities aimed chiefly at the formation of engineers and navigators. To consolidate the military strength of the empire; to give it a complete military constitution, was one of the chief purposes of his life; and in this unfortunately he was but too successful.

For the physical prosperity (if I may be allowed the phrase) of his people, he certainly accomplished wonders, and in this way he did much, remotely however, for their moral and intellectual advancement. The domestic police which he organized, the mechanic arts which he fostered, the canals and roads which he opened, the manufactures which he raised, the maritime advantages which he secured by his conquests, gave to Russia what she had not before, a broad and solid foundation of power.

I should not fail to include in the list of this kind of benefaction, the regular revenue of fifteen or twenty millions of roubles, the fleet of forty sail of the line, the army of two or three hundred thousand men, and the high military and political consideration, which he left to his successor. He not only created for the Russian government a vast body of material resources so constituted as to increase rapidly, and almost of necessity, but he transmitted

* See on this head Coxe's travels in the north, vol. ii. p. 111; and Williams's History of the Northern Governments, vol. 2. p. 205.

† See Williams on this head, vol. ii. p. 258, 62, 3.

‡ See Tooke's History of Russia, vol. ii. p. 138.

to it the same passions by which he himself was actuated in the formation and use of this mighty force. We shall find that it has been constantly applied to the same ends with a fierceness of ambitious desire, a looseness of principle, and a subtlety of intrigue varying somewhat in degree, but always worthy of the founder.*

EXTRACT FROM CHAPTER ON CIVILIZATION OF RUSSIA.

LE SAGE, in his Historical Atlas, a work of prodigious labour, and of the highest utility, has made a general division of the savage hordes who spread themselves over Europe, on the destruction of the Roman empire, into *barbarians of Europe*, *barbarians of Asia*, and *middle barbarians (barbares mitoyens.)* Under the first description, he ranks the Allemani, the Goths, the Vandals, the Franks, the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, &c. having, with a great variety of dialects, one common language, the Teutonic, and remarkable for the beauty of their persons, the fairness of their complexions, and the length of their hair.—Under the second, he comprises the Huns, the Alans, the Turks, &c. whom he represents as characterized by the darkness of their complexions, and the deformity of their features; and as exhibiting both in their persons and customs, a perfect contrast to the barbarians of Europe. The middle barbarians (or Scythians and Sarmathians) united, he says, the complexion and form of the European, with the customs and institutions of the Asiatic, and served as a link between these two very different species. In this class, he enumerates, together with the Croatians and Servians, the *Slavi* and the *Russians*.

The division which I have here quoted, although not strictly accurate, merits notice, however, and may be adopted, in explanation of the progress of the Russians in civilization. History shows,

* The reader will find in the 6th chapter of *Strahlenberg's* account of Russia, a full and most satisfactory investigation of the merits and demerits of Peter. For a more complete development of his private character, I would refer generally to the following works, besides those already quoted. *Mémoires Originaux de Pierre le Grand par M. de Staehlin*:—*Burnet*, “*History of my own times.*” Vol. 2 p. 178. 197. 221.—*Account of Russia as it was in 1710*, by lord Whitworth, p. 59. Card's *Revolutions of Russia*, last chapter, &c.

that the “*Asiatic barbarians*” are incapable of advancing beyond a certain and limited degree of refinement. Nature seems to have refused them that aptitude for civilization, by which the *European* barbarians of *Le Sage*, have been uniformly distinguished. The innate diversity which obtains as to tractableness in the brute creation, may well exist in our own species, with regard to susceptibility of refinement. When I look to the character and history of the American Indians, I am the more inclined to believe, that the Almighty providence has, in his inscrutable wisdom, established in this respect among the several tribes of men, an inequality analogous to the gradation of docility observable in the different races, or in the varieties of the same race, of quadrupeds.

The annals and present condition of the first and second classes above mentioned, minutely compared, will lead universally to this conclusion.* That original spring by which the former appears to have been impelled onward to perfection, seems to have been wanting to the latter. The nature of the European, in the sense of *Le Sage*, may be said to have expelled barbarism;—to have purified and reformed itself, by internal workings. We can trace a more vigorous principle of moral exaltation than was given to the Asiatic, who has stopped far short of the other, and for whom, if he be at all capable of reaching the same point, a longer probation and more direct external aid, would seem to be necessary. If we admit that his backwardness is owing merely to adventitious circumstances, it cannot, however, be denied, that they give nearly the same result; a barbarism scarcely less deep, and difficult of cure. Whether the Turks or Tartars, be such as they are from nature, or untoward fortune, their moral constitution opposes peculiar obstacles to their complete civilization, and would require more care and time in the process, than that of the Europeans demanded at any epoch.

The Russians, properly so called, cast in the European mould, conformably to the delineation of *Le Sage*, partook, nevertheless, of the Asiatic genius by a community of institutions, habits, and

* There reigns in Asia, says Montesquieu, a servile spirit which they have never been able to shake off, and it is impossible to find, in all the histories of this quarter, a single passage which discovers a free soul; we shall never see any thing there but the heroism of slavery.

doctrines. Under this point of view, the western nations were right in considering them as an Asiatic power, although their seat of dominion, and principal strength lay in Europe. They had contracted,—among other inauspicious feelings,—the hatred of all innovation, and the obstinate self-complacency, to which many writers ascribe the sluggishness of the Turks, in the career of improvement, who are yet, perhaps, in the mass, further advanced than the bulk of the Russians.

The Russians, therefore, if they did not labour under precisely the same natural incapacity of European refinement, which I would ascribe to the Asiatics, could be scarcely more flexible, or reclaimable within a shorter time, and with less active succour. The considerations which I have stated, may serve with other causes, to explain the acknowledged slowness of their progress, until the middle of the last century, and my incredulity with respect to the rapidity with which they are alleged to have advanced since the beginning of the present.

Whoever examines the general question on all sides, will be convinced, how incorrigible is the spirit of that peculiar barbarism, in which the Russians were plunged; how deep and durable its seal. With the western Europeans, civilization might be, and was, in some degree, the work of accident; but in Russia, it can be only that of wisdom, and patriotism, and absolute power, profiting zealously, and patiently, and sagaciously, of every propitious circumstance. In respect to some of the oriental tribes, included within her empire, I do not believe that success on this score can ever be had.

England has long since reached, as to civilization, what the French call *un aplomb*, and is now in that state. France has been since her revolution, verging towards barbarism, and will inevitably settle in it, should her present government be consolidated. Russia is urged forward by powerful impulses, but forcibly drawn back at the same time, by her old *préjudices*, habits, and vices of civil and political constitution, which it is by no means easy to remove, or counteract.

The Marquis *D'Argenson* observes, in his Political Disquisitions,* that a whole people contracts bad habits under a bad rule,

* Article 16th.

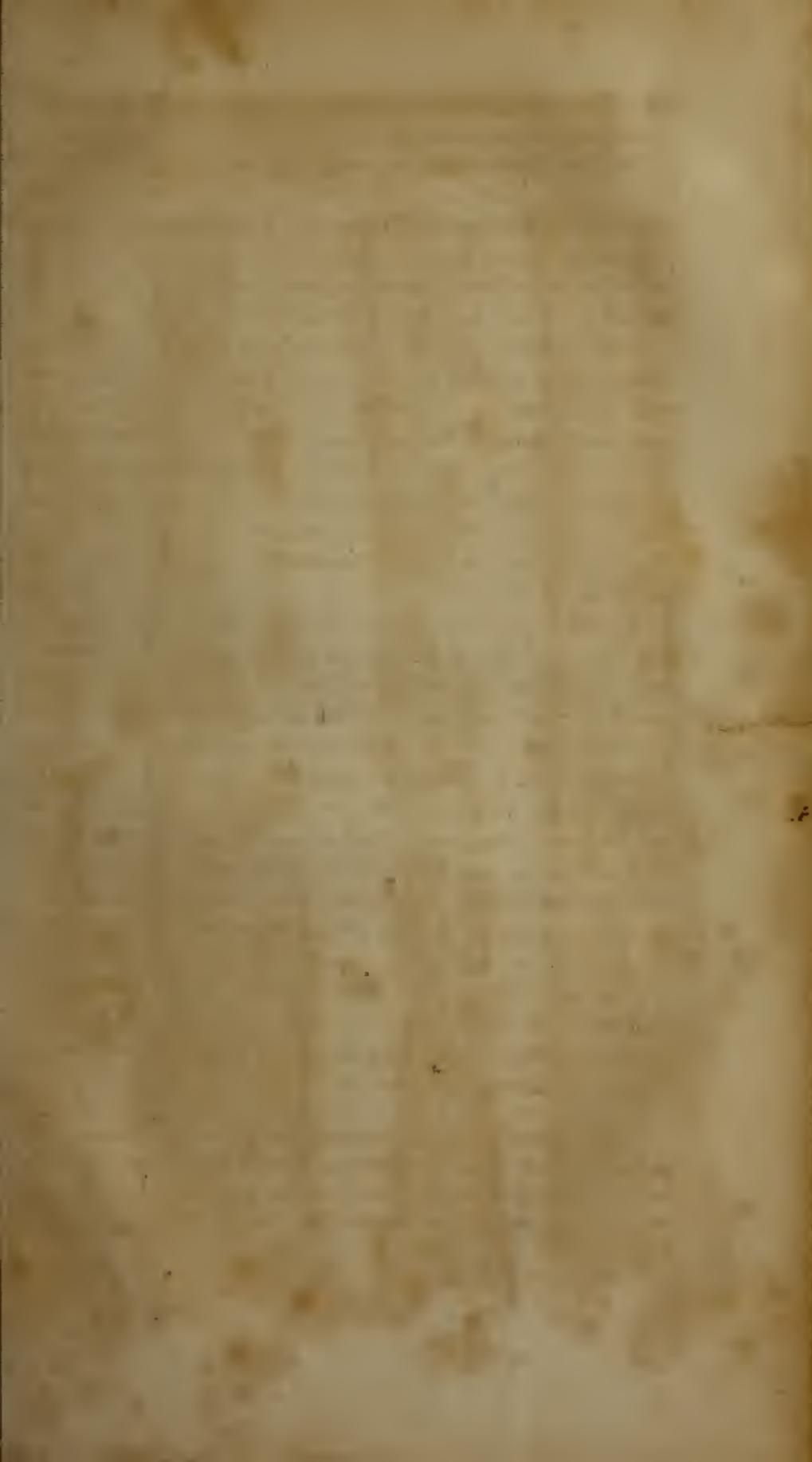
like an ill educated child; and that habits of this sort,—although they may be finally expelled,—inhere for a long time in the ground-work of the national character. If this remark be true, of such habits, it must be particularly so, of those arising both from the infection of oriental barbarism, and a continuous subjection of many centuries, to the worst of governments.

I am satisfied, that the spirit of chivalry* to which western Europe owes, in part, her extrication from the grossness and evils of the feudal system, never could have sprung up, nor flourished, among the Asiatic barbarians; or wherever oriental barbarism had taken root. It was unknown to Russia, although she early embraced the christian religion, to which it owed what was most distinctive and excellent in its character. Her christianity was still oriental, and had rather imbibed her Asiatic genius, than transfused its own.

I must confess, that when I meditate upon these matters, I doubt whether the Russians can be greatly amended, before they shall be able to master Europe; and I do then shudder with double horror at the prospect of this catastrophe, when I consider, in addition, what have been uniformly the nature and effects of the conquests made by the middle class, the *barbares mitoyens* of Le Sage. In this particular, they are, throughout their whole history, no less strikingly and disadvantageously contrasted with the European barbarians, than in every other respect. “The nations in the north of Europe,” says Montesquieu, “conquered as freemen; the people in the north of Asia being themselves enslaved, conquered as slaves, and subdued others only to gratify the ambition of a master. The Tartars, who destroyed the Grecian empire, established in the conquered countries, slavery and despotic power; the Goths conquering the Roman empire, every where founded monarchy and liberty.”†

* I do not know any work in which this spirit is more fully or beautifully developed than in the late masterly production of Md. de Stael, *De L'Allemagne*. Both the fair author, however, and her ingenious critic of the Edinburgh Review, seem to have mistaken the origin of chivalry, which is properly *Saracenic*.

† See further on this head, *Spirit of Laws*, B. 17. c. 6.



*Four Views of a Sculptur'd Bone (supposed to be the Femur
of an Elk) found in an ancient Indian Grave, or Barrow,
in the Town of Cincinnati, on the River Ohio, 1801.*



Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

Cincinnati, Feb. 20, 1814.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you enclosed correct representations of what I take to be the femur of an elk. Fig. 1 and 3 exhibit the two sides, and fig. 2 and 4 the two edges or narrow surfaces of the bone; the whole rudely sculptured with various yet corresponding designs. Those marked b b appear to be hieroglyphical, as are likely all the rest. Of the former, the figure on the left hand, resembling the letter M, may possibly denote an Indian council-house: that on the right, a wigwam; it having a form common at this day among many of the north-western tribes—and by which, it is likely, some town or lodge was meant. The third represents a mountain; the fourth two wigwams, joined together, denoting, perhaps, one or more towns, or a confederacy of nations. The line which passes under their base, may signify the route observed in some expedition carried on; or communication between them. The two designs, marked a. a. a. as seen on figs. 1, 3 and 4, each bearing a rude resemblance to some bird, may possibly be the armorial badge of a particular tribe or nation of savages—But these are mere surmises. As to the remaining designs, I cannot even conjecture their meaning, if any they have. Perhaps some one of your correspondents may be able to shed a gratifying ray of light on the matter. Fig. 5 is an inside view of the bone, where, at c, it has evidently been cut through, transversely, with an implement serving the purpose of a saw.

It may not be improper to add a few words concerning the spot where this and many other subjects, no less curious, were found. Within the town of Cincinnati are extensive remains of earthen fortifications and other works of the aborigines, among which are several tumuli. They may possibly be the foundation of a future letter. A circular tumulus, or mound, seventy feet, or more, in diameter at its base, but of no great height, occupied a spot on the brink of an elevated range of table land, on which the upper town is built. The principal street, running through this mound, has nearly levelled the whole of it. It was here the present subject was discovered, as also another bone, apparently the femur of a deer, covered with sculpture, partly similar to this in design. I took a drawing of that also; but, it being mislaid, I am prevented

from coupling it with the one now enclosed. It had been converted into an imperfect wind instrument of music, as appears by certain circular perforations; and, perhaps, the present is an *unfinished* specimen of the same sort. The mound was a cemetery of undoubted antiquity; for, on counting the annulars of the stump of a tree that had grown on it, they exceeded four hundred in number. The interior being much decayed, the full age of the tree could not be ascertained; nor was it possible to determine whether this was a first, or an *after* growth. Many curious articles have, at times, been discovered here, interred (according to ancient custom) with their former owners, and designed both for use and ornament. Among the former, were fibulæ of copper, cannel coal and stone: among the latter, various works in crystal, marble, copper, &c. An imperfect account of some of these, illustrated by a plate, or plates, may be seen in the fourth volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.

G. TURNER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NOTICE OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN THE ACADEMY
OF THE FINE ARTS.

Amidst the din of arms and the discordant conflict of political parties, it is some consolation to the lovers of learning and taste to find, that the arts and sciences amongst us continue in a state of progressive improvement.

The great Ruler of the universe has decreed, that the *physica!* as well as the *moral* world should be subject to a perpetual change. The oak, at first a tender plant, by slow degrees advances in size, strength, and beauty, putting forth his wide-spreading branches, assumes a lofty and magnificent appearance, and becomes at length the monarch of the forest; but the axe of the conqueror, worms of faction, the lightning of heaven, or the steady hand of time terminates his existence, to make room for others. Thus, while the individual perishes, the species is preserved. The birds of the air, and even the winds of heaven are auxiliaries in scattering the seeds of vegetation.

Nations, like plants or animals, experience all the vicissitudes of infancy, maturity, and old age. In the history of the world, we can imperfectly trace the progress of the arts from Hindostan to Egypt, from Egypt to Greece, and from Greece to Italy. The ruins of Athens, Palmyra, and ancient Rome, contain some monuments that neither the hands of barbarism nor time itself have yet been able to destroy. The remains of the former splendour of those once renowned cities, are melancholy pictures of human greatness, and prove, at the same time, the fallibility of all political institutions.

Europe, at present the favourite seat of learning and the arts, is now shaken to her centre by a sanguinary contest for power. Within the short period of twenty years, millions of her citizens have perished by the sword, flourishing cities have been depopulated and destroyed, and commerce, the great source of national prosperity, and the hand-maid of the arts, left in many parts to languish, and in some to expire.

The experience of ages has amply proved that the arts and sciences can never be destroyed. Old empires will pass away, and new ones (like the Phoenix) arise from their ashes. The winds of heaven will continue to carry the seeds of knowledge from one part of the world to another until the end of time.

"Liberty and the arts (says a celebrated philosopher) appear to be travelling westward." The discovery of America forms an important era in the history of the world. In less than two centuries, a great nation, containing eight millions of inhabitants, and possessing all the comforts and nearly all the luxuries of life, has grown out of a forest. The fine arts have already taken root among us, and require only culture and patronage to insure their growth and prosperity.

In this country there are yet but few painters, and those few depend for a subsistence almost wholly on portrait painting. The seat of the general government is fixed in a district where the present population is by no means adequate to the support of any thing like a national school of art; and the sovereignty of the individual states renders it extremely difficult to locate a public institution for the cultivation of the fine arts throughout the United States. The society of artists (now incorporated under the title of

the *Columbian Society of Artists*) about four years ago boldly made the attempt at Philadelphia, and notwithstanding prejudices and even opposition, the experience of the three last exhibitions has sufficiently proved the importance and usefulness of their young institution in the cultivation of a chaste and well-informed taste. It now remains for the real amateurs, and all who feel an interest in the establishment of a national character, to point out the best means for the encouragement of artists.

It is no doubt extremely gratifying to the painter to have his works viewed and praised by the public. He cannot, however, live by praise alone; the sale of a single picture would be of more solid advantage to him than empty eulogiums on a thousand.

As long as personal vanity exists (and it is not likely soon to become extinct) portrait painting will be encouraged. Large portraits are not, however, calculated to ornament the rooms of private dwellings, and, at best, they are interesting only to a few. Historical, landscape, marine, and flower painting, when well executed, are universally pleasing to all. To represent the varieties and beauties of nature is the business of the painter; but no man can long pursue a business without the means of support. We hope that the time is not far distant when it will become fashionable for the public to *buy* as well as *look at* pictures. During the three last exhibitions, many pictures of great merit, executed by our own artists, were offered for sale: but few, however, were sold, and those at a low price; and even excellent representations of our glorious naval victories, have not met with that patronage which was reasonably expected. We are inclined to believe, that the pastry cooks, who have furnished Guerriers, Constitutions, and Javas for public dinners, have made more profit by *their* works of *taste* than either the painters or engravers have made by executing the same subjects on canvas or copper. Some of our wealthy citizens, considered as men of refinement and taste, and who take a lead in every thing that is fashionable, will not hesitate to spend two or three thousand dollars, in giving a ball in *style*, by filling (for we cannot term it ornamenting) a room with artificial flowers and variegated lamps, where several hundred *fashionables* assemble to be literally smoked with the fumes of *whale-oil*. If one half of the money had been spent in decorating it with paintings, more real pleasure

would have been given to the company, and some benefit might have arisen to artists and the arts.

It is rather unfortunate for the progress of the arts, that a number of pretended connoisseurs and amateurs, instead of *encouraging* living artists have the temerity to *direct* them. They consider nothing excellent unless it be old and come from abroad. It is a notorious truth, that a manufactory of old pictures was carried on in London with great profit. An artist of considerable talents was engaged to paint pictures of a certain description, which were afterwards *baked* in an oven until they were sufficiently *cracked*. The next process was that of *smoking*. They were then dressed in old frames, some holes being made in the canvas, and exhibited to the public as scarce and rare productions of the old masters. The connoisseurs were so much delighted with these pretended chef-d'œuvres, that the works of their own living artists were either overlooked or despised.

The Dutch and Flemish schools, for faithful representations of nature, have never been excelled. Who were here the connoisseurs? Who the patrons of the artists?—Merchants and other wealthy citizens—men of plain and simple manners, possessing taste without affectation. The burgomaster, instead of giving expensive routes, amused his guests with his collection of pictures, which consisted (instead of the mutilated and uncertain works of foreign masters) generally of the meritorious productions of his fellow-citizens. The fine arts in Holland and Flanders were fashionable, and artists of merit sought after and rewarded. The number and excellence of their works are sufficient proofs of the fact. The pictures of Dutch and Flemish artists were generally of a small size, and well calculated to ornament rooms. We are not without hopes that some of our wealthy citizens will soon set the laudable example of furnishing their houses with the productions of our own artists. We may then hope to see works of art of the American school equal, perhaps superior, to any that have preceded them.

We are much gratified to find that the fourth exhibition exceeds any of the former both in the number and excellence of the works of our own artists, and in all the various departments of art. Where each has so well performed his part, particular eulogiums

would be invidious. It is our intention to take up the principal articles in numerical order, and to point out with candour their merits and defects. The late period, however, at which the exhibition opened would not permit us to enter into a critical examination of the various productions in time for publication in the present number of the Port Folio. The criticism will, therefore, be the subject of another communication.

G. M.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INQUIRIES RESPECTING DENNIE AND BROWN.

WE publish the following note, complaining of a want of respect to the memories and of gratitude for the services of two distinguished literary characters—the most rare, and, therefore, the choicest description of men which our country contains—partly as an evidence of the state of public sentiment in relation to them, and partly that we may have an opportunity of making a few observations in reply.

With respect to Mr. Brown, we, as editor of the Port Folio, have but little to say. We are sensible of his talents and multifarious attainments, as well as of his persevering industry in the cause of letters; and regret that his memory has not been, in all respects, more suitably honoured. To his executors and more immediate connexions, however, it belongs, to answer specifically the complaint of our correspondent; and they are, no doubt, prepared to do it satisfactorily. To them, therefore, we resign the task, stating it, at the same time, as a fact which will not be controverted, that they are, in the present instance, responsible to the public for any want of attention to the memory of him whose posthumous concerns were entrusted to their care. We are informed, however, that considerable progress has been already made towards preparing for the press the life and writings of Mr. Brown.

The case of Mr. Dennie is more immediately related to the station which we hold, and appeals, therefore, to our feelings with superior cogency. In relation to that amiable man and accomplish-

ed scholar, we are happy in having it in our power distinctly to state, that whatever apparent neglect has been suffered for a time to overshadow his memory, has arisen out of circumstances which could not be controlled, and that nothing unfriendly to his reputation has been intended. By those who have had the management of his posthumous affairs, his name and his virtues will ever be cherished with the fondest recollection. Nor will it be long, as we trust, till every ground of complaint, touching the subject of our correspondent's note, will be satisfactorily removed. As far as we are ourselves concerned, we promise unhesitatingly that this shall be the case. Arrangements have been already commenced to prepare for the Port Folio an elegant likeness of Mr. Dennie, to be accompanied by a sketch of his life and character. This article shall be laid before the public with as little delay as may be found compatible with the engagements of those who are entrusted with its execution. We believe we may add, without much risk of deceiving our readers by means of a promise not to be fulfilled, that Mr. Dennie's life on a broader scale, accompanied by such of his writings as best deserve to be permanently incorporated with the literature of our country, will, at no very distant period, be laid before the public. We have, at least, received an assurance that such a measure is positively intended. EDITOR.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

SOON after the decease of your predecessor, Mr. Dennie, the public were informed, through the medium of the Port Folio, that an account of his life and a collection of his works would be published under the direction of his friends. Upwards of a year has now elapsed from the time when this intention was announced, since which nothing has transpired relative to it. I wish to inquire, through you, whether the design is still entertained of doing the proper honour to the memory of that accomplished person, by making his writings more generally known. As one of the first of our citizens, who made letters his profession; as one who wrote wisely and well; and as one who did more for the literary character of his country than any other of her children, it is surely proper that the public should not be ignorant of the debt of gratitude they owe him. Of the destroyers of mankind there are monuments

and vestiges enough; but of its benefactors, such is the perverseness of our nature there frequently remains no other memorial than the living proofs of their benevolence. This is peculiarly the case with the posthumous character of Mr. Dennie. He wrote from his childhood for the amusement and benefit of mankind. In the fog of a country village, his genius, though sometimes struggling to keep alive, often astonished by the vividness of its flashes. He was doomed to the drudgery of conducting a village newspaper in a land half peopled, without assistance and without patrons. Yet that paper exhibited a series of essays from his pen, pure, animated, and classic, such as would have done honour to the Augustan age of English literature. Transplanted to the more genial soil of a metropolis, his genius flourished in the sunshine of patronage. Although he undertook no extensive work, yet will he be long remembered as the author of those brilliant little pieces, models of fine writing, elegant morality, and correct criticism, which so often adorned the pages of the Port Folio. I am not going to write his life or character. I wish only to recall to the recollection of his friends their unfulfilled promises in regard to his remains. When I speak of Mr. Dennie's remains, I speak in a different sense from what I would of the generality of mankind. Most of the human race leave nothing behind but the covering of clay in which they were wont to "strut and fret," that is huddled into the earth as quickly as possible, and "there an end on't." But the remains of such men as Mr. Dennie are their works, which will delight years after their death and require only to be known to be admired. I hope this will not be longer delayed. For the honour of our country and the encouragement of learned men let not the curse of ingratitude continue to be on us.

THERE was another American author, Mr. Oldschool, not long ago an inhabitant of our city, who has left our world with quite as little respect or remembrance as Mr. Dennie. I mean the late Mr. Brown. Of his private life I know nothing; but of his writings it is saying little to repeat that they show an improved mind, a powerful but sometimes irregular imagination, and often a transcendent command of language. The style of his romantic works resembles, in a very strong degree, that of Godwin. He possessed

also, in common with that energetic writer, the power of exciting sympathy in the breasts of his readers. Of this his Arthur Mervyn is a strong proof. It describes the miseries of one exposed to the epidemic of 1793 in glowing language, it chills one with horror at the recital of that melancholy devastation, it descends even to minute particulars, but it never excites disgust. That he could write with the measured dignity of the historian will be evident to any one who shall peruse the American Register. He, too, was an author by profession—and he, to the disgrace of Philadelphia, lived and died poor. Soon after his death subscription papers were circulated for an account of his life and writings, to be published for the benefit of his family. Why is this also dropt. Can it be possible that in such a country the descendants of Genius and Taste and Talent are denied so trifling a relief. Is it necessary to tell the wealthy niggard that the glory of a nation is the glory of the individuals that compose it, and that this glory is in proportion to the number of illustrious men that country produces and fosters.

Ω

MR. CAMPBELL'S FIRST LECTURE ON POETRY,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

If Mr. Campbell does not stand decidedly at the head of the catalogue of poets in the nineteenth century, he is certainly, in relation to all the more resplendent and substantial qualities appertaining to that character, inferior to none. With a genius equal in all respects to that of Mr. Scott, he possesses perhaps superior judgment and learning, combined with a more ample stock of patience, and greater sobriety and steadiness of attention. Although not so completely the favourite of "the million," he has evidently attained to a loftier standing in the estimation of most of the "discerning few," and would seem, therefore, destined to fill a more conspicuous niche in the temple of fame. Scott appears to be courting the favour and approbation of his contemporaries, while Campbell fixes his regard much more exclusively on the decision of posterity. The former writes more for present popularity and profit, the latter for future and lasting renown.

Mr. Campbell has been, not long since, called to a chair in the royal institution of London. His province is to lecture on poetry, connected, we believe, with criticism and taste. By the more enlightened and refined circles

of the metropolis, this appointment was hailed with an enthusiasm strongly indicative of their exalted opinion of the qualifications of the professor. The delivery of his first introductory lecture, is said to have been attended by an audience more uniformly distinguished for fashion and taste, than any that had ever been previously assembled on a similar occasion.

The following extract which we take from the *Examiner*, a well conducted weekly paper, contains the sentiments of one who was present, touching the merit and beauties of the discourse. Although the communication is not clothed in the sobriety of language, nor marked with the discriminating views, of the critic, it notwithstanding portrays to us, in vivid colours, the almost delirious impression which the varied knowledge and fascinating eloquence of Mr. Campbell are capable of producing. It exhibits, moreover, a handsome specimen of the taste and belles-lettres acquirements of the writer.

EDITOR.

"Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
"And censure freely, who have written well."

In an attempt to give some faint idea of Mr. Campbell's most masterly introduction to this course of lectures, we should indeed tremble at our temerity, if it were possible that we could dissent from the universal approbation, which it excited in those who had the good fortune to hear it. We do not however on this occasion feel ourselves called upon *custodire ipsum custodem*,—to censure the censor,—but rather to add our tribute to those murmurs of admiring applause, which so frequently broke in upon "the mute wonder lurking in men's ears," "to catch his sweet and honied sentences." The pleasing impression is yet so strong upon our own minds, that we find ourselves more powerfully tempted to dwell upon that impression, than to describe with any minuteness the high excitements which awakened it: we doubt indeed the possibility of affording to our readers any adequate description, unless we could borrow, for the purpose of their own illustration those glowing sentiments and language, which alone could do justice to themselves.—We will therefore confine ourselves to a mere outline of the lecture.

Mr. Campbell, after delineating with singular judgment the nature, the province, and the unbounded range of poetry, proceeded to show its great antiquity, and to account for its priority to prose as a settled form of composition, from the necessity of aiding un-

lettered memories by metrical harmony; for which reason it became the language of religion, of history, of science, and even of legislation. Here he mentioned, incidentally, that so late as the middle of the last century, the laws of Sweden were published in verse; and we may observe, that we have ourselves seen a rhyming version of a part of the unpoetical lucubrations of lord Coke.

He then controverted the opinion that the hold of poetry upon the sensibilities of mankind must be dangerously weakened as civilization gains strength, and that its magical influence must fade before the increasing light of science and philosophy. He clearly demonstrated that the most profound and highly cultivated minds were not unwilling to lend themselves to this pleasing witchery; which so far from being in any sense hostile to the dissemination of knowledge, formed, not unfrequently, the most alluring medium, through which it could be communicated. This part of the subject recalled to us those exquisite lines in the exordium to the fourth book of *Lucretius*, in which that poet makes a similar assertion, and gives such ample evidence of its truth. Of the charms which a subject can derive from the most beautifully poetical diction, the Lecturer, “*musæo contingens cuncta lepore,*” afforded us a finished and perfect specimen. From the fertile store of a glowing imagination, he scattered in rich profusion and infinite variety all the varied beauties of composition: “*idem latus ac pressus, jucundus et gravis, tum copiâ tum brevitate mirabilis; nec poeticâ modò sed oratoriâ virtute eminentissimus.*”

Mr. Campbell then enforced the necessity of metre to the perfection of poetry, and called upon his hearers to reflect, if Milton were robbed of his sounding and majestic numbers, with what painful feelings they would contemplate the “*disjecti membra Poetæ.*” Let us, said he, imagine this unhallowed transmutation of the *Paradise Lost* into prose: it would lose what Aristotle calls its complexion and colour; yes, it would lose indeed its very bloom of vitality itself, and assume a cadaverous aspect, the aspect of being dead to all the purposes of poetry.

The measured prose, into which the poetical books of the Bible are translated, Mr. Campbell finely described as a sort of dead march of language, well suited to the character of the sacred writings; but ill adapted to subjects merely human, where it assumes

an uncouth or an inflated appearance. He argued that even Comedy in her higher walks, when she ascended to the energetic or tender, could not advantageously dispense with verse, which such writers as Terence, Shakspeare, and Moliere, have used, not as fetters but as ornament. We think the ornament can only be considered cumbrous in the last of these dramatists, in whom indeed it is not so much the verse as the rhyme, which may be sometimes said "*enchaîner la raison.*" In tragedy the aid of poetry seems to be more obviously demanded, in order to sheath the poignancy of those emotions, which would otherwise become too directly painful; and this he happily exemplified in the *Gamester*, where the incidents and language of common life harrow up our feelings by presenting a picture of the deepest domestic misery, transferred in all its naked horror from the fireside to the theatre. His exquisite simile of the deep transparent waters retiring from a bay of the ocean, will here present itself to the minds of all, who heard it, but must not be injured by any ineffectual attempt to repeat its precise terms.

In his investigation of the mental powers, Mr. Campbell denied that a fine imagination was so easily separable from an accurate judgment as is commonly supposed. Of their perfect union he might, could his diffidence have permitted, have adduced himself as a sufficient evidence, since he has now so fully demonstrated that he has

—“judg'd with coolness, though he sang with fire;
“His precepts teach but what his works inspire.”

He, however, preferred illustrating his position, that the fire of true inspiration emitted light as well as heat, by reminding us that the logic of Shakspeare was frequently as potent as his fancy; so fraternally gigantic were his imagination and his intellect.

His analysis and history of Taste comprised more of novel and interesting matter, than we had thought a subject so much discussed capable of receiving: and his description of original Genius, looking abroad into the creation for new and undiscovered sources of imagery, most manifestly proceeded from one long habituated

“To muse on Nature with a poet's eye.”

Pleasures of Hope.

After alluding to the various theories upon the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, he showed how much our perceptions of them depend upon the association of ideas. He exposed the insufficiency of such truly French definitions of sublimity as those given by Voltaire and La Harpe, who esteem rapidity or a dazzling splendor as its essential constituents; whereas the slow and gradual accumulation of grand objects will often serve to exalt their magnitude and their majesty, of which the concluding passage in the second book of Armstrong furnished a noble illustration. As instances of the sublime in human fortitude, he mentioned Sydney and Argyle upon the scaffold, with all the pathos which their martyr-sufferings demanded; and in a strain of kindred eloquence to that, in which Akenside eulogizes the patriotism of Brutus.

We can imagine nothing more beautiful than the reasons he assigned for the admiration with which we contemplate the moon: it is because it raises our thoughts to superior beings, because it watches so widely and tranquilly over the repose of nature, and reflects the promises of Heaven in the serenity of its face. But we shall incur the double charge of presumption and injustice if we advance farther on such ground with unhallowed footsteps.

In treating of the picturesque, Mr. Campbell exposed the error of imagining that a subject must of course be found for the pencil, wherever poetry had borrowed expressions from the sister art. They are frequently used to decorate ideas, which, springing from a highly transitive enthusiasm, are too fleeting and aerial to sit for their portrait; and which will not submit to be embodied by the painter, with whom time itself stands still.

Here, however we are trespassing again, and must conclude with an anxious desire that some few of these forcible phrases, which have sunk so deeply into our minds, will be welcomed by many of our readers as bordering upon the very words of the Lecturer: fully aware that our best means of gratifying them must in this instance be derived from the memory, for their sake as well as our own, we wish it were more faithful. But many and great excellencies naturally exceed all faculty of retention, where no desert of dulness intervenes to afford a pause from that turbulence

of pleasure, with which their uninterrupted succession overpowers while it delights the mind. We find that we have been induced to venture beyond our depth by a desire to describe the feelings of admiration, with which we listened to a critic, who "is himself the great sublime he draws," whom we had long regarded as a poet disdaining to enter the trite and common path that leads to an ephemeral renown, but boldly venturing on the "avia Pieridum loca."—(*Lucret.*)

Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena.—*Juv.*

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum.—*Hor.*

And if we may yet again be permitted to have recourse to the ancients, for expressions more worthy of our subject than any that we can find without their assistance, we will explain our idea of the character, to which this poet of these latter days appears entitled, by paraphrasing Quintilian's famous declaration concerning Cicero:—" *Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit:*" Let him rest assured that he possesses a genuine and well cultivated taste, to whom the unaffected pathos and simple sublimity of Campbell shall prove eminently grateful. And should it not be deemed presumptuous to state in what manner we think the rest of this course of lectures may be best advanced towards perfection, we would merely say,

"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit."

J.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE:—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

American Ornithology; or, the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. Illustrated with plates engraved and coloured from original drawings taken from Nature. By Alexander Wilson. Philadelphia. Bradford and Inskeep.

THIS magnificent performance, so honourable to the country, and so eminently calculated to shed a lustre on the era which has

produced it, has reached in its progress its eighth volume. While we express our sincere regret, and mingle our sympathies with those of the public, for the death of its amiable and distinguished author, we would be false to our own feelings as well as unjust to the merit of the work, were we to withhold from its patrons our hearty congratulation on the undiminished excellence with which it continues to be conducted by the executors of the deceased. Holding ourselves in readiness for a review of the whole work, after the publication of the ninth and last volume, which we are authorised to say, will shortly make its appearance, enriched by a biographical memoir of its author, we shall rest content for the present, with copying into our miscellany the following highly interesting article.

CANADA GOOSE.—*Anas Canadensis.*

This is the common wild goose of the United States, universally known over the whole country; whose regular periodical migrations are the sure signals of returning spring, or approaching winter. The tracts of their vast migratory journeys are not confined to the sea coast or its vicinity. In their aerial voyages to and from the north, these winged pilgrims pass over the interior on both sides of the mountains, as far west, at least, as the Osage river, and I have never yet visited any quarter of the country where the inhabitants are not familiarly acquainted with the regular passing and repassing of the wild geese. The general opinion here is, that they are on their way to the *lakes* to breed; but the inhabitants on the confines of the great lakes that separate us from Canada, are equally ignorant with ourselves of the particular breeding places of those birds. *There* their journey north is but commencing, and how far it extends it is impossible for us at present to ascertain, from our little acquaintance with those frozen regions. They were seen by Hearne in large flocks within the arctic circle, and were then pursuing their way still farther north. Captain Phipps speaks of seeing wild geese feeding at the water's edge, on the dreary coast of Spitzbergen, in latitude 80 deg. 27 min. It is highly probable that they extend their migrations under the very pole itself, amid the silent desolation of unknown countries, shut out since creation from the prying eye of man, by everlasting and insuperable barriers of ice. That such places abound with their suitable food, we cannot for a moment doubt; while the absence of their great destroyer man, and the splendors of a perpetual day, may render such regions the most suitable for their purpose.

Having fulfilled the great law of nature, the approaching rigors of that dreary climate oblige these vast congregated flocks to steer for the more genial regions of the south. And no sooner do they arrive at those countries of the earth, inhabited by man, than carnage and slaughter is commenced on their ranks. The English at Hudson's bay, says Pennant, depend greatly on geese, and in favourable years kill three or four thousand, and barrel them up for use. They send out their servants as well as Indians to shoot these birds on their passage. It is in vain to pursue them; they therefore form a row of huts, made of boughs, at musket-shot distance from each other, and place them in a line across the vast marshes of the country. Each stand, or *hovel*, as they are called, is occupied by only a single person. These attend the flight of the birds, and on their approach mimic their cackle so well, that the geese will answer and wheel, and come nearer the stand. The sportsman keeps motionless, and on his knees, with his gun cocked the whole time, and never fires till he has seen the eyes of the geese. He fires as they are going from him, then picks up another gun that lies by him and discharges that. The geese which he has killed he sets upon sticks, as if alive, to decoy others; he also makes artificial birds for the same purpose.* In a good day, for they fly in very uncertain and unequal numbers, a single Indian will kill two hundred. Notwithstanding every species of goose has a different call, yet the Indians are admirable in their imitations of every one. The autumnal flight lasts from the middle of August to the middle of October; those which are taken in this season, when the frosts begin, are preserved in their feathers, and left to be frozen for the fresh provisions of the winter stock. The feathers constitute an article of commerce, and are sent to England.

The vernal flight of the geese lasts from the middle of April until the middle of May. Their first appearance coincides with the thawing of the swamps, when they are very lean. Their arrival from the south is impatiently attended; it is the harbinger of the spring, and the month named by the Indians the Goose Moon. They appear usually at their settlements about St. George's day, O. S., and fly northward to nestle in security. They prefer islands to the continent, as farther from the haunts of man.*

After such prodigious havoc as thus appears to be made among these birds, and their running the gauntlet, if I may so speak, for many hundreds of miles through such destructive fires, no wonder they should have become more scarce, as well as shy, by the time they reach the shores of the United States.

Their first arrival on the coast of New-Jersey is early in October, and their first numerous appearance is the sure prognostic of severe weather. Those which continue all winter frequent the shallow bays and marsh islands; their principal food being the broad tender green leaves of a marine plant which grows on stones and shells, and is usually called sea cabbage;

* Arct. Zool.

and also the roots of the sedge, which they are frequently observed in the act of tearing up. Every few days they make an excursion to the inlets on the beach for gravel. They cross, indiscriminately, over land or water, generally taking the nearest course to their object; differing in this respect from the brant, which will often go a great way round by water rather than cross over the land. They swim well; and if wing-broken, dive and go a great way under water, causing the sportsman a great deal of fatigue before he can kill them. Except in very calm weather, they rarely sleep on the water, but roost all night in the marshes. When the shallow bays are frozen, they seek the mouths of inlets near the sea, occasionally visiting the air holes in the ice; but these bays are seldom so completely frozen as to prevent them from feeding on the bars.

The flight of the wild geese is heavy and laborious, generally in a straight line, or in two lines approximating to a point, thus, >; in both cases the van is led by an old gander, who every now and then pipes his well-known honk, as if to ask how they come on, and the honk of "all's well" is generally returned by some of the party. Their course is in a straight line, with the exception of the undulations of their flight. When bewildered in foggy weather, they appear sometimes to be in great distress, flying about in an irregular manner, and for a considerable time over the same quarter, making a great clamour. On these occasions should they approach the earth, and alight, which they sometimes do, to rest and recollect themselves, the only hospitality they meet with is death and destruction from a whole neighbourhood already in arms for their ruin.

Wounded geese have, in numerous instances, been completely domesticated, and readily pair with the tame gray geese. The offspring are said to be larger than either; but the characteristic marks of the wild goose still predominate. The gunners on the sea shore have long been in the practice of taming the wounded of both sexes, and have sometimes succeeded in getting them to pair and produce. The female always seeks out the most solitary place for her nest, not far from the water. On the approach of every spring, however, these birds discover symptoms of great uneasiness, frequently looking up into the air, and attempting to go off. Some, whose wings have been closely cut, have travelled on foot in a northern direction, and have been found at the distance of several miles from home. They hail every flock that passes overhead, and the salute is sure to be returned by the voyagers, who are only prevented from alighting among them by the presence and habitations of man. The gunners take one or two of these domesticated geese with them to those parts of the marshes over which the wild ones are accustomed to fly; and concealing themselves within gun-shot, wait for a flight, which is no sooner perceived by the decoy geese, than they begin calling aloud, until the whole flock approaches so near as to give them

an opportunity of discharging two and sometimes three loaded muskets among it, by which great havoc is made.

The wild goose, when in good order, weighs from ten to twelve, and sometimes fourteen pounds. They are sold in the Philadelphia markets at from seventy-five cents to one dollar each; and are estimated to yield half a pound of feathers a piece, which produces twenty-five or thirty cents more.

The Canada goose is now domesticated in numerous quarters of the country, and is remarked for being extremely watchful, and more sensible of approaching changes in the atmosphere than the common gray goose. In England, France, and Germany, they have also been long ago domesticated. Buffon, in his account of this bird, observes, "within these few years many hundreds inhabited the great canal at Versailles, where they breed familiarly with the swans; they were oftener on the grassy margins than in the water;" and adds, "there is at present a great number of them on the magnificent pools that decorate the charming gardens of Chantilly." Thus has America already added to the stock of domestic fowls two species, the turkey and the Canada goose, superior to most in size, and inferior to none in usefulness; for it is acknowledged by an English naturalist of good observation, that this last species "is as familiar, breeds as freely, and is in every respect as valuable as the common goose."^{*}

The strong disposition of the wounded wild geese to migrate to the north in spring, has been already taken notice of. Instances have occurred where, their wounds having healed, they have actually succeeded in mounting into the higher regions of the air, and joined a passing party to the north; and, extraordinary as it may appear, I am well assured by the testimony of several respectable persons who have been eye-witnesses to the fact, that they have been also known to return again in the succeeding autumn to their former habitation. These accounts are strongly corroborated by a letter which I some time ago received from an obliging correspondent at New-York; which I shall here give at large, permitting him to tell his story in his own way, and conclude my history of this species.

"Mr. Platt, a respectable farmer on Long island, being out shooting in one of the bays which, in that part of the country, abound with water-fowl, wounded a wild goose. Being wing-tipped, and unable to fly, he caught it, and brought it home alive. It proved to be a female; and turning it into his yard with a flock of tame geese, it soon became quite tame and familiar, and in a little time its wounded wing entirely healed. In the following spring, when the wild geese migrate to the northward, a flock passed over Mr. Platt's barn yard; and just at that moment their leader happening to sound his bugle-note, our goose, in whom its new habits and enjoyments had not quite extinguished the love of liberty, and remembering the well-known sound, spread its wings, mounted into the air, joined the travellers, and

* Bewick, v. ii, p. 255.

soon disappeared. In the succeeding autumn the wild geese (as was usual) returned from the northward in great numbers, to pass the winter in our bays and rivers. Mr. Platt happened to be standing in his yard when a flock passed directly over his barn. At that instant he observed three geese detach themselves from the rest, and after wheeling round several times, alight in the middle of the yard. Imagine his surprise and pleasure, when by certain well remembered signs, he recognised in one of the three his long-lost fugitive. It was she indeed! She had travelled many hundred miles to the lakes; had there hatched and reared her offspring; and had now returned with her little family, to share with them the sweets of civilized life.

"The truth of the foregoing relation can be attested by many respectable people, to whom Mr. Platt has related the circumstances as above detailed. The birds were all living, and in his possession, about a year ago, and had shown no disposition whatever to leave him."

The length of this species is three feet, extent five feet two inches; the bill is black; irides dark hazel; upper half of the neck black, marked on the chin and lower part of the head with a large patch of white, its distinguishing character; lower part of the neck before white; back and wing coverts brown, each feather tipped with whitish; rump and tail black; tail coverts and vent white; primaries black, reaching to the extremity of the tail; sides pale ashy brown; legs and feet blackish ash.

The male and female are exactly alike in plumage.

From nothing contained in the foregoing article are we authorised to infer, that it was known to Mr. Wilson, that the wild goose breeds and rears her young in any part of the immense tract of country watered by the Missouri. Yet such, according to the observations of Lewis and Clark, appears to be the fact. In the history of that fowl this constitutes a circumstance worthy of being recorded. It goes, as we conceive, some length towards proving, that its annual migrations to the north are undertaken as much with a view to escape from the fell society of man, as to find a situation congenial to itself in temperature, and abounding in food. ED.

A Collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions, with occasional notes.

By Reverend Timothy Alden, A. M.

THE learned and very respectable editor of this work, has been engaged for twenty years, in collecting the materials of which it is to be composed. During the whole of this period, as he in-

forms us himself, in a well written address to the "patrons of the publication," he has been "in the habit of copying from monuments, erected to the memory of the dead, the epitaphs of such as were distinguished in life, for their genius, literature, science, piety, offices of honour and trust, and usefulness to the world." His attention "has also been turned to such other American inscriptions, as have been made, in various ways, to perpetuate the remembrance of remarkable achievements and events."

Through industry, perseverance, judgment and taste, his collection is extensive and well selected. He is still, however, pursuing his object, and increasing his means with unabated zeal and unflagging exertions. Ambitious to render his work in all respects national, in order that national feelings and interests may be awakened in its favour, it is his resolution to embrace in it all the most valuable sepulchral and monumental inscriptions which the country affords. For this purpose, having already minutely explored the northern and middle divisions of the United States, and enriched himself with whatever is most deserving of attention there, he is now on a tour through the southern department. In addition to this, the extensive correspondence, touching the object of his pursuit, which he has been careful to establish in every section and district of the country, cannot fail to put him in possession of all that is curious and worthy of preservation.

The "Collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions," will amount to five volumes, large duodecimo, containing each about three hundred pages. The first volume is already published, and such is the matured state of the editor's arrangements, that the remainder will appear in the course of the present year. The price to subscribers, will be one dollar per volume, in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents, neatly bound and lettered. The volume already published is a handsome specimen both as to paper and execution.

To dwell on the effects which this work is likely to produce on the morals and the heart, does not fall within the scope of our present intention. We will be permitted, however, briefly to observe, that its influence in these respects can scarcely fail to be salutary and permanent. To those who are but commonly thoughtful and observant, it will serve as a *memento mori*—a remembrancer of

their end; while to the more serious and pious, it will be as a voice from the tomb, warning them to prepare for the change which awaits them.

Containing, as it will do, an immense amount of varied and authentic biography, it will be a never failing source of instruction and amusement to those who are attached to the study of that interesting branch of history. It will furnish many brilliant scintillations of thought, and many excellent hints and memorandums to those who may choose to pursue and enlarge on them. It will serve, moreover, as no unfair specimen of American taste and fancy, and of our general facility in the expression of sentiment. Nor, judging from what we have already seen, do we think that it will afford, in relation to these points, the slightest ground for Americans to blush, or Europeans to triumph. Our anticipations are flattering, and our belief strong, that it will prove creditable, in no inconsiderable degree, to the feelings, the intellect, and the piety of our country. Although neither so profound in learning nor so ponderous in matter as the works of Schraderus, Chyträus, Swertius, and Weever, which contain the monumental inscriptions of Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain, we are by no means convinced that it will be less valuable to such as read for instruction, or less interesting to those whose object is amusement. To the American community at large, it will be decidedly preferable, because the greater part of it is written in their native tongue.

To convince the classical scholar, the man of sentiment, and the curious inquirer, that they may all look into this work with profit and delight, we need only invite their attention to the following extracts:

EDITOR.

Princeton, N. J.

M. S. reverendi admodum viri, AARONIS BURR, A. M. Collegii Neo-Cæsariensis præsidis. Natus apud Fairfield, Connecticutensium, 4 Januarii, A. D. 1716.

S. V. Honesta in eadem colonia familia oriundus, collegio Yalensi innutritus, Novaræ sacris initiatus. 1738. Annos circiter viginti pastorali munere fideliter functus. Collegii N. C. præsidium, 1748, accepit, in Nassoviæ aulam, sub finem, 1756, translatus. Defunctus in hoc vico, 24 Septembris, A. D. 1757, S. N. ætat 42. Eheu, quam brevis! Huic marmori subjicitur, quod mori potuit, quod immortale vendicarunt cœli.

Quæris, viator, qualis quantusque fuit? perpaucis accipe. Vir corpore parvo ac tenui, studiis, vigiliis, assiduisque laboribus, macro. Sagacitate perspicacite, agilitate, ac solertia, si fas dicere, plusquam humana, pene angelica. Anima ferme totus. Omnigena literatura instructus, theologia præstantior; concionator volubilis, suavis, et suadus; orator facundus. Moribus facilis, candidus, et jucundus, vita egregrie liberalis ac beneficus; supra vero omnia emicuerunt pietas ac benevolentia. Sed ah! quanta et quota ingenii, industriae, prudentiae, patientiae, cæterarumque omnium, virtutum exemplaria, marmoris sepulchralis angustia reticebit. Multum desideratus multum dilectus, humani generis deliciae. O! infandum sui desiderium, gemit ecclesia, plorat academia; at cælum plaudit, dum ille ingreditur in gaudium Domini dulce loquentis, euge bone et fidelis serve.

Abi, viator, tuam respice finem.

Princeton, N. J.

Sub hoc marmore sepulchrali mortales exuviae reverendi perquam viri,
SAMUELIS DAVIES, A. M. collegii Nov-Cæsariensis præsidis, futurum Domini adventum præstolantur.

Ne te, viator, ut pauca de tanto tamque dilecto viro resciscas, paulisper morari pigeat. Natus est in comitatu de New-Castle, juxta Delaware, 3 Novembris, anno salutis reparatae, 1724. S. V. Sacris ibidem initiatus, 19 Februarii, 1747, tutelam pastoralem ecclesiæ in comitatu, de Hanover, Virginienium suscepit. Ibi per 11 plus minus annos, ministri evangelici laboribus indefesse, et favente numine, auspicato perfunctus. Ad munus præsidiale collegii Nov-Cæsariensis gerendum vocatus est, et inauguratus, 26 Iulii, 1759, S. N. Sed, proh rerum inane! intra biennium febre correptus candidam animam cælo reddidit, 4 Februarii, 1761. Heu quam exiguum vitæ curriculum! Corpore fuit eximio; gestu liberali, placido, augusto. Ingenii nitore, morum, integritate, munificentia; faciliate, inter paucos illustris. Rei literariae peritus; theologus promptus perspicax, in rostris, per eloquium blandum, mellitum, vehemens simul et perstringens, nulli secundus. Scriptor ornatus, sublimis, disertus. Præsertim vero pietate, ardente in Deum zelo et religione spectandus. In tanti viri, majora meriti, memoriam diuturnam amici hoc qualecunque monumentum, honoris ergo et gratitudinis, posuere. Abi, viator, ei æmulare.

St. Domingo.

Note.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, died at Valladolid, an ancient city of Spain, in Old Castile. His remains were carried to Seville, on the Guadalquivir, and there deposited in the family vault of the dukes of Alcala, before the choir, in the cathedral, under a stone, on which were inscribed these miserable verses, in the Castilian, which are said to be still legible:

A Castilla y Arragon
Otro mundo dio Colon.

They may be translated, *Columbus gave another world to Castile and Aragon.* From this place, it is said, the remains of this great navigator were conveyed to the island of St. Domingo, and there lodged in the cathedral, where they still continue. The date of their last removal cannot be ascertained. In the proceedings of a synod, held in 1683, mention is made, in speaking of the cathedral on the island, of this precious deposit. On the outside of the steps of the great altar, are two leaden coffins, each embosomed in a case of stone, one on the right hand, containing the relics of Christopher Columbus, and the other, on the left, containing those of his brother Bartholomew. In 1783, a piece of thick wall was taken down in order to make some repairs, when these leaden coffins were discovered, and their contents examined. The bodies were so far reduced to their original dust, that the bones, except the principal one of the arms, could not be distinguished. In the Dictionary of Don Antonio d'Alcedo, under the word America, we are assured, that the following epitaph was placed in some part of the cathedral, although, for a very long time, it has had no existence there, and no tradition of it remains among the inhabitants of the colony.

Hic locus abscondit preclari membra COLUMBI
Cujus nomen ad astra volat.
Non satis unus erat sibi mundus notus, at orbem
Ignotum priscis omnibus ipse dedit;
Divitas summas terras dispersit in omnes,
Atque animas cœlo tradidit innumeratas;
Invenit campos divinis legibus aptos
Regibus et nostris prospera regna dedit.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Sacred to the memory of general MATTHIAS OGDEN, who died on the 31st day of March, 1791, aged 36 years. In him were united those various virtues of the soldier, the patriot, and the friend, which endear men to society. Distress failed not to find relief in his bounty; unfortunate men a refuge in his generosity.

If manly sense and dignity of mind,
If social virtues, lib'ral and refined,
Nipp'd in their bloom, deserve compassion's tear,
Then, reader, weep; for Ogden's dust lies here.

Weed his grave clean, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman
Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of feeling, for he was your brother.

The following notice of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, son to that distinguished scholar and profound metaphysician of the same name, who was one of the early presidents of Princeton college, we consider as singularly curious and impressive.

Schenectady, N. Y.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, S. T. D. North. reip. Mass. natus, A. D. 1745, colleg. Nassov. A. B. 1765, et eodem tutor, 1767, ordinibus ecclesiæ sacris Nov. Port Connect. reip. initatus, 1769, iisdemq. Coluni, 1796, atque coll. Concord, Schenect. N. Ebor. præses, 1799.

Vir ingenio acri, justi tenax propositi, doctrina vere eximia maxime imbutus atque præditus, christianæ fidei intemeratae defensor tum fervidus tum prævalidus, et in moribus intaminatis enituit. Magnum sui desiderium bonis omnibus reliquit, die 1mo. Aug. anno salutis humanae, 1801.

Note.—Reverend doctor Edwards was, in many respects, like his distinguished father, the president of New-Jersey college, as to his person, character, and the various dispensations of Divine Providence towards him. The author of this Collection having had the happiness to visit the reverend Mr. Williams, of Weymouth, in Massachusetts, in the latter part of 1805, his attention was particularly arrested by an anecdote related, in conversation, by Mr. Williams. He considered it so interesting, that, after his return to Portsmouth, in New-Hampshire, he wrote a line to that worthy minister, requesting him to give the purport of the anecdote in a letter; in answer to which he was so good as to reply, seventeenth of April, 1806, in the following manner:

"DEAR SIR.—As to the anecdote you mention, respecting the late doctor Edwards, I can easily give you the substance of a conversation I had with him, at his house, a little before his death, in company with another friend. You may note that, as classmates and chums, we had lived in the habits of entire friendship and intimacy.

"He was asked, in the conversation mentioned, whether he had ever attended to the remarkable similarity, that appeared in the dispensations of Divine Providence between himself and his father? He answered that he had in some measure; but that if I had remarked it, he wished me to state it, as it existed in my mind. Upon this, it was observed to him in nearly the following terms.

"Your father, upon his becoming a member of Yale college, soon distinguished himself as a very correct classical scholar, and was particularly fond of mathematical and metaphysical studies, in which he had scarcely an equal; and you know, sir, that we did not esteem you as one of our poorer scholars, when you were a member of Nassau-Hall, and especially in the studies in which your father so much delighted. Your father, upon receiving

the honours of his alma mater, was soon chosen one of its tutors. You also, soon after our commencement, were appointed a tutor. Your father, while tutor, began to preach the gospel. Thus also, did you. Your father, not long after, was ordained pastor of one of the first societies in the westerly part of Massachusetts, Northampton. You, also, were settled in one of the capitals of Connecticut, New-Haven. Your father, after remaining a number of years with his people, met with such opposition, as he apprehended would prevent his subsequent usefulness in that place. He, therefore, asked and received a dismission from his people. This was circumstantially the case, with respect to yourself, when you left New-Haven. Your father, not long after this, was installed with a people, then, very obscure and scarcely civilized. So also, you were resettled in an obscure place, after your separation from your people. Your father, a few years after this, was called to accept of the presidency of a then infant seminary, at Princeton, in New-Jersey. You also, have lately been installed president of the young college in this town, Schenectady. Your father, when but just entering on his new work, was called away by death. Now, my friend, if this remarkable similarity, in so many instances, is to continue, your next step is into the grave.—

"The doctor, then with a solemn countenance, observed, in words to this purpose; that he had frequently reflected on the similarities in the divine dispensations that had been mentioned; that his constitution was not good; that he had lately been sick; and that he thought it probable he was to live but a little longer. We parted with a solemn and affectionate farewell; and the first account I had from that quarter, after my return home, was, that doctor Edwards was in his grave!

"This is the sum of the conversation you wished for.

"I am, sir, sincerely, your friend,

SIMEON WILLIAMS."

The coincidences, as detailed in the foregoing communication, are very remarkable; and it is not a little so, that such a particular enumeration of them should have been made to doctor Edwards, by his friend, only a few weeks before the death of that great luminary of the Christian church!

Did our limits admit of more copious extracts, we are persuaded that they would serve as the best recommendation of the work. The notes by the editor are copious, and in many instances of peculiar interest. The Collection, when complete, will contain numerous inscriptions and tributes, some of them very excellent, to the memory of those who fell in defence of their country during the war which secured our independence. It will be enriched by monumental records of all the most important events of that memorable period. From no undertaking so patriotic in its nature, and so national in its aim, can we withhold our wishes for patronage and success.

PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Donations made to the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, since January, 1813.

The names of the donors are in *italics*.

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— of the *Society of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce*, London, vol. 21 to 26, 28, 29, 1803 to 1811, 8vo.

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Note Sur la Valeur du Périsperme consideré comme caractère d'affinité des Plantes—Par *M. Correa De Serra*.

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In. Diss. on Eupatorium Perfoliatum. 1813.—*A. Anderson, M. D.*

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Comment of Proclus on 1 Book Euclid. Also his Theol. Elements. Translated by T. Taylor, 2 vols. 4to. London. 1792—*Wm. Hembel, jun.*

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Histoire des Arbres Forestiers de l'Amer. Sept. 1 a 4, 7 a 12. 15, 16. Livraisons. Paris. 1810—1813—By *F. A. Michaux.*

Pins, Nayers, Chênes, Betula, Erables, Magnolia.

Report of the Managers of the Lancaster and Schuylkill Bridge Company. 1814.—*Jon. Williams.*

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Sur des Cristaux de Pyroxène des Environs de New-York.—M. Hauy, Paris, 4to.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FOR the following selection and translation we are indebted to the taste and pen of a young gentleman, who is only fourteen years of age. It is evident that the translation is entirely his own, inasmuch as it bears no resemblance to that of Dryden, Pitt, or any other writer. We thank him for this early though creditable effort, and exhort him to perseverance in his classical studies, assuring him that nothing else is necessary to rank him, at no very distant period, among the elegant scholars of his country. ED.

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
 Incipit, et dono Divum gratissima serpit.
 In somnis ecce ante oculos mœstissimus Hector
 Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus:
 Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
 Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.
 Hei mihi! qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
 Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,
 Vel Danaum Phrygios jacuiatus pupibus ignes!
 Squalentum barbam, et concretos sanguine crines,
 Vulneraque illa gerens, quæ circum plurima muros
 • Accipit patrios: ultra flens ipse videbar
 Compellare virum, et mœstas expromere voces."

Virg. Æn. lib. 2, l. 268.

'Twas now the hour, when first around our heads
 Divine repose its balmy influence sheds,
 And, by the Immortal's kind indulgence, flows
 To lull our sorrows and to sooth our woes,
 Before my eyes great Hector's image stood,
 Oppress'd with grief, as when, besmeared in blood,
 His swollen ancles pierced, and, dragg'd along,
 At fierce Achilles' axle trail'd, he hung.
 How chang'd alas! from him who from the toils
 Of war return'd, clad in Pelides' spoils;
 Or whose resistless hand and vengeful ire
 The fleet of Greece enwrapt in Phrygian fire.
 Squalid his beard, with gore his locks congealed,
 And wounds inflicted in th' embattled field,
 When he for Troy unsheathed the warrior sword,
 And dar'd the terrors of Thessalia's lord,

Still fresh he show'd; I then my grief express'd,
And thus in tears the mighty man address'd.

THE BEAUTIES OF YORK.

Inscribed to Thomas S. Pleasants.

Various considerations unite in inducing us to admit the following descriptive poem to a place in the Port Folio. Although not characterized throughout by uniform excellence, it is, notwithstanding, in many of its parts, unusually beautiful. It was written by a youth of a mind and character peculiarly interesting, but who had never enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. He was the poet of nature no less exclusively than the unfortunate Burns. But our strongest motive for printing it is, the elegant tribute it pays to the amiable, the heroic, the neglected Pocahontas--a princess who, in other countries, if not actually deified, would have been worshipped, at least, as a tutelary saint; but who, in this, where virtue, talents, and worth constitute the only legitimate title to distinction, has been suffered to be almost lost to fame. Whatever production or document makes honourable mention of the name of that extraordinary woman, should be prized as sacred and piously preserved by the people of America. Under Providence, she was more instrumental than any other being in the original colonization of these United States. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the statuary should vie with each other in doing justice to her achievements and in perpetuating her renown. ED.

THY pleasing shores and stream, O York, I sing,
Let all thy beauties in my numbers spring;
Thy beauties varied, and thy sweets displayed,
The plain extended, and the breezy shade,
The flowing rivulet, the level green,
The rising hills and flowery vales between.

Accept, O Pleasants, these untutored strains,
Which sing the beauties of thy native plains;
Bright in my verse let all these beauties shine,
And nature live luxuriant in my line!
Smooth flow my strains to York's fair silver tide,
The pride of streams, Virginia's foremost pride!
What though to wealthier climes does Thames belong,
And shines the subject of a nobler song;
A gentler motion marks, O York, thy streams,
A brighter sun sends forth his golden beams

A balmier Zephyr round thy margin plays,
And brighter glories on thy waters blaze:
Equal in lustre every charm remains,
Alone unequal in the poet's strains.

Here lofty forests shade the distant plain,
Here plenty swells in crops of golden grain,
The fields enrobed in varied flowers are seen,
And meadows smile in ever pleasing green:
Through the fair vales the crystal waters glide,
And bear their tribute to old Ocean's tide.
Here curls the billow to the gentle breeze,
Here gently wave the tall aspiring trees,
The parting clouds disclose the azure skies,
Bright views extend, and scenes of grandeur rise,
The groves breathe odours, flowers exhale perfumes,
And wanton Zephyrs wave their silken plumes.

Though these deep shades compose no Muse's seat,
No goddess here selects her soft retreat;
Though here no bard has strung his sounding lyre,
Nor waked bold echo with his notes of fire;
These are the walks, and this the bowery shade,
The lov'd recess where POCOHONTAS stray'd;
When Smith's dear image to her bosom stole,
And love usurped the empire of her soul.
For thee, heroic maid, no kind return,
In him thou sav'dst, no kindred fervours burn!
That noblest passion of the noble mind,
The bliss of angels and of humankind,
That balmy essence of the blest above,
Joy of the world and life of nature—Love,
For thee to torment, to despair was turn'd,
Madden'd thy bosom and with fury burn'd.
Though thy firm heart no tender proof denied,
Pure in distress, in dangers doubly tried,
Made female weakness yield, and female fear,
To warn thy Smith and save a life so dear;

Through trackless forests led thy faithful maids,
And dar'd the horrors of the midnight shades;
Watch'd every motion of his treacherous foe,
And fearless sprung to avert the murderous blow:
Yet left at last to nurse consuming cares,
And weep thy woes in unavailing tears.
For thee the Muse shall weave her choicest song,
To thee these notes and loftier notes belong;
Thy gentle sorrows shall my verse refine,
And breathe soft languor through the flowing line,
The flowing line shall gently swell thy fame
And hallow'd pæans still embalm thy name.

Before Columbus cross'd the pathless main,
Ere hostile Brittons trod this happy plain,
Here rang'd the simple native unconfin'd,
No force to rule him, and no law to bind.
The pride of wealth, the arrogance of state,
The hopes of power or prospects of the great,
Ne'er charm'd his wishes with a tempting smile,
Nor broke his slumbers—sweet reward of toil.
But when the skies with morning blushes glow,
While fragrant gales from western mountains blow,
With active limbs he ranged the forest round,
And made from far the twanging bow resound:
His potent arm ne'er drew the shaft in vain,
The bounding deer is tumbled on the plain;
Swift through her side the unerring arrow flies,
And stretch'd in death the panting victim lies.

But these lov'd scenes once shook with loud alarms,
And trembling felt the dreadful shock of arms;
When York's broad wave contending navies bore,
And hostile armies blacken'd all the shore:
As when bright Phœbus darts his genial rays,
And all her pride the early spring displays,
Green leaves and flowers adorn the shrubs and trees,
And every wind is softened to a breeze;
Sudden bleak cold invades her opening charms,
And Winter locks her in his frozen arms;

Black lowering tumults from the skies impend,
Dark from the north the rolling clouds ascend,
Tempestuous billows ride the stormy main,
And howling tempests sweep the blasted plain.
Thus giant War his scowling front display'd,
Unfurl'd his banners and unsheathe'd his blade,
Bade the lound trumpet sound, the cannon roar,
And carnage stalk along the blood-stain'd shore.
But HE whose frowns the sons of anger chide,
Hush'd the loud tumult, bade the storm subside,
Shed choicest blessings of reviving love,
While angel Peace descended from above.
A brighter lustre now illumes the skies,
The landscapes lengthen, greener groves arise,
The flowers bloom fairer, softer breezes blow,
And gentler motions mark the streams below.

Mayst thou, dear native land, for gifts like these,
Be ever grateful, and the giver please;
So shall such bliss to greater blessings rise,
And draw an angel from the approving skies.
As when dark clouds dispersed unveil the night,
The twinkling stars emit a cheerful light,
Fair silver beams the rising moon adorn,
Still brighter beauty blushes from the morn,
Refulgent Phœbus next his face displays,
And whelms all nature in a flood of rays:
So may successive days new joys bestow,
And rolling years augmenting pleasures know;
Long may the nations court thy happy clime,
Thy glories brighten with the lapse of time;
Long may thy sons in wealth and joys increase,
And hail thee long the favour'd **LAND OF PEACE.**

STANZAS TO MY LYRE.

Thou simple lyre! I dearly love
My fingers o'er thy strings to move,

For many a sad and pensive hour
Before thy all-assuasive power,
Steals soft and sweetly on its way
Charm'd of its cares by thy wild lay.
At midnight watch when sleep denies
To seal in peace my wakeful eyes;
When sadness preys upon the heart,
And thought itself augments the smart;
Oh! then I touch thy thrilling strings,
While, careless, tuneful Fancy sings
Whatever theme the changeful mood,
Plaintive or gay, refin'd or rude,
Presents—it stills the troubled mind
Like ocean freed from storms and wind.

Sweet lyre, how dear thou art to me!
Thy magic influence can set free
The soul from all her bitter sighs,
When Friendship scorns, and friends despise.
My lyre! to thee with joy I turn
When throbs my heart, my temples burn;
When all my dreams of bliss are cross'd,
And hope itself is whelm'd and lost,
I hail thee friend, and turn to thee
Whose every sound is melody;
Who, ne'er ungrateful, wak'st to cheer
And check the sigh and starting tear;
And with thy simple tuneful art
Pour'st balm into my wounded heart.
I hail thee "friend," and turn to thee
Who cheerest solitude for me.

Sweet lyre! thou art a friend sincere,
And when thou check'st the starting tear,
None can compare thy witching wile
To hollow Friendship's artful smile.
None can compare thy dulcet tones,
Sweet as the dying cygnet's moans,
When sailing on Eurotas' stream
Her songs she pours to glory's beam;

With Friendship's voice, though sweet and dear,
With Friendship's sympathising tear,
Though welcome were that tear so true,
And fragrant as the evening dew
That from the heav'ly fountain flows,
Studding with gems the briery rose.
Sweet are thy wild notes, lyre, to me,
So sweet, I ne'er can part from thee.

Dear lyre, I could not lonely live,
Robb'd of the charms thy soft notes give:
With thee I swell the sacred lay
And Adoration's anthem pay;
Thou art my solace—thou alone
Like Friendship ne'er hast from me flown.
And when this throbbing heart is chill'd,
So often by thy music thrill'd,
And melted by thy varied lay,
That sooth'd or chas'd regret away;
This heart that lov'd thee, lyre, when cold
Thee on this bosom still shall hold;
Thou on my breast's green sod shall lie,
And oft the summer evening's sigh
Shall trill a requiem mild with thee,
In lays of peace that solac'd me.

EDGAR.

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

IN vain sweet smiling Spring with new delights
Unfolds her beauties and to joy invites;
Disdaining all the charms which now abound,
Wistful I cast a sad regard around,
And pensive sit, or solitary roam,
Sighing to find their former influence flown.
Yet though o'er me no more you own control,
Exert your fullest powers on Emma's soul.
Dear flute! thy most melodious sounds impart,
Give my strains access to my Emma's heart.

Dear Echo! who approv'st my secret flame,
 Kindly repeat it when I sigh her name.
 Dear Zephyr! gently fan my languid fair,
 And blend my sorrows with thy balmy air,
 Scatter around each blossom gay and sweet
 To hail the pressure of her tender feet—
 And bid them, as they breathe their souls away,
 In fainting whispers tell how flowers decay.
 Dear Rill! life's emblem, murmuring as you stray,
 How fast through brightest scenes you're forc'd away,
 Remind my Emma of the lapse of time,
 And hint that love is only in the prime—
 Dear Warblers! carroll nestling, and unite
 In song to Spring's short season of delight;
 Dear Nature! with thy magic powers impress
 On Emma's mind, that love is happiness.
 All! all! with soothing sympathy convey
 What looks and actions only must betray—
 All! all! my pure exalted love befriend;
 My tongue is silent, fearful to offend—
 Her smile obtain'd will yield me bliss divine,
 And with her praise, your praises I'll combine.

ASIATICUS.

—
LINES

Occasioned by seeing Olivia after the author had just finished sculpturing a bass relief figure of Cupid.

— Ah cruel rogue! withhold thy dart,
 Forbear the fatal wound to give,
 Ah cruel archer! spare the heart
 Of him who bade thy visage live.

While to thy form my chissel gave
 Each tender touch, each winning grace,
 O deign my trembling heart to save
 While viewing fair Olivia's face.

No, cruel rogue! my prayers are vain,
Thy unrelenting dart has sped!
From thee no mercy I obtain,
This attribute thy breast hath fled.

Ungrateful wretch! the friend to wound
Who trac'd thy lineaments divine!
Could not another heart be found
Which thou might'st pierce instead of mine?

But, since 'tis so—renew thy skill,
Nor spare the fair Olivia's heart;
I'll gladly be thy victim still,
Should hers with mine divide the smart.

CHANSON IMPROVISEE.

Having, by the prompt attention of our correspondents, to whom we avail ourselves of this opportunity to tender our thanks, been favoured with several translations of the "Chanson Improvisee" contained in the last number of the Port Folio, we publish the two following, as being, in our estimation, the best we have received.

Translation.

Lady fair, full well I know,
That your discourse abounds in reason,
Yes, all is grumbling here below,
And thunders roll above in season.
E'en the saints, themselves, above,
Seem to scold, by way of sample,
Then what can we do better, love,
Than to follow heav'n's example?

How oft has madam Juno rung
A peal on Jove's lascivious noddle,
When he, by some fair damsel stung,
Would fain descend on earth, to waddle;
And don't we know that Vulcan too,
When jealous of his nuptial honour,
Would oft to his immortal shrew,
Give lectures which were lost upon her.

What though the sex with beard on chin,
Try hard at scolding; let me tell you,
'Tis our belief that no man in
This glorious talent can excel you.
When waggish Hymen oft in sport,
Joins scolding men and wives together,
What horrid noise of every sort
Reigns o'er the house in stormy weather!

But as, according to the text,
Justice should to all be render'd,
The world cries out, that to your sex
The palm of scolding must be tender'd.
What pride! that man should ever strive,
Poor, pitiful, ignoble creature,
To snatch the first prerogative
Of the chief master-piece of nature!

Behold within this sparkling round,
Where Iris holds her brilliant court,
What softness in her eyes is found,
What smiles and graces round her sport.
Her lips distil the honey dew,
Her candid front portends no storm,
Seated near her, you've heav'n in view,
She's perfect, tis an angel's form.

But should you trace her home, that place
Where her true temper gets the better,
Truly she wears another face,
So well she knows to change her nature.
To scold at all from dawn of day,
See how successfully she labours,
The sun has finished his way
Ere she leaves off to stun her neighbours.

TRANSLATION OF THE "CHANSON IMPROVISEE," IN THE PORT
FOLIO FOR MAY, 1814.

To a lady who said we are all fond of scolding.

TRUE, fair one, true; I must confess

Your censure is but just and right,
And every mortal, more or less,

In scolding others takes delight.

Yet since the thunder *scolds* on high

So oft in such a furious passion,
Can it be wrong that you and I
Should imitate the *heavenly* fashion?

How many times we read, of old,

Did Juno pull her husband's curls,
And in celestial anger scold

At his attention to the girls!

And Vulcan, too, that ugly limper,

Poor Venus gave full many a lecture,
When in a careless smile or simper
(If Mars were nigh) he could detect her

But let all candid praise be render'd

To those to whom 'tis justly due,
The palm in scolding be surrender'd
By self-sufficient man to you.

And let him—mere two-legg'd brute,

A bearded, coarse, inferior creature,
Resign this highest attribute
Of the most perfect work of Nature.

N.

We solicit from some of our classical readers a translation of the following elegy, for the next or subsequent number of the Port Folio.

*In obitum Gulielmi Thomson, humaniorum Literarum et Græcæ
Linguæ Professoris præclari Aulæ Nassovicæ Ædibus; qui urbe
Philadelphiensi septimo Kal. Septembris, A. D. 1812, supremus
spiritum exhalavit.*

Attigit et tandem vitæ ultima doctus amicus,

Spiritus atque Deo cœlipetens rediit.

Nunc caput illius immotum jacet illic amatum,
 Insignis de aliis qui toties meruit.
 Qui Domino moritur benedictus, namque quiescit
 Usque labore suo, dum comitatur opus.
 Amplius haud rerum civilibus obrutus undis,
 Nunc vacuus curis, abditus est tumulo.
 Abditus et tumulo, crambe non pressus iniqua,
 Quæ repetita premit, suffocat atque necat!
 Munere namque impleto non terrestria curat,
 Manibus hæc sordent; omnibus atque piis.

Sæpius in silvis Academi vadimus ambo,
 Nobis ac eadem præbuit herba torum.
 Sæpius ac læti campos peragravimus una
 Margine *Limni Albi* propter aquæ fluvios.
 Sæpius et Juvenum classis recitavit ALETHI,*
 Dulcis Alethes! Te carmine quo referam?
 Namque modo hic cecinit pulchrè quæ scripsit Homerus,
 Deinde legens cecinit nunc Ciceronis opus.
Mæonidæ versus olim cantavit Alethes;
 Tempora mutantur, cantus et iste silet.
 Ullus adest sylvis qui nunc certaret Alethi?
 Urbibus aut campis qui canat huic similis?

Vallibus atque *Nova* cecinit THOMSONIUS *Arca*,
 Unde abiit clarus, flebilis atque bonis.
 Montibus ac vestris cecinit, vos *Protopolitæ*—
 Hinc cessit vestrum deliciumque decus.
Nassovica quando similem huic spectabitis *Aula*,
 Doctrina, ingenio, moribus atque piis?
 Cur ita in hunc dignum sævi jurastis acerbi?
 Heu! tanti sceleris pœniteat miseros!
 Nam Vos, sicut *Erostratus* olim templa Dianæ,
 Ussistis flammis Gymnasium tremulis!

Præmia rara dabunt homines doctoribus æqua,
 Quos cruciant vinclis, litibus, exilio.

* Ja. Davidson, M. D. linguarum Professori Universitate Philadelphiensi.

Clara at in æternum durabunt nomina THOMSON,
Doctrina, linguis, moribus ac studio.

JA. ROSS.

Philadelphia, Septimo Kal. Jan. A. D. 1813.

SEPARATION SONG. BY H. C. KNIGHT.

Written at the request, and sung at the separation of the senior Sophisters in College, July, 1812.

The Curtain is rising,—the Stage-Board is free,
The Drama is LIFE, and the Actors are WE;
Whether Peasant or King,
It is much the same thing,
If costume, deportment, and station agree.

CHORUS.

From debut to our exit, in scenes new, or rife,
We will act well our part in the *Drama of Life!*

Here are embryon LAWYERS, with consciences pliant,
Whose barbarous Law-terms will throttle a giant;
With plea dipt in honey,
They'll inveigle the money,
And for Gold barter Law with their purse-lighten'd Client.

CHORUS.

So resplendent their sun, it his vision will blind,
And a Dark-lantern prove to illumine his mind.

Here are DOCTORS, who ever with Health are at strife,
Whose Nostrums are all Panacēas for life;
Who will mount in a trice,
With obstetric advice,
When LUCINA is kind to a dutiful wife.

CHORUS.

If defeated by Health in their killing vocation,
Let them turn to State-Tinkers, and solder the Nation.

Here are PARSONS, who shortly will thunder and lighten,
And their cloud-involv'd Auditors wofully frighten,
While terrific they tell,
Of old Beelzebub's cell,
With seldom a Hope-Ray the prospect to brighten.

CHORUS.

A grave looking *Priest*, with his orthodox *Sermon*,
Now thunders of *Sinai!*—now dewdrops of *Hermon!*

Here are **STATESMEN**, perchance, future *Guides* of the Na-
tion;

And, now, while we deprecate dire devastation;
May they firmly retrace
Our *retrograde* race,

And their talents exert for their Country's salvation.

CHORUS.

Our necks we will bow to no *haughty Pretender*,
Nor tamely our *National Birth-Right* surrender!

While the *Clangour* of **ARMS** is exciting commotion,*
And the *blood-token* *Banners* stream over the **OCEAN**;

While *Death-Vultures* are screaming,
And *War-Weapons* gleaming,

We will pledge to our *Country* our warmest devotion.

CHORUS.

Our inherent *Rights*, if our *Olive* be stain'd,
By our *purest heart's-blood* shall be strongly maintain'd!

O our *Country!*—but *late*, and how *calm* was thy *rest*!

Now, effulgent, the *War-Beacon* flames in the **WEST**;

In the portentous sky;

We dire omens descry—†

Oh! *Wo to our country!*—*distracted!*—*unblest!*

CHORUS.

To our *brave Native-Land* we our *Energies* owe,

Then **HEALTH** to her **PATRIOT!**—**DEATH** to her **FOE!!**

All hail to the **LADIES!** never dream of *Despair*!

Be a strong *re-inforcement* of *Lovers* your care!

* *WAR* declared *June eighteenth* by the *United States* of *America* against *Great Britain* and *Ireland*.

† About this time appeared a **COMET**, which excited the consternation of the Ignorant, and the forebodings of the Superstitious.

We are coming from COLLEGE,
Running over with knowledge,
And gallantly plight our *devoirs* to the *Fair*.

CHORUS.

Now pledge to the *Sex* which is *Human-Divine*,
May they *sparkle* and *bloom* like a *Bumper of Wine*!

Our *Tutelage* past,—now farewell to our MOTHER!
And bid we *God-speed* each *Collegiate Brother*!

We dissolve our alliance
In the *Traffic* of *Science*,
And the *MANTLE* of *FRIENDSHIP* throw over each other.

CHORUS.

Though the *Bands* of our *Classical Union* dis sever,
Our *TIES* of *AFFECTION* shall strengthen forever!

—
VIRTUE AND VICE, AN ANTITHETICAL PARALLEL. BY THE SAME.

Virtue is Phosphor, bright-ascending,
To the heart beclouded dear:—
Vice, the Hyads, rain-portending,
Bringing the repentant tear.

Virtue's an ingot of mint-gold,
Undebas'd by mixt alloy:—
Vice, tinsel for deception sold,
Worse than useless, gilded toy.

Virtue's a lambkin without shepherd,
Unsuspecting as a child:—
Vice, a treacherous, spotted leopard,
By which lambkins are beguiled.

Virtue's a red-breast on the spray,
Singing amid her housewife toil:—
Vice, a bird of plumage gay,
But a vulture to despoil.

Virtue's the gold-fish, priz'd when found,
Radiant through life's dusky stream:—
Vice, the eel, whose fry abound,
Held by Taste in disesteem.

Virtue's the turtle, mail'd from foes,
Humble, harmless, 'mid the brake:—
Vice, whose tongue with venom flows,
Is the loath'd, accursed snake.

Virtue is the glow worm, cheering
With her own unborrow'd rays:—
Vice, the heedless lamp-fly, veering
To a self-consuming blaze.

Virtue's a sweet-scented flower,
Leaf of amaranth, single-seed:—
Vice, the poisonous hellebore,
Or the night-shade, spreading weed.

Virtue is a Nymph of smiles,
Frank of mien, of holiest eye:—
Vice, a gay coquet of wiles,
Double of heart, demeanor shy.

Virtue then let Wisdom woo,
Nymph of graces, heaven-descended;
So shall Vice her carriage rue,
By cold-slighting reprehended.

MARTIAL LIB. III. EP. 31.

De piscibus sculptis.

Artis Phidiacæ toreuma clarum
Pisces aspicis: adde aquam, natabunt.

IMITATION.

On some fishes finely carved.

See here what the art of old Phidas has done?
RUSH scarce could excel him—his emulous son!
Run, boys, fill the vases all up to the brim,
When I drop in the fishes, they'll certainly swim.

Our excellent correspondent, who communicated the above, cannot more highly oblige us than by furnishing us with further imitations from the same author and in the same spirit—except, by favouring us with something original from his own elegant and exuberant mind.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE author of the curious and interesting communication published in the present number of the Port Folio, respecting sculptured bones and other fossil articles found within the town of Cincinnati, is entitled to our thanks. We need not represent to him how much we shall be gratified by his future favours on the same subject, or any other of a similar nature. Whatever may be calculated to shed light on the ancient history of our country, or to convey to us information touching the customs, manners, or state of mental improvement of its aboriginal inhabitants, shall be welcomely admitted into the pages of our miscellany. With relicks and monuments possessing this tendency, the western division of the United States is known to abound. Facts and communications in relation to such objects, are earnestly solicited from the enlightened and patriotic inhabitants of that highly respectable section of our country. Circumstances and items of knowledge which familiarity has, in many instances, rendered trivial and unimportant in *their* estimation, may, notwithstanding, if preserved, prove of the utmost moment to the future antiquary and historian of America.

—

Notwithstanding the broad basis of complaint allowed to merchants and traders at the present period, we cannot subscribe to the justness of that poured out so musically, yet in such anguish of spirit, by our mercantile correspondent in our last number. However niggardly Mercury, "god of thieves, merchants and money," may have been in *replenishing his pockets* with the *summum bonum* of the "gold-seeking clan," we hold him deficient in a very important branch of knowledge—the knowledge of self—if he think that their "museships" have been at all penurious in supplying him with that higher boon, the ready "pocket-money of the brain." We shall be at all times pleased with his favours, whether they be in the form of complaints or rejoicings.

—

The author of the elegant stanzas on the falls of the Passaic, which appeared in our last number, is a favourite of the Nine—one of the chosen and legitimate sons of song. Periods so har-

monious could have been turned only by the hands of the Muses—Strains so mellifluous must have proceeded from lips imbued with honey collected, perhaps, from the “fragrant wild flowret,” reared amid those scenes he has so enchantingly sung. While our own country abounds in the sources of numbers so sweet and melodious, we need not envy to Sicily her Hybla, nor to Attica her Hymetus. In relation to our much admired correspondent we need scarcely subjoin, that we shall be always ambitious of ornamenting those pages of The Port Folio which are devoted to the productions of the lighter Muse, with such effusions as flow from his pen.

We cannot withhold our congratulations from our friend and correspondent Trismegistus, from the readers of The Port Folio, nor from people in general, of whatever description, tongue, sect, or denomination, whether Jews or Christians, Mahometans or Pagans, on the wisdom of his theory and the importance of his discoveries. With such prospects before us as these discoveries lay open to our view, it would scarcely be a departure in us from sobriety of judgment were we to exclaim with the poet,

“Magnus ab integro saclorum nascitur ordo,”

which, to suit the present occasion, may be thus rendered in English:

Henceforth impostors, hypocrites, beware!
You're all found out by Trismegistus' care!

We hope he will proceed with his cerebral dissections, and his expositions of that variety of character, which daily presents itself amidst the mass of society. Seriously and honestly, we thank him for his communication, and solicit a continuance of his much esteemed favours.

“Spurious Words,” a paper in reply to one bearing the same title, which was published in The Port Folio for April last, shall appear in our next number.

We have instituted such arrangements as will, we flatter ourselves, in a short time, put us in possession of correct and well

written biographical notices of some of the most distinguished characters of our country. Among these we shall mention the names of Henry, Laurens, Dickison, Parsons, Marshall, Garrison, and Croghan. The Lees, Richard Henry Lee in particular, the Randolphs, and other Virginians of celebrity and worth are also included within the scope of our preparations. In relation to this interesting feature of our miscellany, the aid of the scholars and patriots of our country is requested. We flatter ourselves that the natural and praiseworthy attachments of families to the fame of their deceased, as well as of their living kinsmen, will not, on such an occasion, continue to slumber. It should be their pride, as it is unquestionably their duty, to aid in giving permanence to well-earned renown.

FINE ARTS.

Next to the influence of letters is that of the Fine Arts, in contributing to and perpetuating the glory of a people. To aid, therefore, in the promotion of both, is the indispensable duty of the American patriot—of every inhabitant of the United States, who is ambitious that his country should ascend to the rank which she is entitled to hold in the scale of nations.

In relation to the native elements of the Fine Arts, it cannot be denied that America has long produced them in great abundance. For half a century past we have furnished Europe with some of her most distinguished painters—a West, a Copley, a Trumbull, a Stewart, and others. Nor is it less true, that in our country, at the present moment, within the precincts of our own city, we have a body of artists—painters, designers, and engravers, of great excellence—men who, under the influence of a liberal and magnanimous patronage, would, in a short time, rival the metropolitan artists of the old world. We can confidently add, that they are panting with an ardour which has never been exceeded, for opportunities to do honour to themselves and their country. Let our wealthy citizens purchase, at liberal prices, the productions of these sons of genius, instead of running with the current of fashionable folly, in quest of the mouldy and wormeaten pictures of Europe—pictures, too, which are, at least, half a dozen of removes from originals—let this course be pursued, and many years will not

elapse before Philadelphia will be enumerated among the most celebrated schools of painting.

As auxiliary to other measures on this subject, the utmost advantage would necessarily result from the establishment among our fellow citizens, of a correct and well informed taste in relation to the Arts. Towards the effectuating of this, not a little will be done by the annual exhibition of the Society of Artists, connected with such criticisms, correct and well written, as may occasionally appear, touching the merits of the productions exhibited. This, however, will not be alone sufficient for the accomplishment of the object held in view. The publication of a few well written and popular works on the principles of taste, would be a powerful assistant. As suitable productions--works peculiarly calculated for the present state and circumstances of our country, we would warmly recommend the writings of Martin Archer Shee. We allude to his two able and elegant didactic poems, accompanied with very extensive and instructive notes, entitled, "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art." These publications are worthy of a much more expanded title, and might be very appropriately denominated poems on the *Elements of Taste*, Considered in all respects, the English language does not, perhaps, contain their equal. Their superior is not to be found in any language.

In addition to the favour which he would certainly confer on the enlightened portion of his fellow citizens, we feel persuaded that an enterprizing bookseller would, in no inconsiderable degree, subserve his own interest, by publishing an edition of these admirable performances. We will not do so much injustice to the good sense, the taste and liberality of the people of America, as to admit for a moment, that a work of such exalted merit would lie neglected, while "Thinks I To Myself," "The Spirit of the Book," and the other numerous soap-bubbles of the press, can scarcely be printed with a rapidity corresponding to the public demand.

A press of matter from our obliging correspondents, to which we are bound in courtesy to give a preference, and of which we respectfully solicit a continuance, compels us again to defer th

commencement of our Strictures and Observations on Dr. Smith's celebrated essay on the "Causes of the variety in the complexion and figure of the human race." In the publication of these papers, which we flatter ourselves will excite some degree of interest in the minds of our readers, no unnecessary delay shall be interposed.

We must apologize to our correspondent, J. E. H. for omitting to publish in this number of the Port Folio, as we had fully intended, his excellent paper on the pretensions and pleadings of Belles-Lettres and the Fine Arts. Although it was even in the hands of the printer, yet its omission, for the present, was forced on us by circumstances which we could not resist. It is marked with certainty for a place in the July number, and as it appears to be the first of two, three, or more communications on the same general subject, the ingenious author and classical writer will very particularly oblige us by furnishing us with them in such time as may enable us to publish them in an unbroken order. We need not express to our correspondent the warmth and sincerity with which we shall welcome his favours generally.

Several of our friends and correspondents, in the sincerity of whose dispositions to write for The Port Folio we place entire confidence, represent to us, that the weightiest obstacles they have to encounter in the undertaking, consist in the difficulty of selecting suitable subjects.

To contribute as far as may be practicable to the removal of this difficulty, which operates so injuriously on the interests of our journal, we shall take the liberty of specifying, from time to time, certain topics on which well written communications would be highly acceptable. As these topics may, at times, participate somewhat of a professional nature, it will be understood as our wish, that, in the discussion of them, as little technical language be employed as may be consistent with clearness and correctness of expression. For a miscellany like The Port Folio, which is addressed to the tastes and capacities of the community at large all papers should be in style and manner as popular, and should

participate as much of Belles-Lettres ease and elegance, as the nature of the subjects will admit.

To those whose dispositions and temperament of mind may lead them to afford us aid in filling up so much of our journal as may be devoted to merriment, wit, and humour—who may sportively weave for us whatever of gay and fantastic garlands we may find it expedient occasionally to put on—who may furnish us generally with such offerings as are calculated to prove acceptable at the shrine of the laughing world—to contributors of this description, it scarcely becomes us to propose a subject. Writing, as they mostly do, from the impulse of the moment, as brilliant ideas flash on the mind, or as objects of humour or scenes of fun are presented to their view, they must be left to the exclusive office of selecting for themselves—of snatching the subject as it flits before them, and moulding it into such form as their fancy may direct.

From our correspondents whose talents and cast of mind are better suited to more serious and solid discussions, we should be pleased to receive essays on the following subjects.

The distinction between the Fine or liberal, and what are usually denominated, the useful Arts. A paper on this subject, well written, and interwoven with suitable illustrations and authorities, might be rendered pleasing to every one, and instructive to many. We have been induced to propose it in consequence of having, not many days ago, heard a gentleman of no common *pretensions* in matters of taste, including *ship and boat-building* in the number of the Fine Arts.

The influence of the fine arts on the refinement, the morality, the patriotism, the military virtues and the religion of a people. These topics might furnish ample matter for several interesting and important essays.

The influence of the fine arts in the perpetuation of national grandeur and glory. To the pen of the classical scholar, few subjects can present themselves superior in interest and elegance to this. It may be rendered rich in imagery, and beautiful in allusions to all that is choice and excellent, splendid and sublime, in the history of the fine arts in Greece and Rome.

Is the United States prepared at present for the introduction of the fine arts on an extensive scale? An able and well written paper on this subject would be of the more consequence, inasmuch as opposite opinions are entertained in relation to it, by gentlemen of weight and influence in society.

Admitting our country to be in a state of maturity for the introduction of the fine arts, what are the measures most worthy of adoption, with a view to the accomplishment of this important end? On the utility of an essay on this subject from the pen of a competent writer, it would be superfluous to dwell.

Is the United States prepared at present, to become, in the common acceptation of the term, and on an extensive scale, a manufacturing country? Should any writer think proper to engage in the discussion of this topic, he will bear in mind, that, as it has certainly no necessary connexion with party politics, it will be altogether iniadmissible to make it a convenient opening for the introduction of such sentiments. If treated on its merits, a paper in relation to it would be both useful and interesting.

What are the effects of large manufacturing establishments on the moral and physical character of a people?

Which of the two tends most to corrupt, and which most to enlighten and liberalize a people, manufactures or commerce?

In what particulars does the climate of the United States differ most materially from that of the countries of Europe situated between corresponding parallels of latitude?

Supposing the climate of the United States to possess any qualities peculiarly unfavourable to human health (the admission of which, however, on our part, is not to be necessarily inferred from this reference to it, altogether incidentally and problematically made,) what are the most effectual and practicable means of counteracting their influence? An essay on this subject, popularly, not technically, written—perfumed by the rose, the violet, the jasmine, or by the mingled fragrance of the thousand odorous wild flowers

which enamel the glades and forests of our country—not scented by musk or castor, ether or lavender, camphor or assafœtida—a communication we say of this description, might be rendered interesting and useful in no ordinary degree. To the preparation of such an essay, we beg leave to invite the attention of some of that distinguished class of physicians, who, to a liberal and practical knowledge of their profession, unite the more elegant accomplishments of the pen.

In a given number of inhabitants, what is the comparative difference in relation to health and longevity, between the people of the United States and those of similarly situated countries of Europe?

We have already in our possession an essay on the *eloquence of the pulpit*, which it is our intention hereafter to publish.

Essays on forensic eloquence and that of deliberative assemblies, would be highly acceptable. They might be rendered, moreover, in no small degree useful, especially if made to assume something of the shape and character of judicious criticism. The Americans, although truly a “talking people,” and capable of talking much to the purpose, do not always exhibit, in public speaking, even on the highest and most important occasions, that correctness and elegance of diction, accompanied with those polished graces of elocution, which, with but a moderate share of attention, they might easily acquire. A few salutary hints on this subject, dropt occasionally from a competent pen, might be productive of happy effects.

A very useful and interesting paper might be prepared every two or three months, consisting of a *brief record of all the most prominent and memorable events, whether physical, moral, political, theological, or accidental, that may have occurred in our country within that period*. The interest of such a paper would be greatly heightened, if the detail of facts were enlivened occasionally by appropriate observations and reflections by the writer.

A well written essay on the subject of *national independence* would be highly acceptable. Can that nation be, in the true sense,

or indeed in any sense of the word, independent, which, with all the eagerness of a child importuning its mother for a piece of gingerbread or a sugar-plum, or, what is still worse, with the servility of a slave supplicating his master for some trivial favour, looks to a foreign nation for her customs, manners, fashions, modes of living, literature, and even for the opinions she should entertain respecting herself? How many moons must yet pass away—how much precious time must yet elapse before Americans shall have learnt to know, appreciate, and respect themselves! Strange, that even our ladies cannot, in the decoration of their persons, be induced to exercise that richness of fancy, that fertility of invention, and that elegance of taste, with which God and Education have so amply endowed them. Possessed as they are of whatever is calculated to elevate, expand, or embellish the intellect—of every thing requisite to constitute within themselves the most abundant resources, they notwithstanding look abroad for more than half of their enjoyments, and condescend to do homage at a foreign shrine. It is a truth not a little humiliating to American pride, that, in our circles of fashion, London and Paris are as much, we believe, much more, the objects of idolatry now, than they were at the commencement of our revolutionary war.

—————“ Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?”

The physical resources of the United States generally—the excellence of its soil, its climate, its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, its rivers, lakes, and bays, &c.—these topics would afford matter for several interesting and useful essays.

Criticism is a department of literature, not only of great extent and rich in matter, but eminently pleasing to a majority of readers. Hence, able reviews, either critical or analytical, of new, popular, and useful publications, will be received as contributions of high value.

But the most universally pleasing branch of criticism is that which relates to the drama. Judicious and well written critiques, therefore, either on entire plays, particular characters, or performances on the stage, constitute a description of papers scarcely

inferior in point of interest to any that can be introduced into a public journal.

Many excellent specimens of dramatic criticism have heretofore adorned the pages of the Port Folio. The subject, however, is not yet exhausted. Characters of equal standing to any in the drama remain untouched. Among these may be enumerated, sir John Falstaff, one of the most extraordinary characters—more original, more highly wrought, and bolder in relief, than any other, perhaps, that Shakspeare ever drew—Richard the third, Edgar in King Lear, Othello, Iago, Zanga in the Revenge, Pierre in Venice Preserved, and many others. Criticisms on either of these characters would be received as most acceptable offerings to the Port Folio.—So would a criticism on Shakspeare's Tempest, the most imitable piece of composition—one which seems to possess a stronger affinity to the idea we form of supernatural powers, than any thing else that has ever fallen from the pen of man.

Amidst the variety of topics which we have here delineated, we have no doubt that many of our correspondents will be able to find some that are suited to their talents and congenial to their tastes. Under the influence of this belief, and of those lively hopes which it is calculated to inspire, we take leave of the subject for the present, having already pursued it far beyond what we had originally intended.

COMMODORE MURRAY.

In the biographical notice of this gallant officer, contained in the last number of the Port Folio, our readers will please to make the following corrections and explanations:

In page 400, instead of "After captain Murray had repaired his vessel, he sailed for the banks of Newfoundland," &c. read,

After captain Murray had repaired his vessel, he sailed again for Holland, and on the banks of Newfoundland was attacked by a heavy letter of marque, superior in force to his own ship. This vessel he captured after an exchange of a few broadsides; but, five days afterwards, had the misfortune to fall in, during the night, with the British fleet bound for New-York, when both he and his prize were taken.

Page 401. That part of the crew of the Trumbull which deserted their stations during her action with the English frigate, were British prisoners, who had entered into the American service.

Commodore Murray wishes it to be understood, that the controversy with Miranda, which led to a challenge on his part, did not arise from considerations of a personal nature. The Spanish officer attempted to stigmatize the American troops with charges which were equally disgraceful and unfounded, and which attached in reality to the Spanish troops alone. Commodore (then captain) Murray appeared on the occasion as the vindicator of the injured reputation of his countrymen. The charge, however, being persisted in by his antagonist, or at least not retracted, he had no alternative for irritated feelings and insulted honour but an appeal to arms.

Page 404, For, "Scarcely had he (captain Murray,) time to visit his family at *Norfolk*," read, scarcely had he time to visit his family at *Philadelphia*.

Page 405. Commodore Murray's reason for not resenting *at the moment* the uncourteous conduct of the British frigate Magnanimie, was that of a skilful and prudent, but determined officer. He wished to gain time to prepare his ship completely for the action which he supposed would ensue. This he had no sooner done, than, running close on board the British vessel, he poured into her a tremendous and galling broadside, cutting her to pieces in her sails and rigging. It was only by the cool intrepidity and collected prudence of captain Taylor of the Magnanimie, who with difficulty restrained his officers from returning the fire, met by similar qualities on the part of captain Murray, who withheld, in like manner, the further fire of the Constellation, that a desperate and sanguinary conflict was prevented. Harmony was soon restored between the two commanders by means of frank and mutual explanations. The Magnanimie was a powerful vessel of forty-eight guns.

WARRINGTON'S VICTORY.

We tender to the patrons of the Port Folio, and to our fellow citizens at large, our hearty congratulations on the achievement of another very distinguished naval victory by the arms of our coun-

try. It is now reduced to a fact, which scepticism itself will not venture to call in question, that our heroes of the ocean have only to encounter their foes on equal terms, to be enabled to say, with the brave but modest Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

In proof of this the guns of the gallant Warrington spoke, on the 29th of April last, a language that is altogether distinct and irresistible. On that memorable day, his Brittannic majesty's ship Epervier, a new and first rate sloop war, after an action of forty-five minutes, in which she had the advantage of the weather-gage, struck her colours, an easy conquest, to the Peacock, an American sloop of war of equal rate and weight of metal with herself. On the part of the American vessel, the victory might be said to be bloodless and without injury, not a man on board of her having fallen during the conflict, and but a few of her timbers having received even a shot. Not so, however, on the part of the British. She suffered severely in her officers and crew, was cut to pieces in her sails, spars, and rigging, and so extensively and dangerously shattered in her hull, that, had she attempted to sustain the fire of her enemy but a few minutes longer, she must inevitably have sunk.

Although the uniformity of the result, as often as our brave seamen have had an opportunity of meeting the foe, has taken from us the lively interest attendant on novelty, and all the pleasure which arises from surprize, yet neither that nor any other circumstance can diminish our sensibility to the renown of our countrymen, or to the augmentation of our national glory. It is, therefore, with our warmest and loudest acclamation, that we hail this splendid achievement of the gallant young Virginian. Captain Warrington has, by his skill and intrepidity, eminently contributed to give a higher lustre to the stars which burn on the flag of his country, and, in so doing, has thrown around his own brow a chaplet of laurels that will never fade. We pronounce his eulogy in terms which ought to satisfy his loftiest ambition, when we add, that he has, by his late victory, acquired a just claim to rank with Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, and the other members of that corps of heroes, whose achievements have reared on an imperishable basis, and irradiated with the fairest beams of glory, the

adamantine column of our naval renown. His country, proud of his past, and eager in anticipation of his future exploits, will cherish his reputation with parental fondness, and enrol his name with that of the bravest and worthiest of her sons.

It is our intention to endeavour, in the next number of the Port Folio, to gratify our readers with a biographical notice of captain Warrington, as full and particular as our materials will allow. As we are not warranted to indulge an expectation of being able to procure, at an early period, a likeness of that distinguished young officer, we propose to publish, as no unsuitable accompaniment of his life, a plate, containing an accurate and well executed view of the engagement between the Peacock and the Epervier. Should we, in the meantime, be informed of the display of any signal act of American gallantry during this battle, or of any other circumstance of peculiar interest connected with it, the public may rest assured that it shall not be neglected. To render our offering the more worthy of the event which it is intended to commemorate, we hope, if the notice be not too short, that some of our correspondents will, by the fifteenth of the present month, or sooner, if practicable, furnish us with an ode or sea-song suitable to the occasion.

The very learned and able dissertation on vegetable life from our friend and correspondent T. C. was received at too late a period for the present number of the Port Folio. Part I of it shall appear in the next.

We regret that the same thing is true in relation to the elegant and profound essay on the subject of "American literature," from the pen of a distinguished correspondent in the south. It came to hand too late by *a single day*, for the present number of the Port Folio. In our next it shall receive the attention it so eminently merits.

A letter descriptive of Geneva and its environs, accompanied by an extract from the writings of Madame de Stael, has been received, and shall find an early place in the Port Folio. The fu-

ture correspondence of the writer will be welcomed with a courteous and cordial reception. Having already stored his mind with the fruits of study, observation, and travel, nothing is necessary but the discipline of practice to place him in the number of elegant writers.

Our files contain, both in prose and verse, sundry pieces which shall receive due attention. We intreat our correspondents not to conceive themselves neglected or forgotten, although their communications should not be noticed as soon as they come to hand. The claims on us in that respect, however numerous, shall all be adjusted and complied with as promptly as possible. As no premeditated slight will be offered to any writer, we flatter ourselves that no inference to that effect will be hastily drawn from the mere circumstance of our silence in relation to papers that may be sent for publication.

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